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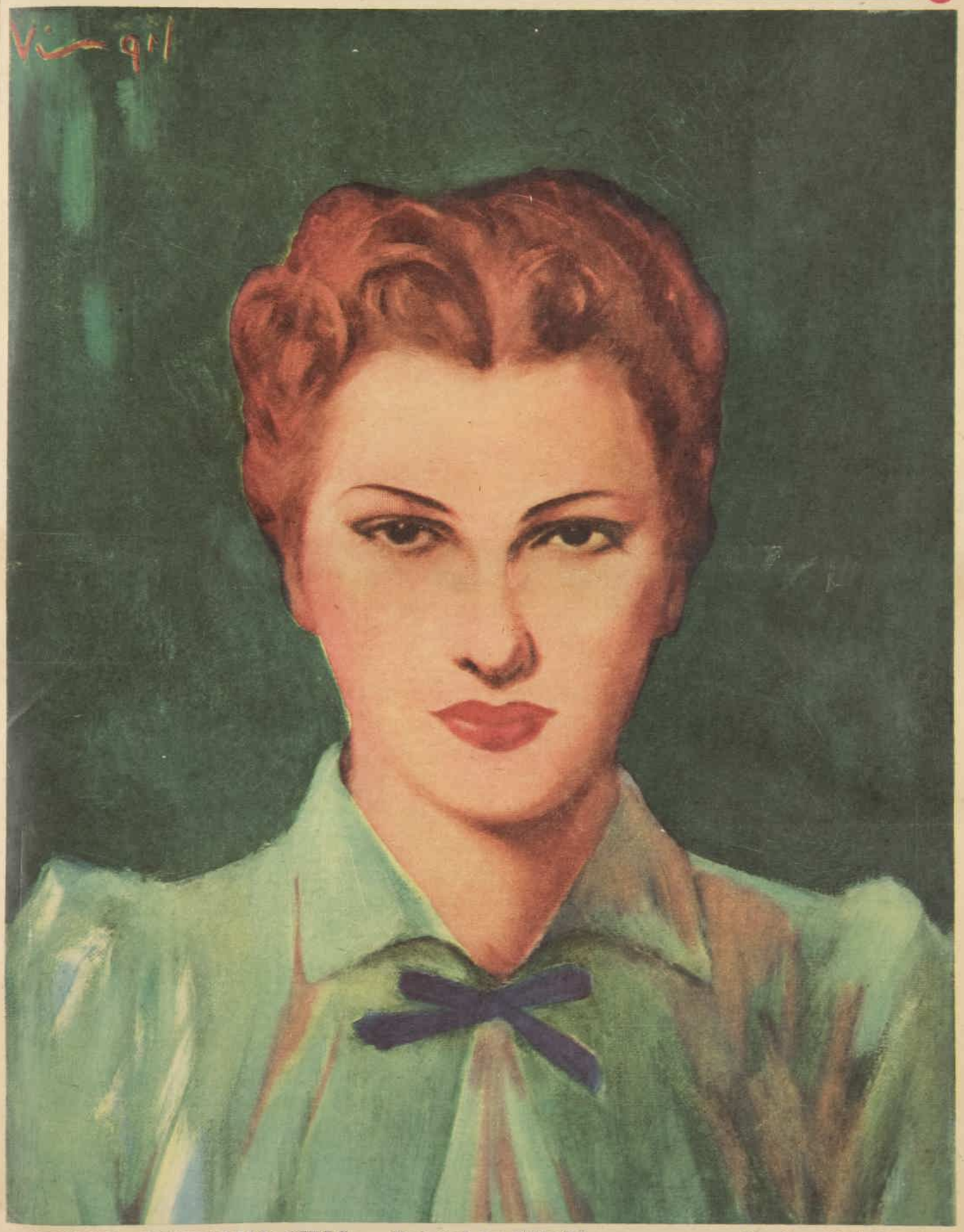

TYPICAL AUSTRALIAN GIRLS — Painted by VIRGIL. ***No. 6 — Red Head***

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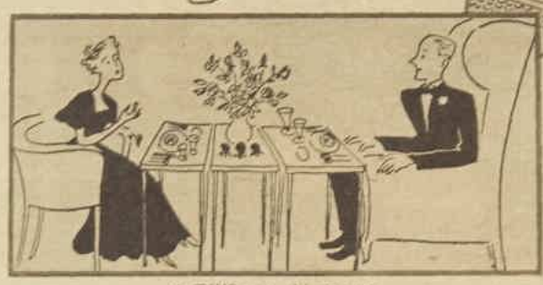
GETTING the MAN *with the MEAL*

EXPERTS TELL HOW TO WIN DIFFERENT HEARTS WITH DIFFERENT DISHES . . .

1. *GIRL serves this way.*

2. *MAN drops everything.*

3. *GIRL ends up on shelf.*



4. *THIS way, girl gets man.*

By MARJORIE HILLIS and BERTINA FOLTZ in their book, "Live Alone and Entertain"—a cook-book for solitaires—with drawings from the book.

YOU may live alone, but we hope you don't dine alone with too great regularity. Dining should be an adventure in sociability, as well as in taste.

Aside from the well-known saw about the way to a man's heart, there is something very flattering to any man about an invitation to dine a deux with a lady.

The chances are that he will arrive, the first time, in a pleased and slightly curious frame of mind, which is all in your favor.

It's up to you to make the most of it, and there are a number of rules that help.

First of all, don't invite him at all unless you are sure you can give him a meal he'll really enjoy . . . in general it means not too sketchy a meal, and it certainly means no visible strain or fuss.

A twittering hostess is exhausting and an apologetic one is tiresome.

The second rule, for those entertaining with limited space or equipment, is: **never ask a man to balance his plate on his knee.**

Any he-man we have ever met wants to put his feet under a table when he eats dinner.

It's all very well to go in for soft, becoming lights or a table beside the fire or on a balcony with a view, but you'd better have the table, however small.

Another all-important rule is to plan your meal according to your man.

. . . Do not, we beg, judge a man's appetite by *his* size. Fat men are often on a diet, and sometimes have meagre appetites to start with; some small men can consume enormous quantities of nourishment.

Here's how to win different hearts with different dishes:—

The Young Admirer

GIVE him steak. Steak is, incidentally, sure fire with most men. It is preferred by practically all young men and unsophisticated men of any age, and by at least half of the rest of the sex.

Vegetable soup; steak (ask him how he likes it cooked), baked stuffed potatoes (or French fried potatoes if you can manage them); celery, radishes, peas (if in season); fresh fruit, pie, and cheese.

You won't need recipes for this not very original, but thoroughly masculine, meal. But take a little trouble buying the cheese.

The Older Man

OLDER, of course, can mean anything from thirty-eight to eighty, depending on the hostess.

But we have in mind a man of sufficient years to keep an eye on his health or figure.

This guest won't thank you if you give him too rich food, whether he is your guardian or the stand-by who takes you to the opening night of symphony concerts.

He may, however, very well be one who knows what's what in the matter of dining; if so, he deserves a good dinner.

A choice of tomato juice or sherry; sherry biscuits; clam (oysters, perhaps, in Australia); broth, poached fillet of fish, anchovy sauce; potato balls, peas, compote of stewed fruits; coffee.

The Man With His Digestion on His Mind

THERE are so many of these about that you might as well make up a good menu for them.

You'll have plenty of chances to keep in practice in preparing it. Whether you do it openly, or act as if it were the type of meal you always have, must depend on whether he's reticent about his ailments or loves to talk about them.

Either way, if you can give him his diet and make it seem like a party, he'll think you're the only woman who understands him.

Unseasoned tomato juice; crisp, raw carrot sticks; clear chicken broth; lamb chops; spinach puree, grilled tomato slices; toasted muffins; prune whip; coffee.

The Gourmet

THE gourmet is the hardest problem of any. There are two ways of dealing with him.

The first is to serve a really epicurean dinner—simple, perhaps, but perfect in every detail.

The second way is much safer, however, if you are short as to service, money, or a domestic streak.

This consists in concentrating on one simple dish.

For either of our two plans, start this gentleman off with a very good sherry.

The following menu, perfectly prepared, will make a knock-down-and-drag-'em-out impression on the gourmet—especially if you serve a fine Burgundy with the pheasant.

This demands an experienced cook.

Steamed fish with hollandaise sauce; pickled cucumbers; roasted pheasant; bread sauce, currant jelly, unpolished rice with currants; mixed green salad; pate de foie gras poire flambee; black coffee, liqueur.

You can get this meal yourself if you can make a really good risotto (Italian rice dish):

Melon with jambon de parme (melon or cantaloupe cut into thin sections and chilled, then arranged on a plate to form radiating spokes, alternated with thin slices of ham made into little rolls), risotto; green salad; flaky cheese sticks; coffee.

The Perfect Gentleman

WE have come to the perfect guest who demands neither faddy simplicity nor great sophistication.

One of his chief charms is that his taste in food is probably just like yours. He is, really, more than the perfect guest—he is the perfect admirer, and he may be the perfect husband.

In fact, he's such a valuable property that you'd better plan his meal with care, if not with prayer.

Hot bacon rolls; split pea soup; fried croutons of bread; roast duckling; small browned potatoes; beans; bananas in rum (split the bananas in halves lengthwise, and place them in a buttered baking dish. Dot them liberally with brown sugar, pour rum over them and bake in a hot oven); coffee.

Your Best Young Man

YOU probably prefer to have dinner at home on a good many nights, but naturally he doesn't want to be your guest continuously.

Then let him bring something.

You can keep him away from all part in the preparation if you want to, but he will love to contribute, and more especially if you let him bring what he likes.

Are YOU a glamorous personality like this?

Young and fair and pretty as a picture, this charming girl uses Erasmic Face Powder . . . to give her skin a petal softness, a silken smoothness. NATURAL is her colour, a light and delicate tint that brings out the youthful clearness of her skin.

Whatever your type . . . ERASMIC has a perfect skin-matched shade to glamorise YOU!

For OLIVE-SKINNED BRUNETTES . . . those exciting radiant creatures—Erasmic's BRUNETTE is the perfect toning. It has warmth and richness, without a trace of unflattering yellow!

For TITIAN-HAIRED LOVELIES . . . romantic, distinctive—RACHEL gives their skin an alluring creaminess.

For MEDIUM BRUNETTES . . . the golden "brownies"—there's the warm, rosy SUN-TAN . . . a subtle flattering shade.

ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—a smooth, light foundation for a glamorous make-up. 1/- a Tube. ERASMIC COLD CREAM — nourishes and refreshes your skin — beautifully.

AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

—Pictorial.

To Study Abroad

MISS HILDA ANSCOMBE, of Brisbane, recently won the annual scholarship open to candidates at the Royal Schools of Music examinations. The award entitles her to two years' tuition at the Royal College of Music, London.

Last year Miss Anscombe obtained the highest marks in Queensland in the R.S.M. Teachers' Diploma examination for pianoforte. She is also an accomplished violinist.

Youthful Linguist

JAMES FISCHER SOBELL, M.A., of Melbourne, although only twenty-four years of age, speaks eleven languages fluently. He is employed for his linguistic abilities by the British Air Ministry and the Department of Overseas Trade.

Since winning the Italian Mollisson travelling scholarship in 1934, he has studied languages at the Universities of Genoa and Bonn.

Wrote About Hitler

DOROTHY THOMPSON, wife of the American novelist, Sinclair Lewis, is one of America's best-known writers and political speakers. A graduate of Syracuse University, she was for eight years a foreign correspondent in Berlin and Vienna.

Since her return in 1928 she has written two books—"The New Russia," and "I Saw Hitler."

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Nation Mourns with Dame Enid Lyons

Tragic bereavement came when she was planning wedding anniversary

Australia's deepest sympathy goes out this week to Dame Enid Lyons in her great sorrow.

It is a sad coincidence that her husband's death should have occurred while plans for the celebration of their wedding anniversary on April 28 were about to be considered.

WHEN word came through to Dame Enid Lyons in Tasmania that her husband was seriously ill in Sydney, there was characteristically, no doubt in her mind as to what she should do.

She had to be near Joe. She had been by his side in many a crisis before, had helped him triumph over what seemed insurmountable obstacles.

So she caught the plane from Tasmania and was soon by his side again at a time when he needed her most.

No one was more aware of the grave danger to his life of even a slight chill. She had seen the effect upon his health of the long months of intense strain during the most critical period in Australia's history.

She knew that he had been working at terrific pressure to ensure his country's preparedness if the worst should happen and the Empire should be plunged into war.

Both Mr. Lyons and Dame Enid had been looking forward with keen anticipation to a quiet, homely celebration of their 24th wedding anniversary.

Last year, because Mr. Lyons had to attend a Loan Council meeting in Melbourne they were unable to be together on that important occasion. But when she went into her room at their home in Devonport, Tasmania, she found orchids on her pillow.

Orchids . . . They were a symbol of the Lyons' success. There hadn't been orchids in the days of their courtship, when Joe Lyons, the young school-teacher, rode miles to see her on his push bicycle. Orchids did not come until years later—years of work and hardship.

The story of the Lyons' has no parallel in Australian politics. His career was always hers.

In the very early days, when she was little Enid Burnell, she wanted to be a school-teacher because Joe was a school-teacher. Joe often came to her home near Smithton, a small Tasmanian North-West Coast town, at first to see her parents and, as she grew older, because he had fallen deeply in love with her.

Their Marriage

JOE LYONS became a responsible citizen very early in life. When nine his father's health broke down, and Joe earned 3/- a week as an errand boy. When he was twelve two maiden aunts with whom he was living sent him to school.

He skipped class after class . . . At fifteen he was a paid monitor at £15 a year. At 17 he qualified as a teacher in the Education Department, relieving in outback schools.

During his courting years he worked at many jobs, cutting scrub and, later, setting type and reading proofs for the "Coastal News."

After a few years' teaching he went to the Teachers' Training College and risked expulsion by expounding his views on free education and reforms in public instruction.

Taking advantage of the attention he had attracted he stood for Parliament, was elected, and became Tasmania's Minister for Education.

In the midst of all this excitement he married Enid Burnell, who had followed his career with admiring interest.

When her husband began to read law, Mrs. Lyons studied law, too.

Money was scarce in their early married life, and the only diversion from domesticity for young Mrs. Lyons was her honorary job as conductor of the choir at Sacred Heart Church at New Town, near Hobart.

DAME ENID LYONS, with whom the whole nation mourns.

So her husband learned to cook. At that time there were six children in the Lyons family, and someone had to cook the Sunday dinner while Mrs. Lyons was conducting the choir at church service.

That is why the man who could represent six million people at Empire Conferences in London, who could steer the destinies of his country for seven crowded years, could also give an expert hand in the kitchen.

Dame Enid Lyons was not elected when she stood for Parliament herself, but she has always taken an active part in her husband's election campaigns.

Many times the natural charm and simple eloquence of her speeches have delighted critical audiences.

She has travelled to England twice as "unofficial ambassador." When she accompanied her husband to England for the Coronation she was described as Australia's finest and most charming ambassador.

Quiet Family Life

POLITICAL troubles and successes have never been allowed to interfere with the Lyons' family life.

Besides the official home of the Prime Minister at Canberra, there has always been the family home in Tasmania—a quiet haven where Mr. Lyons could retire from the limelight whenever possible and be with his wife and family.

To enable them to reach their home quickly, Mr. Lyons and Dame Enid made frequent use of the Bass Strait air service. It was agreed, however, that they would never fly at the same time, so that, in the event of an accident, one of them would be left to look after the family.

Several years ago Mrs. Lyons was seriously ill in the Mercy Hospital, Melbourne. As Parliament was sitting, her husband could not be near her all the time, but he made frequent trips from Canberra and the hospital provided him with a room next to his wife's so that he could be near her during the anxious days of her illness.

Through all the crowded years of her husband's career Dame Enid has guided the destinies of the family, helping them with their school lessons, nursing them through childhood illnesses, yet finding time to tour hundreds of miles to address election meetings.

Call To Leadership

Mr. Lyons resigned from the Tasmanian Parliament in 1929. While their ninth child was a baby in arms Mrs. Lyons helped him in his election campaign for the Federal seat of Wilmot. Later came his appointment as Prime Minister.

The eldest five children are now grown up. The eldest, Desmond, aged 23, works with Australian Chemical Industries. Sheila, aged 21, the eldest daughter, who has largely shouldered the responsibility of the housekeeping during the last few years since her mother's health has not been good, is engaged to be married.

Katherine, aged 19, is studying massage.

The other children are Enid 20, Moira 17, Kevin 16, Brendon 12, Barry 11, Rosemary 10, Peter 8, and Janice 6.

The Lyons family is a world-wide legend.

When the youngest child, Janice, was born a German newspaper described Mr. Lyons as the world's "child richest" ("kinderreichste") Prime Minister.

Dame Enid has confirmed in her own life her view that a woman can combine home life with a career, provided the family take first place. In fact, she is a "family woman" in her public as well as her private life.

Australia is her family. She takes a keen interest in all matters relating to the welfare of women and children, and has taken an active part, as an executive member, in a number of women's and children's organisations.

"They've talked with Kings and Queens, both of them, nor lost the common touch," has been said of Mr. and Dame Enid Lyons.

This "homely touch" was one of the reasons why the Australian Prime Minister and his wife were cheered almost as heartily as the Royal Family in the many processions they took part in during the Coronation ceremonies.

In the early days of her married life in Tasmania Dame Enid always had her frocks made simply by a local dressmaker.

As the years went on and she became the wife of Australia's Prime Minister she did not change this habit, and so proud was she of it that when, as Australia's official representatives, she and Mr. Lyons went to London for the jubilee of King George V, Dame Enid took a wardrobe made entirely by local dressmakers.

The only gown she has ever had made outside Australia was that of silver lame which she wore when she was presented at Court. She has since always referred to it laughingly as "my silver jubilee dress."

When they arrived in London they were met by an impressive group of diplomats in morning suits, and several representative women. While Mr. Lyons talked solemnly with the diplomats, Dame Enid greeted Lady Astor, M.P.

"How nice of you to meet us," said Dame Enid in the natural manner of two women meeting for a day in town. "And this is my Sheila," she added by way of introducing her eldest daughter.

Now Death has broken the loving companionship of many years, and the nation joins with the Lyons family in their great sorrow.

Expressions of sympathy have been sent to Dame Enid Lyons from all over the world. Among the first to cable were their Majesties the King and Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Thousands of messages continue to pour in from every part of Australia.

Ideal Wife, Ideal Mother

Dame Mary Hughes, wife of the Minister for External Affairs (Mr. W. M. Hughes), summed up the feelings of Australian women when she said:

"All Australians and peoples of the Empire mourn with Dame Enid in her sad and irreparable loss. She is genuinely loved by all who know her.

"Dame Enid has at all times and in all circumstances shown courage and fortitude, and is indeed an inspiration to us all. She was an ideal wife, and is an ideal mother, and a loyal and loving friend.

"Her comradeship with her husband was complete and admirable. I know of many cases in which she was scarcely able, through indisposition, to go on journeys with her husband in pursuance of his political work and duties in various States. Yet she did so, under great sacrifice and without a murmur. Such women are rare."

The home-coming of the Prime Minister to his native State will be remembered as one of the most poignant chapters of Australian history.

Dame Enid and her family had hoped that it would not be long before Mr. Lyons would be able to retire from his strenuous political activities and return to spend the remaining years of his life amid the peace and quiet of the home that he loved so dearly.

Instead, he returns aboard a warship of the Royal Australian Navy—returns to be laid to rest in his native Tasmanian soil.

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Our busiest sewing girls

They cut and stitch for our growing defence army

The busiest sewing girls in Australia just now are those engaged in making uniforms to dress our soldiers.

She has been helping to make trousers for the troops for years, but she "wouldn't change jobs with anyone."

Hundreds of girls are working overtime at the Commonwealth Clothing Factory, South Melbourne, to make good the shortage of uniforms for army, navy and air force recruits.

FOR twenty years, tall, slender Miss Lily Bowen has been employed at the factory.

While she has not previously seen the work so busy as it is to-day, in her own words she "would not change jobs with anyone."

Miss Bowen is assistant in the trousers department.

"When I first came I was a machinist, and did the actual sewing on the trousers after we had received them from the cutting department," she said.

"There has been little change in the method of cutting or making the trousers, though the fashion in coats has altered fairly recently.

"This old building is almost our home from home, and lots of the employees have been here as long as I have.

"The girls are encouraged to sing while at work and they are fond of all the latest popular songs, especially those made famous by Bing Crosby.

"They are all happy and healthy-looking girls. They drink quantities of milk which they obtain from a milk bar at the factory.

"They are supplied with bottles and straws so that they can drink while sitting at their machines.

"We start work at eight in the morning, and have a break for morning tea at half-past ten.

"From 10.40 till 12.30 we continue morning work.

"There is three-quarters of an hour for lunch, and we finish at 5.30, unless we are working back. Then we begin again at six, and work till nine.

"Each girl in my department has so many bundles of trousers issued to her each week, and they very rarely fail to complete their requisite number.

"At present we are fearfully busy, trying to increase output to deal with the new recruits, and the girls co-operate wonderfully."

GIRLS AT the Commonwealth Clothing Factory are all happy and healthy. They are encouraged to sing at their work.

3000 Daily

IN another room Miss Rita Jobson looked up from her careful hand-sewing of vulcanised fabric for munitions for big guns, and demonstrated how the work is done.

Fitted into wooden blocks and then over long round blocks, the fabric is stitched with the care that is usually associated with the finest of linens for household or personal wear.

"A girl makes forty-four of these a day," said Miss Jobson, who has been in the factory for seven years.

"The hand felling round the tops takes the time, but most of us prefer that to this, for instance," and she pointed to the thick yellow felt jackets for shells for eighteen-pounder guns.

In the same room were dozens of girls using patent machines for attaching buttons to uniforms, and red bindings to the coats.

Mr. Newey, the chief accountant, and Mr. F. E. Corbett, the manager, accompanied a member of the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly around the factory and described briefly the various activities.

There are three hundred and fifty-seven girls in the factory, and each one has to be specially recommended before she is employed.

The gas-mask container department is a hive of industry just now, and khaki bags are being turned out in hundreds.

The factory makes stock uniforms for the three services, and also made-to-order uniforms for commissioned officers.

A few days ago the Governor-General, Lord Gowrie, visited the factory to have a uniform fitted.

Upwards of 3000 garments are cut and made up each day.

The girls usually find time to work for the Prince Henry Hospital funds, and last year raised several hundred pounds from dances and concerts for the hospital.

"Just at present, however, we have little time to think of social functions," said Mr. Newey. "We are working overtime three nights a week on rush orders.

"Everything goes very smoothly here, and perhaps our worst worry is that we lose so many girls to be married," he said smilingly.

About one girl a month leaves to marry. A fair proportion of them marry fellow-workers at the factory, as there are numbers of men who do all the cutting, pressing, and despatching of the uniforms.

"Margaret's pretty nighties used to fade in the wash—but how lovely this one is keeping . . ."

SHE PROTECTS DAINTY FABRICS WITH

Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

The extra speed of Persil washing means safety for colours because the garment is out of the water so quickly . . . Persil's active oxygen-charged suds carry away every trace of dirt in a twinkling. No rubbing, very little handling . . . and Persil can be used in cool or cold water for very delicate shades. It's by washing colours so much *cleaner* that Persil keeps them so much brighter . . . always so dainty and fresh. Use Persil alone for the whole family wash.

PERSIL'S GENTLE CLEANSING MAKES THINGS LAST LONGER, TOO!

21,390.17

And now—who won those BIG PRIZES *for recipes?*

The Australian Women's Weekly £1000 recipe competition has now closed. Hundreds of last-minute entries were sent in during the week-end.

INTEREST in the competition has been so keen that a number of competitors have sent as many as *forty recipes each.*

Sorting and checking of the thousands of entries have already begun. The results of the competition will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly next month.

The prizes are:

A grand champion prize of £500 for the most outstanding recipe in the competition. It may be chosen from any one of the three sections.

£100 for the best cake recipe.

£100 for the best dessert recipe—pudding, sweets dish or pastries.

£50 for the best recipe for jam, jelly or preserves.

And 250 consolation prizes of £1 each.

In addition, the prize list has been augmented by valuable kitchen sets donated by the Stronglite Aluminium Co., as follows: 21 pieces, value £10, to main prize-winner; 17 pieces, value £7/10/-, cake section; 17 pieces, value £7/10/-, dessert section; and 8 pieces, value £5, jams section.

In judging the competition points will be awarded for recipes that are original, practical and economical.

The decision of the Editor will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes.

The competition will be judged by a committee of experts, and all prize-winning recipes will have been tested in our own kitchens.

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WHEREVER You ARE

By J. GEOFFREY STEWART

Dramatic story of understanding that came before it was too late

"I'm terribly sorry, Elizabeth," he began slowly, "but I'm turning it down."

Complete Short Story

A FIRE burned lazily in the tasteful living-room, for, although it was September, a chill east wind drove in from the coast and an overcast sky added to the bleakness of Carmouth's stolid rows of miners' cottages. In Elizabeth's living-room, however, a quiet cheerfulness pervaded. The table was laid for the evening meal, a tea-dinner. The radio was tuned in to a programme of light music which Elizabeth unconsciously hummed as she placed the vase of double asters in the centre of the white damask-covered table.

She glanced at the clock as she moved over to the window. It would be a few minutes still before David came home; and to-night, of course, he'd be bringing that boy Alan James. As she looked out on the rows of little houses, their grime relieved by the vivid, aggressive white of their doorsteps, some of the dreariness of the outside scene was reflected in her eyes. Brown and glowing they should have been, had been once, but just now they revealed disillusionment and protest. Protest against this mining village, its people, protest against David, her husband, who had brought her here three years ago—was that all it was—three years?

She turned away from the window and went upstairs. She paused outside a door, her hand on the handle, listening, before she softly opened it. Elizabeth walked quietly over to the cot. Little Bobby was sleeping as soundly as a healthily-tired two-year-old can. Gently her fingers snuggled the blankets round his neck, a tender smile parting her lips at the sight of the firm, pink cheeks. It never ceased to astonish her that Bobby had grown into such a sturdy, healthy toddler. Ever since he had come, Elizabeth had been afraid for him, afraid that the dirty, dismal environment would impair his development. It was still her greatest fear. She recalled wistfully the beauty of her home in the south as she returned downstairs.

As she reached the narrow hall the front door opened and David came in, followed by a keen-looking lad of about seventeen. Alan James.

DAVID BEGBIE was tall and broad. His features were strongly defined, almost rugged, and he carried an air of responsibility which made him appear older than his thirty years. But it seemed a happy responsibility, for his eyes, vividly blue under the dark hair, were always merry. He strode over to Elizabeth and kissed her.

"The eats ready, dear? I've a tremendous appetite to-night," he laughed. "How's Bobby?" he added.

"Sound asleep. Everything's ready and waiting. Good-evening, Alan," she said to the boy.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Begbie," he answered rather shyly. He sensed that she did not like him.

During the meal David spoke of the discovery of gas in the West working.

"There's no danger, David, is there?" Elizabeth asked anxiously.

He smiled reassuringly.

"Not really. We are taking measures to prevent it. But at the moment we don't just know where exactly it is."

Conversation continued, spasmodic and uneasy. The once generous spring of talk, frothing with gay laughter, had mysteriously dried up during these past few months. Not so mysteriously, either, Elizabeth thought, as she shot a quick glance at Alan James. She passed him the cherry cake. At least she would not make her resentment of him obvious——

She watched David and Alan as they went into the former's "den," where David would coach the orphaned boy. She admitted freely enough that it was a fine and generous thing that her husband was doing. He, too, had been left alone in this mining village when his father, a miner, had been killed by a fall of coal. And, but for the intervention of the then pit manager who trained him, sent him to the technical school, coached him for the scholarships he had won, David would in all probability have been a miner to-day instead of the under-manager.

This admission, however, did little to lessen the resentment which had been growing in her during the last few months. David was overdoing it. Two evenings a week he was down at the men's institute or otherwise mixing with them, seeing to their welfare. One evening he worked late at the office and another he brought home with him a pile of papers at which he worked. Sunday was the only day he seemed to remember he had a wife and child. No, it was altogether too much.

Well — anyhow, get these dishes washed—Elizabeth had always considered it a mean trick to leave the evening's dirty dishes for the daily help in the morning.

The following morning when David came down to breakfast he found Elizabeth in a state of pleasant excitement. She waved a letter gaily as he sat down, her brown eyes warm with anticipation.

"David! Mum and Dad are coming!" she exclaimed happily. It was an event for Elizabeth. "They're on a motor tour and they've done the most idiotic thing. They couldn't make up their minds where they'd go and so Dad just stuck a pin in the map and it brought him up to Derby. His next jab was Newcastle, and so he's decided to see how we're doing before his next jab lands him in Iceland!"

"Splendid! When are they coming?"

"He hopes to make it to-morrow evening. You will have to cut the institute for once, David."

He laughed.

"I think we can do that for once! You'll be putting them up for a couple of nights, of course?"

"Rather. I'm not going to let them get away very soon, if I can help it. Such a change it'll be!"

David glanced at her. He said quietly:

"It will be a change, yes. Let's see what this one of mine is. London postmark. I wonder what this can be?"

He drank his tea and passed Elizabeth his cup before he slit the envelope. As he read the typewritten message his expression changed to a compound of pleasure and disappointment.

"Anything wrong?" Elizabeth asked as she passed his replenished cup.

"Thanks. No, just an offer of a job," he replied non-committally.

"Can I see?"

Silently he passed her the sheet of paper. Her eyes skimmed the page.

"But, David!" she cried eagerly. "What a chance! Oh, this is a red-letter day! You'll write them at once, of course!"

She came round to him and kissed him—the first spontaneous kiss she had given him in months.

"It's just too wonderful," she murmured. Then, more briskly: "Clayton's are a big firm, too, aren't they? And they want you to take charge of the heavy machinery department." She read aloud from the letter: "'The question of salary will be discussed at the interview which we suggest could take place here in London on Thursday the twelfth inst. Please let us know by return if this will suit your arrangements.' London, David! A little house out by the river—won't Bobby love it?"

David looked up at her reflectively. He said nothing for a long minute.

"Well——" Elizabeth prompted him.

"I'm terribly sorry, Elizabeth," he began slowly, almost defensively. "But I'm turning it down."

For a moment the ticking of the clock was the only sound in the room. Elizabeth's eyes smarted with suppressed tears.

David pushed his chair away from him and stood up facing her.

"I'm sorry. But you know how I feel about things here."

Elizabeth stemmed the flood of words which rushed to her tongue. She determined to be very patient.

"David—you haven't given this matter any thought. Take time—wait till Dad comes. Ask his advice."

He shook his head.

"You know I came to a decision about all this years ago. Before I ever met you, my dear. These people here—I know you don't like them; I've seen that for a long time, now. But they need me—and they trust me." The last words he uttered with a quiet pride.

Elizabeth was not going to lose her temper. She knew that she was on very difficult ground. She recognised that she was up against a principle. She recalled vividly that day, just over three years ago, under a chestnut tree in glorious blossom in a country lane outside Tarnton, where she lived. David had taken her in his arms and breathed: "I love you, Elizabeth." And she had been so afraid that he would go away without saying it! But he had not let her say a word at first. He had sat her down beside him on the yielding turf. How well she recalled his exact words.

"Elizabeth," he had said, so seriously, taking both her hands in his. "I want you to be my wife. But I want you to understand certain things. Your father is a solicitor; perhaps the most successful solicitor in Tarnton. You have always lived in that fine old house, with its green lawn, its trees, the vegetable garden so cleverly concealed behind the high flower borders. You've taken tea in similar houses — among similar people. You have never known dirt, discomfort, awful hopelessness. You know what my father was. A miner."

"Yes," she had interrupted. "But you've got away from all that. Your brains have taken you right from the pit to a first-class engineering degree—with honors! It's not what you were—it is what you are, I love."

"Wait—wait, Elizabeth. Everything I am to-day, I owe to these people in Carmouth, to the old pit manager whose protege I was. I've had the offer of under-manager in that same pit. I'm going back to them, to try as best I can to make things better. You see, my dear, I'm asking you to come with me to a grim village where there will be no social round. Just hard work all the year through."

She remembered as she faced him now, trying not to be angry, the grim picture he had etched. Remembered, too, the surge of enthusiasm for a worthwhile life; her answer—"Wherever you are, David, will be heaven to me——" It had been a wonderful challenge to her love. She had picked up the gauntlet.

SHE answered David lightly now.

"Sometimes I almost believe you think more of these people than you do of me—and Bobby."

He flushed.

"D'you think that's quite fair?" he asked.

She spoke angrily now.

"Do you think it fair to sacrifice your wife and child to a—a fetish?"

"A fetish! Be careful, Elizabeth."

"Yes, a fetish. You and your people! Don't you see that Bobby needs clean air in his lungs? That I am suffering agonies of loneliness while you are giving your time to Alan James?"

His eyes were smouldering, but he answered her evenly.

"I don't see anything wrong with Bobby. He's as healthy as any child. I didn't do so badly on this dirty air. And as for being lonely, why don't you mix with the people? Help me in my work instead of sulking at home?"

Please turn to Page 36

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Heart-Broken Melody

Error and its inevitable payment is shown in the progress of our strong human serial

Illustrated by VIRGIL

"How long are you going to walk like that?" he demanded.

AGAINST the approval of her family, Honor allows herself to become infatuated by Paul, although she is engaged to Hugh. In defiance of all inner convictions of right, she gives way and breaks the engagement, to satisfy Paul's pleas for marriage when he divorces his social-minded wife, but she refuses divorce. In a terrible conflict over this, Honor and Paul agree to snatch the happiness they cannot earn, and arrange to go away together to Europe. At the last moment Paul comes to tell Honor he cannot ruin her young life in that shameful fashion, and he leaves her almost broken to readjust her hopes as best she can.

She lives and dies a thousand times emotionally as time goes on, tempted continually to call him or see him, and at last, knowing he is about to leave the town by plane, she goes to the aerodrome to have a word with him before his departure.

Wet to the skin, weary, anguished, she has to hide while watching him with his wife and small sons, and half-blinded by rain and tears Honor turns to go away when the plane rises. A truck, its headlights dazzling her, runs her down, and she remembers no more until waking in hospital three weeks later with Hugh sitting beside the bed. Later, she knows the difference between quiet love that lasts and infatuation, and says she will marry Hugh, but a great grief is waiting for her; her injured leg and hip will prevent her from walking for years. At twenty-four her best days are over; she could not work, or accept domestic duties, and in the cool weather she is moved quietly to the peace and beauty of her cousin Bob's place in the country, but, despite the surroundings, the visit becomes an ordeal.

Characters outstanding in this story:—

HONOR BROWNELL, fiancee of HUGH BRAINTREE.

ADELINE, Honor's sister.

TOM, brother to Honor and Adeline.

AUNT LUCIE, their guardian.

PAUL CARTWRIGHT, junior member of the firm, of which

JUDGE COOPER is Paul's senior, and Honor's employer.

EVELYN and Alice, the daughters, were absorbed in maternal cares, or rather delights. They were healthy big plain women with slightly hirsute faces; each had a husband working in town, but each lived only to see that the five children had all the milk, fruit, air, exercise, pleasure that could be crowded into summer days.

The three days at Barbara's were three eternities. Long before they were over Honor found herself longing for the peace and quiet of home with all the passionate impatience of a visiting child.

"I'm so glad you could do this," Barbara said affectionately at parting. "I've wanted you, and Tom and Adeline too, to know these young ladies of mine. I think they're unusual, which perhaps isn't strange, but Lucius thinks so, too, which really is, for he is the last man alive to exaggerate their intelligence just because they happen to be his. Rather the other way, really."

There was a great deal of it, to precede the hard hour's trip home. Honor felt an actual physical relief when the last accents of Barbara's firm voice had died from her ears. The tiresome ache in her leg had started up again; she sat back in the car, trying to ease it without wriggling too much. She thought that it would be good to get home and into her own bed.

The city was swathed in fog which moved and ballooned solemnly in the grimy autumn streets. Getting home was rather dreadful, after all; the rooms looked shabby and cramped after the sweet open September countryside.

Honor managed to get to her room, managed to undress with Aunt Lucie ineffectually yet sympathetically hovering about, managed to gulp down two acid powdery pills, and then need only lie plunged in pillows waiting for the agony to lessen.

It did lessen; it was held at bay. Adeline came in; Tom came in; there was the smell of good tomato cream soup and brown toast near her; they left the tray long after she had finished with it; she could hear their voices and the clink of forks in the dining-room. Her own room was in deep twilight when they came back and snapped up lights and wanted to hear all the news of Barbara.

Honor's body lived because it did not die. Her soul died, her spirit died, mind and courage and ambition and hope died a hundred times a day. But her heart beat steadily on, life flowed in her veins; she was still young and strong.

Often she was bitter and often in tears. But she made a heroic effort when Adeline and Tom came home, and frequently they found her deep in a book, or interested in some family situation, or at the window looking down on the strip of city that lay below, and the piers and the boats that came and went.

Big boats and little boats: little Danish freighters that occasionally took a passenger or two to far-off harbors that Honor Brownell never would see. And when they found her so Adeline and Tom experienced deep and secret relief.

She could not help Aunt Lucie with the house, set a table, answer a telephone. But if there were peas to shell or apples to peel she would busy herself for half an hour, silently accepting the task, silently finishing it. Tom helped her downstairs to her big chair in the mornings; Adeline helped her with her bath and getting to bed at night. Sometimes she went for a Sunday drive with an uncle or cousin, and almost every day one or more members of the tribe came in, to talk with Aunt Lucie, and try to draw poor unfortunate Honor into the conversation.

In November there was another hospital session and "a cast, and Honor stayed in bed for a while. It made no difference; she was presently limping and dragging her way about again.

They were worried about money. They had borrowed some money, Tom and Adeline. She knew it; she could do nothing about it. She sat on through the gloomy winter days in the sitting-room, looking at the backs of books, glancing at the newspapers, hearing the boys screaming late editions in the streets.

The radio meant much to her. Sometimes she could forget, listening to foreign news, to songs, to little plays. But afterwards the contrast between her own helplessness and the glowing, glorious activity of the big world would make the lonely dusk less supportable than ever. Honor cried away beauty and color. Sleepless nights kept her unrested and weary; she was no longer interested in brushing her hair or caring for her slender hands.

She thought constantly, and with pained reluctance, of Paul. A year since that early winter day in the office when he had so suddenly told her that he must try to forget her! A year since she and Hugh had gone up to the Walburga and looked at the little cabins there, and talked of their marriage! She had been living then; now she was dead.

. . . .

Paul came into her room quietly on a day shortly before Christmas. Honor had been reading, and as the afternoon was dark and overcast, had lighted the big lamp beside her chair. In its sharp light she looked at him; Paul Cartwright

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

with his coat spattered by the beginning of the rain, and his brown cheeks red from exercise and cold air.

In that instant of his arrival she saw that he did not at once recognise her, and a stab of pain went through her like a physical thing.

"Is— I wanted to see—" he fumbled. And then, in a quick shocked voice, "Honor!"

She knew that her hair was tumbled and her face shiny and unpowdered. She knew that she was pale and that her eyes were reddened from tears. She drew the folds of an old kimono across her breast. Her whole world revolved about her in a very sickness of realisation. His hand left hers, the quick pressure of his lips was gone from her hair, and he sat down facing her.

"My dear," he said, "I only heard Sunday that you'd had a bad smash-up. You poor child, you! You've had a rotten time, haven't you?"

The enchantment of his voice was in her ears again; the spell of his presence was upon her. But this—this was the last humiliation, the last despair. No longer to be Honor Brownell, free and gay and sure of herself, knowing the value of a glance from her eyes, a touch of her smooth fingers on his hand! But to be instead this broken, embittered, helpless thing shut into a dingy, undusted parlor, feeding her starving soul on radio programmes and murder stories.

He talked, covering her emotion. He told her of the house he and Marion and the boys had taken near Milwaukee, and of the progress of the case, and that he liked Milwaukee and its people. He was everything kind, concerned, affectionate. And Honor's very soul burned within her with the utter emptiness of it all!

Towards the end of the twenty-five minutes he spent with her he was tender.

"My poor girl," he said. "We didn't see this coming, did we? All they told me at the office was that you'd been injured. How did it happen?"

"A truck. My fault," she said. "A bright light was in my eyes; I stumbled right in its way."

"A lot to pay for a moment's absentmindedness," Paul said.

"Oh, well—" she said, looking into space.

"Theye've straightened it out?"

"As much as they can. There was a second operation—a smaller one, last month. They talk now of building up and making me use it. I don't believe them."

Her voice had sunk very low; she was afraid of tears. She did not look at him.

He said other things. That he would always value her friendship above any other that had ever come to him; that he would see her every day or two; that he was sending her books. He made a note of the books in his familiar little black memorandum book. And he was as relieved as she was, she knew, when Tom and Adeline came in and the conversation became general.

So there was that new agony over which to writhe. All evening and through many a lonely day and wakeful night Honor thought of it, thought of Adeline's niceness and Tom's niceness to Paul, whom they had so hated once. No danger now. He was harmless and she helpless now; they could afford to welcome any friend who would amuse Honor, send her books and flowers, help to drag her out of her abyss of despair.

"I wish I was out of it all," she thought again and again and again. "I wish I had the courage to get out of it all!"

But somehow the desperate hope, the desperate love of life persisted. It could not be like this. It was not meant to be like this. Nobody could live this way; there must be some way out.

. . . .

At Christmas time the entire family, with the exception of Honor and her grandmother, went down as usual to Uncle Kent's. Uncle Kent was an inventor; he had sold various patents, all having to do with photography, for large sums; he had retired, twenty years earlier, to a ranch high up in the Santa Cruz mountains where he had lived in great felicity with a bedridden wife and an old servant.

The wife, Aunt Sue, had died this year, and the usual country merrymaking would be sadly shadowed, but the family felt it all the more an obligation to go down, and Honor and her grandmother had a cold chicken and bakery pie for lunch, and awaited their return and their reports in each other's company.

Honor had always imagined that she loved her grandmother, but she did not love anyone very much now, and she found the day long. Old Mrs. Borrow was a dignified, stout, placid octogenarian whose look on life had been so long that she saw such tragedies as Honor's, such satisfactions as Barbara's, such disappointments as Hugh's as part of a great pattern whose main features were small pleasures and small hurts that had little to do with big events and changes.

Please turn to Page 46

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Complete Short Story

"Why, you didn't tell me," said Peggy, and: "Not leaving us?" demanded Peter.

Illustrated By FISCHER

EYES of YOUTH

By Leslie G. Barnard

Innocence made the challenge that disillusion was glad to accept.

MORTIMER GRANT was packing not inefficiently, but with the slight uncertainty of a man who except when away on business trips, for which a small suitcase is adequate, depends upon his wife. Involuntarily now he lifted his head, as if to call her. Remembrance came, and he winced.

Standing for a moment of helplessness, he heard again the monotonous surge and hiss of the ocean. It was a placid, unruffled monotony. He went to the bedroom window and looked out.

Immediately below him was the new roofing the management had put on this season. Under it, in the lighted, glassed-in portion, were those, older in years or spirit, who found more satisfaction in books and magazines and their interminable bridge than in moonlit romance.

But beyond the terrace, at the farther end, where the path led past the clock-golf course and descended to the vast expanse of beach, were chairs discreetly placed and one or two swing-couches. There were no lights there.

Mortimer Grant could hear faint laughter from below. He could make out, beyond the terraced grass, the widening stretch of beach, and, on it, a few figures strolling by the restless and subsiding rim of the sea. Already the peak of the season was passed.

He didn't like to think about endings. Life seemed full of them. The last mortal leap was not the only one! He looked back over his own life and found irregularly spaced but quite definite epochs. You put some behind you with a sigh, some with a laugh.

He'd said something of the kind, in an expansive moment, to young Peggy Jordan, who was stopping here, too. Mortimer Grant had found a peculiar pleasure in her society, and in contemplation of her incipient romance with Peter Bancroft. He wished his daughter, Ann, had been like Peggy. But Ann was self-sufficient. She endured her father as a necessary and not unhumorous evil. Now Peggy—Peggy would sit and look at one with soft, respectful, candid eyes, and protest when, in a half-sentimental, half-cynical mood, he advanced his knowledge of life's epochs.

"Oh, you mustn't say that!"

"Why?"

"I'm thinking of Peter!"

He laughed that off. He didn't want to tell her that summer affairs didn't last, either, that in a few months or less Peter would be a memory . . . "that boy I met on the beach . . ."

Nice boy, though, Peter! There again—if Tom had been like that, he'd have been a son of whom one could be uniformly proud. Tom was all right, but Celia had been crazy not to see that Tom was a precarious quantity. She gave him unwanted maternal affection, wasting her life on him. Sometimes a husband could do with a little of that wasted store.

IF she had? Well, then to-night might not be another ending, another descent of the knife.

Grant looked at his watch. The luminous dial promised him time, if he hurried his packing, for a final walk on the beach. He wondered if, after this, he would ever be able to bear the sea again.

He began to think of the business he would dispose of—he had a fairish offer for it—and where he would go to begin the next stage of existence. One made an end—one began again. He'd better tell Celia he was going out for a while. She might want him to strap up her luggage or something.

In the adjoining room Celia Grant was packing. There was a door between, unlocked, at which occasionally she glanced. She packed with excellent method; the bed, if you screwed up your eyes, looked like the amazing patchwork of the earth when she and Mortimer and their two children had flown back from Berlin to London on their last holiday. Only a year ago.

Now Tom was in London on some business that he evidently felt was his own affair, and Ann was in Germany, supposedly on a sketching tour with Maude Logan.

You might as well, thought Celia Grant, try to mould the ocean to your pattern as a girl like Ann. She'd warned Mortimer, but he'd always stood up for her. Yet Mortimer was unyielding about Tom, impatient of his constant demands for money, always made through his mother. That was always prolific soil for a quarrel, and a quarrel with Mortimer was a hopeless thing.

She must get on with the packing. She'd like to have time for a walk on the beach. Perhaps young Peter Bancroft would take her. She'd quite fallen in love with him in the three weeks they'd been here; love, in a maternal sense, of course, that at first seemed disloyalty to her own son Tom, but then she remembered it was because of Tom. She was seeing Tom in him. It was a godsend that these youngsters had taken to Mortimer and herself; if they had been alone, together all the time, it would have been appalling!

To separate, after all these years—it seemed preposterous that it had come to that! But the decision was made in one awful moment, both of them calm, sure, final. Their minds had fenced with each other since, but no ground was given either way.

Peter Bancroft was such a dear youngster, if not quite perceptive. He thought she and Mortimer were so perfectly matched! She wondered what he'd think if he knew that to-night was the end of everything, the parting of the ways!

It was a mistake, perhaps, to have come to the sea for the last test. When things finally, supremely, broke down, the sea was still there, just outside the windows, inescapable by day or night—the sound of it in the ears and the mystery of it in the heart.

There was a knock at the door.

She called "Come in!"

The door between her room and Mortimer's opened.

Celia thought: "When Tom is his age, he'll have that same lock hanging down—only it'll be grey, like Mortimer's." The old hurt stirred.

Mortimer Grant, standing in the doorway now, conscious of his wife's colorful patchwork of clothes on the bed, thought: "Celia will always stay young."

HE said: "You're not ready for the things to be strapped? Then I think I'll run down and have a look at the beach again. Mayn't be back this way, you know!"

They stared at each other. Then, suddenly, the door was closed, shutting them into the rooms they had thought it wise to take apart.

As soon as he was outside, Mortimer Grant knew he had made a mistake. He should have taken a taxi, windows up, to the station, just in time for the train. And yet, once down the flagged walk by the clipped grass, on to the sands, he could not retreat. The sea enticed him.

A call startled him; he had thought himself completely alone. He turned. Peggy came towards him, picking her way with thought for her evening shoes.

"Hold on!" he shouted to her. "I'll come ashore!"

She stood on a miniature island of sand; there was light enough for the green of her evening gown, the deeper green of her light scarf, to find reflection in the starlit, abandoned pools.

"I saw you come out," she said. "I followed you. I hope you don't mind?"

About to say, "I'm glad!" he felt the word to be alien to-night. And there was something in her voice to which he was instantly sensitive.

"There's nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Oh, no, nothing! We've—I think we've saved that!"

Mortimer Grant's left foot slid into a deep ooze of watery sand.

"Saved?" he repeated, picking up the word as if he'd shake it too, as he had his wet foot.

"Peter's asked me to marry him," she said in a small, mechanical voice.

"Good for Peter!"

"But it's not good, is it?" she said, in that hard, mechanical way. "No good—for either of us. I mean, if marriage is the way people say it is. Some of the women I've been talking to just to-day—" She broke off, biting her lips, then flung up her head. "You know, I couldn't ever—bear—any other nights like this, if Peter changed. People do, don't they? Everybody says they do, when they've been married a little while!"

"Look here," he forced himself to say, "some of these old croakers have been having you on! You mustn't listen. Why, they told me the same in my day!"

He caught himself. A pool to the left as they walked was an oval of flat, immobile grey; he felt shallow as the pool. He snatched at the nearest words:

"Of course, there are little changes. There'd be no progress, you know; people'd stagnate if there were no changes at all. There must be a bit of give—and take!" He felt false, and foul, and was driven to introduce some truth. "Then children—children in the home—have their place, and shift things a bit, sometimes. That's part of the discipline—children!"

He saw her head nod in assent. Her profile, presented against the indefinable color of the sand-dunes, had soft Madonna-like innocence.

Please turn to Page 12

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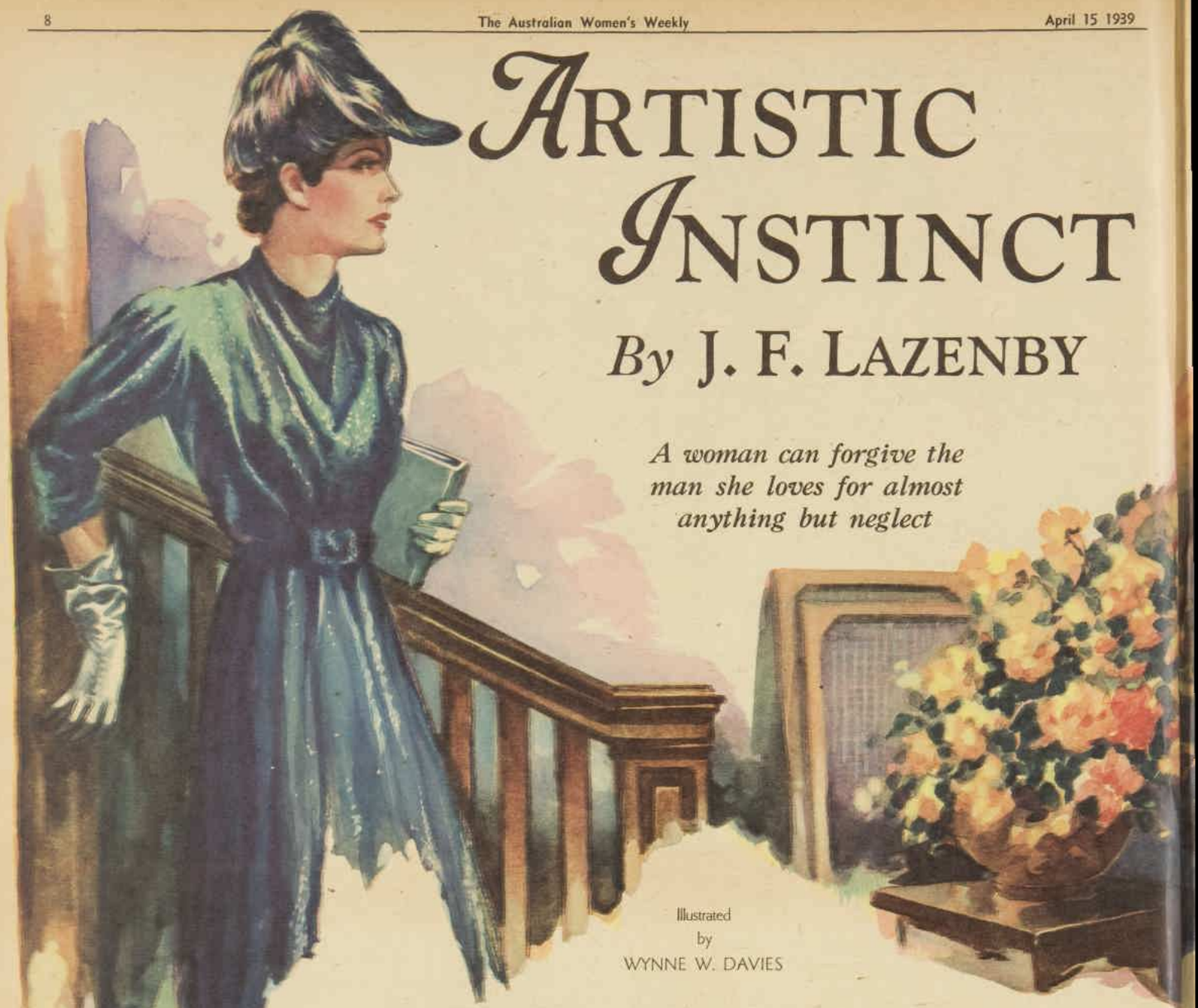

ARTISTIC INSTINCT

By J. F. LAZENBY

A woman can forgive the man she loves for almost anything but neglect

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

HE had said: "That you, Lella? I'm phoning from Nick's place. He and Marjorie are throwing a party—lots of fun! Come on over."

She had said: "Oh, Geoff, I can't! I'm nearly frantic trying to fit these loose covers and the place is in such a mess . . ." And then, "All right. I'll come."

She knew exactly the kind of party it would be. There was a formula, a pattern, to these "arty" parties. One talked and laughed a lot, drank and sparkled. Somehow or other Lella just couldn't sparkle. She had no small talk at all, and a drink threatened to put her to sleep. There were times, few but disturbing, when Lella deliberately wished that her charming husband were not quite so successful; more, say, capable than gifted, a little less handsome and assured. Then at least she might have him to herself once in a while, instead of being pulled to parties simply, as he cheerfully explained, "for the look of the thing."

Such complacency was fairly typical of Geoff these days, Lella reflected, as she bent forward putting on fresh stockings. She knew that something had changed in him that it was difficult, almost impossible, to define. He was older. There was something about him now that bewildered her, the feeling that he lived without her, an aloofness, a self-sufficiency that was new. She couldn't tell exactly when it was that he had left off being her sweetheart and became a habit, because, of course, it didn't happen in a single day. It had taken months. Practically a year. And quite suddenly she felt again that insufferable weight of sadness descend upon her, dull and heavy. She pulled on her hat, scurrying into the sitting-room to close the windows. Then she slipped the latch of the front door and banged it after her.

. . . . . .

Back of the people was the tapestry-like room with shelves of books, pictures, bowls of flowers, bowls of fruit, more books, more furniture, the red-patterned rug, all woven into a rich, uncrowded design. And everybody was talking and laughing. Nick's parties were like that, like the room, very friendly and easy. You got the spirit as soon as you went in. It sort of washed over you in a wave and made you feel snug and happy.

Lella saw Geoff once. He was standing between the two big windows that looked out over Hyde Park talking to Mrs. Guilfoyle. He caught her glance and waved, smiling, indicating with his lips that he would join her in a moment. He looked as he always did, superb; dressed in a very smooth double-breasted job of pencil stripes on grey, with shirt and tie and brogues to go with it. He was, thought Lella, the handsomest and most distinguished man in the room—even if he were her husband. She sank into a chair and began to talk to the three nearest people, while Nick's wife, Marjorie, went around among the men showing off another late arrival and introducing her as "Molly." A lovely girl, too, she was. Tall and blonde and graceful, the kind who tans evenly and deeply and looks like a million, and takes pains to keep that way.

Janice Ryan, a massive, striking woman with straight black hair scraped back with a comb from her forehead, said, "I haven't a notion who she is. I've never seen her before."

"She's gorgeous," said Lella candidly, and lapsed into a wide smile. Less exertion. There was such a crowd you could hardly hear yourself talk. It was just a babel that rose in crescendos of laughter and greeting, and Nick's loud, hearty voice: "Hullo! Glad to see you. Glad you're here. Looking grand. Grand party. Have a drink. Have another drink." All anybody could say or hear was: "Hullo—everything's grand—have a drink . . ."

Then suddenly Lella was laughing up into Nick's mortally shocked expression. "Well, I should like a lemonade," she said.

"Come!" he charged her, and jerked his head towards the carved oak sideboard.

It was the nature of that sideboard to give forth the particular liquor you wanted most at the moment, though you couldn't have put a name to it yourself.

Nick would swing open the doors with a flourish, then stand en rapport with the Spirit of Alcohol, his head tilted to hear a secret voice; when it spoke, he would give a nod, plunge his hand down unhesitatingly into the forest of bottles, and bring to light perhaps a chubby flagon of creme-de-menthe, a jug of kummel, or some mild sweet wine. "This is it," he would say, handing you a glass, and it invariably was. Now he gave Lella a cocktail, and stood for a moment surveying the roomful of people who were comfortable, who were laughing and talking and drinking. Anyone who came to Nick's place was instantly his friend. When his friends were around him he was happy.

Lella sipped at her glass, listening to Nick's chatter and watching Geoff watch "Molly." The cocktail was fine, smooth as nothing on the tongue, and with the lift of a skyrocket.

"Who is she, Nick—the tall girl in blue?" Lella asked.

"Miss Grey," he told her. "One of Fissie's discoveries. She's a rare one for looks, eh, what?" Lella nodded, and said: "She is! Lovely."

Then Geoff gracefully made his escape from Mrs. Guilfoyle and joined them at the sideboard. He lounged over the top. "Hullo, honey," he grinned at Lella—always at ease, and looking around him peacefully, lighting a cigarette. He glanced at Nick. "Who's the beauty, old man?" Very casually.

Lella could actually feel his interest in the girl. His eyes were glued to her. She said, "You ought to get Nick to introduce you, Geoff," staring calmly across at the girl, with intense hatred. "She might be useful to you. She's a model."

The Supreme Art Is Love

"By Jove!" he said, looking harder than ever. "That's interesting. She's beautiful."

"And you're an expert," Lella said. "Aren't you, Geoff?"

"I suppose so," he said, in his clipped, refined voice. "But you needn't brag about it."

"Oh, I wasn't boasting of your choice of me—darling."

Suddenly Bill Kassler came up and asked her for a dance. There was hardly enough room to turn, but the exercise was restful; it consisted simply of clasping each other close and swaying together in a sort of rhythmic trance, extremely idiotic to watch. Bill, who shared a studio with Geoff, was retained by a firm of printers at a fee that would have supported two families. He was full of childlike malice.

"Listen," Bill said in her ear. "Half the men in the room have gone crazy over the blonde lady. Stark crazy! . . . So's your husband."

"Poor Bill," said Lella. "You've been drinking too much."

"Of course. How d'you think I could stand parties like this if I hadn't?"

"Why do you bother to come?"

"I'm a glutton for punishment." Bill heaved a sigh of tragic despondency that made Lella squirm away from him, smiling.

By ten o'clock the crowd had thinned to a comfortable dozen or so; the heavyweights had gone and the party was just beginning. Nick and Steve Brody went out together with a large shopping basket for a further supply of food. Lella noticed the difference quite suddenly. Previously it had been all crowd, crowd noise, crowd feel. A babel of crowd. Everyone else did the talking. All you need do was sit tight and listen. Or not listen. You were safe. Now the room was much quieter; voices registered. She could see faces striking her singly.

She could see Geoff's face. He was sitting on the sofa talking to Miss Grey and smiling with what Lella supposed was great charm. He had the girl fascinated. You could feel it all over the room. She was enchanted by him.

Nick came up with sausages.

"Have a pair," he said.

Bill grabbed one and shoved it towards Lella's mouth. "Have a sausage," he said.

She clutched at it, and it slipped from her fingers. She frowned

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Complete Short Story

The picture held, Geoff and Miss Grey gazing at Lella, she gazing at them.

and took another, and held on to it tight.

Bill shrewdly followed her gaze.

"They all fall for him," he said in a low voice, his very saturnine face pushed close to hers deliberately, and with great enjoyment. "When he looks at a woman he makes her feel that until he met her nothing had ever happened to him. I've seen him look at dozens of women that way—he can't help it. I often wonder whether it's the collector's instinct."

"It isn't," Lella said in a low voice, too. "It's the artistic instinct."

Bill chuckled briefly. His insight was alarming. "You're jealous," he taunted her.

"I am not!" Lella retorted sharply. "I think I have outgrown that stage. All the same, we're going home."

She got up and went quietly over to the sofa, looking down on the two of them sitting there, and smiling. "Let's go home, Geoff—it's getting late."

The girl slowly turned her head and stared up at her with cat's eyes. You couldn't tell what she was thinking. Marjorie had turned on the wireless and was dancing an impromptu with lots of whoops and hand-clapping. Lella finally said, "Let's go home," again, and this time Geoff said, "All right, let's go." He looked resigned. He didn't look at all the way he'd have looked if he were going home with Miss Grey.

Good-bye. Marvellous time! Marvellous party. One last drink. One more last drink . . .

It was after twelve when Lella and Geoff got home. Even so, they couldn't decide to go to bed. Geoff was in a sociable mood and talked continuously about everything, except the one thing he wanted to talk about. So Lella said, "How old would you say she is, Geoff?"

He turned from winding the clock and peered at her blankly, his eyes crinkled at the corners. "Who?"

She wanted to laugh in his face, his subterfuge was so palpable. She smiled. "Miss Grey, of course." His expression cleared, calmly lighting a cigarette. "Oh—twenty-two, three," he said off-handedly.

In their room Lella undressed and put on fresh pyjamas and laid out a pair for Geoff. Then she leaned far out of the window and drank in a draught of the clear-cool air. A fine rain was falling. Behind her she heard bumps and thumping of Geoff climbing into bed. A voice kept telling her that it wasn't serious, that it was silly to worry, that the girl was just another artistic "find," and couldn't touch her. Or hurt her. Or worm herself into their lives, and get all involved. Then she thought of them both sitting there on the sofa, and the chummy way she had leaned towards him, listening to him with that rapt, wide-eyed expression. There is nothing so deadly as Innocence on the man-hunt. Anybody's husband——

"Come to bed," said Geoff. "I thought you were tired."

Lella drew herself back into the room and walked round to her side. "Geoff," she paused, searching his face, leaned forward on her arms, one knee raised on the bed. "Do you love me?"

"Of course."

"Well, say it."

"All right," he said. "I love you."

"I love you, too."

Neither of them stirred.

Smiling, "What are you thinking about?"

He yawned, clasping his hands behind his head. "I was just thinking——" he said reflectively, "Miss Grey would make a grand model for my new poster."

Lella didn't say another word.

In the morning she was awakened by the ringing telephone, and lay sleepily in bed listening to Geoff's voice talking to someone in a way that disturbed her. "Splendid!" his voice cried over the telephone. "When are you coming? Make it this afternoon. Mind? I should say not. Three o'clock? Good!" Then he came bounding upstairs whistling and finished dressing.

It was this apparently trivial episode that loomed uppermost in Lella's thoughts as she sat brooding over Rachel's letter that came by the twelve post. In her mind the two incidents fused into one big vital question, and caused her a dark frown of uncertainty. Oh, to be sure of oneself, never to pause or stumble. Decisions are such terrible things to have to make.

When he came for lunch, Geoff's face had that intensely alive look of the early morning, only more so. As if something were going to happen to him that was pretty nice to think about. She had seen quite a bit of it lately. Across the table Lella studied him very closely, searchingly, and her distress heightened beyond reason. It was Geoff who was talking, sometimes falling silent, and then starting up again, his voice spinning itself out with all the brightness of the day in his eager words, until at last he asked suddenly, "Why are you so quiet? Is anything wrong? Are you worried about something?"

Lella said, "Yes. I've had a letter from Rachel. She's opened a dress shop and wants me to help her over the season. I don't know what to say."

There was a long pause. "It would mean going away, wouldn't it?" Geoff said into his coffee, and looked across the table into Lella's eyes that were clouded with torturing fears, gazing at him. She nodded.

"Pretty hard to advise," he said finally. "It would be an amusing change for you . . . if you feel like it . . . you could always try it for a while. After all, there's nothing very serious about taking a job. You could try it, eh?"

"Yes," she said. "I could try it," and felt suddenly unutterably sad, lonely in the streaming sunlight with Geoff only across the table from her.

She felt that loneliness again later. "Perhaps it is more than a job," she said. "Everything's changed since last summer. I don't know why."

"What do you mean, Lella?"

She spoke at last as with an effort, as if recalling herself from a dream. "It's you—you, Geoff. There's something about you now that frightens me, the feeling that everything's breaking up, smashing—our lives together. And there's nothing I can do about it. I'm helpless. You love so many women."

"What?" he was genuinely amazed. "What on earth are you talking about?"

Please turn to Page 10

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Artistic Instinct

Continued from Page 9

SHE said, "Just that. I'm not blaming you, really. You wouldn't be an artist if you didn't love beauty, would you?

"And because you made a mistake to marry a woman who wasn't beautiful—I suppose you can't help it for repenting the impulse. It isn't your fault. But it would be your fault—and mine—if we dragged it out—spoiling both our lives. I won't do that, Geoff. We won't make that mistake. You're free, whenever you want."

"Do you know what you're saying, Lella?"

"Perfectly," she said, pride stifling the sobs in her throat. "I'd rather be without you than know all the time that you'd saddled yourself in a weak moment and — and were simply tolerating me."

They were quiet then until Geoff said, "Has this anything to do with Miss Grey, by any chance?"

"Miss Grey happens to be the latest," she replied. "And the most marvellous. Oh, I'm tired of hearing you everlastingly raving about her, praising her looks and her figure and asking me to go into raptures over her eyelashes and the curve of her chin. Can't you understand? I'm sick of it all! I can't stand the woman anyway!"

His face was white, but that was from anger, she told herself.

He sat there glaring at her over the table. "Well — that's a fine admission!" he retorted scathingly. "I had thought you were above being jealous of another woman's face." There was a bitterness in his voice that hurt her, even while she flushed with temper under the insult.

"You may call it what you like," she said. "It's still pride. I know I'm plain looking. You've told me so often enough, and I've never minded when you laughed at me. I could laugh at myself. But when she laughed—you and she together——" For the first time tears flashed into her eyes. She swallowed hard but could not speak. All her love was gathered into a knot of pain that choked her, a love that had been like gold, all brightness and gold, but that pressed against her heart now, dull and heavy. "I can't think why you married me."

She felt a touch on her shoulder, and looked up. It was Geoff, tragic, saying, "Darling, I'm sorry. That was brutal of me. But honestly, honey, it was all in fun. You must know that. You had laughed so often at your own nose. Why, it's the cutest nose in the world——" He leaned over behind her, kissing her neck.

"I love it," he said. "I love you. But that doesn't prevent my seeing beauty in other women. You can't expect it, Lella. As you say, I'm an artist. I trade in beauty. Gosh, if I lost my interest I'd lose my job. See? I shall always admire a pretty woman, but there's no need to worry about it."

She got up slowly, standing with her back to the table, and faced him squarely, with dignity. "What am I to tell Rachel?"

He looked at her gravely. "You must decide that for yourself," he said.

But Lella rubbed her hand across her forehead with a baffled, almost a cornered gesture. "Please——"

HE kissed her again. Then he went out, into the hall, reaching for his hat. She followed, watching dumbly while he flicked his shoulders with the clothes brush and settled his tie before the mirror. He said, "Oh, by the by, I'm starting the sheet this afternoon. Want to try a few sketches for size and layout. You know, the usual preliminaries. I might work late. How about bringing down some grub and having a picnic—eh? Would you like that?" She nodded. "All right."

When she turned back into the house wandering into their bedroom only the hurt remained. She closed the door. Geoff's words were still spinning themselves out in her mind; his voice, easy and charming, like his smile, catching her up in its spell, catching her heart firmly and her whole soul and life, and holding them there, as if it really were magic. She knew she could never love anybody but Geoff. No matter what he said. Or what he did; then she must have dropped off to sleep.

By four o'clock Lella had everything ready, neatly sorted out on the kitchen table. She checked off each item with Hester, the cook, as she packed the things into a picnic basket, then she closed down the lid and snecked the catches. It would be an evening, she planned blissfully, like old times, like the studio picnics they used to have only out of paper bags when they were first married and nothing mattered only themselves. The next half-hour was devoted painstakingly to dressing-up, while fine thoughts crowded in her mind. She was pervaded by a very certain, very definite, feeling of excitement.

The buses tearing north were packed solid with men and girls released from the grind and bound for tennis and cool gardens, and the sky was a light, soft blue through the tall buildings.

Inside the great block of offices it was all very silent and dim and hazy, emptied of its stifled humanity. Lella swung back the gate of the lift and walked along the corridor towards a door marked "G. F. Grosvenor," and, underneath, "William Kassler."

The room seemed somehow strange but very cosy when she walked into it—with a huge bowl of flowers on the centre table imparting a vivid splash of color against the bleached walls and open windows. That's what Lella saw first, the flowers. Recalling the scene afterwards it seemed ages before she saw Miss Grey, although the whole thing couldn't have lasted more than a few moments. The girl was standing before the curtains dividing off the dressing-room, posed and startlingly beautiful, clothed only in a bathing-suit. Geoff was over by the bench lolling and smoking a cigarette amid a clutter of paint and brush pots.

THE picture held, he and Miss Grey gazing at Lella, she gazing at them. Suddenly—gracefully—Miss Grey lifted a hand to her blonde curls and drawled intimately, "Don't be long darling," and turned leisurely and magnificently into the dressing-room.

Geoff said nothing. He just stared across at Lella, frozen, a bewildered frown on his face.

Then everything broke, collapsed in her like a sail when the wind dies. Standing there, she felt strangely out of the world of fact, as if pure sensation had replaced it.

And only slowly did a faint jangling come into her mind, the jangle of the girl's darling, like something shaken in a metal box, some harsh discordant sound. She put down the picnic basket on the table, turned and left the room, quietly, without a word.

Geoff stopped her at the lift. "Listen, Lella,"—very calmly and keeping his voice low—"you mustn't think there's anything wrong. You've got to understand that I—we—"

Lella swallowed some queer little sound. "Oh, Geoff, what's the use?"

"If you'll only listen I can explain——"

She drew back squeamishly. "Please don't bother. I am not a child."

"All right!" he retorted angrily. "Have it your own way! You're utterly impossible, Lella."

She closed the gate of the lift without looking at him, and left him standing there.

After that she found herself walking down Oxford Street, crossing at the Marble Arch, into the Park.

Now the golden day was unbearable. She sank down into a deck chair, surrounded by a kaleidoscope of sauntering, laughing people. But the crowds alleviated nothing. There was a dull ache in her chest and throat, the constant feeling that at any moment she would cry out like a child in sobs.

It was a pressure in her body that she could not put into thoughts, only the feeling that something had ended, inevitably ended. Distantly she heard the attendant punch her chair ticket, fumbling in her bag for a coin—"Thank you, madam!"—clutching the change, thinking of the past and it was all gold, all a magic landscape, all love, an idyll, all a bright day, and all ended. She bit hard into her lower lip when she knew suddenly that the salt she tasted was of tears.

And after a while, after a long while, there was a far-off drone of traffic over on the avenue, and the sound of horns in the distance, and a cool little breeze fluttered very gently across the grassland.

. . . . . .

Lella acted firmly—humbly, yet not without a certain ruthlessness. She sent a telegram, and cast herself precipitously into Rachel's fashion shop and on a friendship that reached back to schooldays, reviving in her mind the blissful epoch when the tall, sulky-looking girl had been her "pash," protector, and her whole family.

Rachel met her train, calmly strolling up the platform. She greeted her diffidently with, "Haven't I met you before somewhere? Your face looks terribly familiar. I'm sure we're going to be great friends."

And Lella loved her worse than ever.

She thought, well now you've got to get up in the morning, work hard and justify a confidence—and not be a worry. So better get going with the job.

It was really rather fun. Lella discovered a surprisingly vital satisfaction in business. There was an adventure in it all that was new and exhilarating. Already her friend was talking about a partnership.

Their nights together were affected by something of the same restless urge, the desire for doing things. They were hardly ever alone. They were always being invited to parties and shows, now and then accepting, and now and then Rachel would throw a party at the flat in return.

They were generally pretty wild affairs — bachelor parties—where everyone brought their own food and drink and they whooped it up like children. Of her particular trouble Lella said nothing, and Rachel never inquired. She was that sort, close in her own affairs and preferably as remote as possible in the affairs of others. They got on splendidly. By the second month Lella was fairly used to not feeling human. Was even a bit proud of her skill in getting her effects in public.

In private she was apt to sit down suddenly on a chair and hang her hands helplessly between her knees—wondering what it was all about, whom she was doing all this for. It had something to do with ideals and pride. And yet somehow she seemed to be on the wrong track now. She didn't know . . . she didn't know.

Finally Bill Kassler found out her hiding place, and she couldn't help being nice to him. It was one Sunday afternoon, and raining torrentially. He took her a rambling tour round the sodden country, and after hours and hours of driving they dropped into a little place in Richmond for dinner, and sat in a deep booth over a gay tablecloth, and Bill drank lemonade and drew little sketches for her on the backs of envelopes. He looked more saturnine than ever.

Lella laughed and tried very hard to be gay, but all the time she was nervous and fidgety. The suspense was killing her. She wanted to know how Geoff was getting along, what he was doing and if he were missing her. But she was afraid to ask, afraid that it would mean confessing that she'd only had one letter from him. Then quite suddenly it was out—"How's Geoff?"

Please turn to Page 11

LYRIC OF LIFE

SUNSET

A little boy sits on a stile by the road
In the sunset hours of the day,
And his eyes that look over pastured fields
See the distances far away.

The cities that lie past the rim of the hills
And the oceans where great ships ply;
And he lives his dreams of adventurous years
Where his magic to-morrows lie.

But he does not see, so profound are his dreams,
An aged man who has passed the while
Look up with his faded and bitter eyes
At the boy who sits on the stile.

—P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

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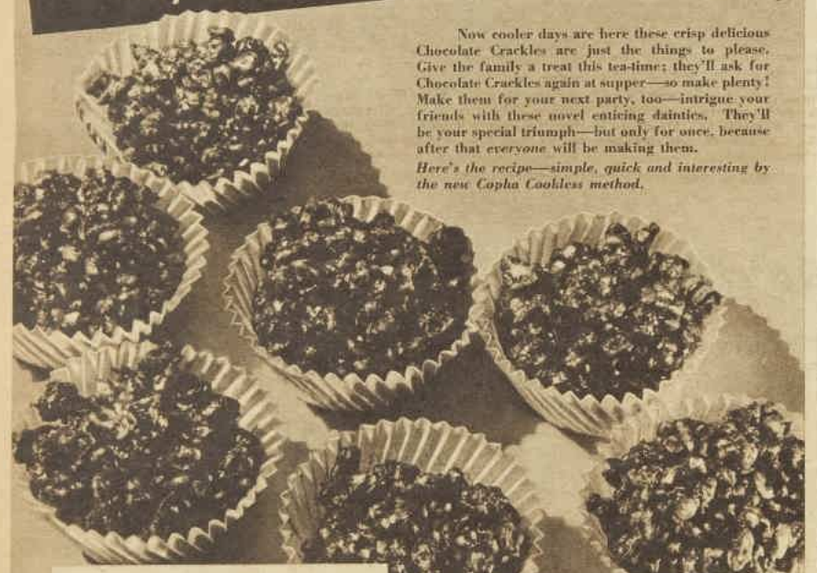

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(No cooking needed).

5 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups)
2½ ozs. Cocoa (3 tablespoons)
2½ ozs. Fine Coconut (1 cup)
8 ozs. Icing Sugar
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Artistic Instinct

Continued from Page 10

BILL looked up, coolly. "Fine," he said, and went on with his little sketch. Lella sat breathless, wide-eyed, through an awful, eternal pause. "He's living in a suitcase at an hotel," deigned Bill casually, after a while, flipping over the sketch. "We don't clash. He works in the daytime. I work at night. Seldom see each other . . . Why, haven't you heard from him?"

Lella nodded, then shook her head. "This is ridiculous," she scolded herself, wanting to cry; "this is nothing but sob stuff."

But it was no good, the tears would come. Bill was helpless, so he plopped her in the car and trundled her back along the swilling roads. When they got home she was brusque with fatigue, and did not ask him in. "Good night," was all she said.

But he came the next Sunday, and punctually every Sunday after. She even got to be a little used to putting up sandwiches to take along. He was easy to be with, for anyone who felt lacerated, but—he didn't tell her anything about Geoff, though she often spent hard moments bringing the subject up. She began to think Bill was a little stupid.

Then abruptly it was autumn, with falling leaves and puffs of wood smoke in the air. And they happened upon a tucked-away inn that was especially homy. On a fence hung a sign advertising—Potato Cakes and Garden Honey.

There is something very cosy and intimate about two people eating by firelight. By the time Bill had lit his pipe Lella had told him all. Finally she turned to him, bitterly: "If only he hadn't lied to me—trying to carry it off. I could tell—I'm sure he was lying."

Bill kept silent for a while. When he spoke, it was slowly. He said, "Your husband, Lella, is a whale of a fine fellow. Brilliant. And the world of art has gained enormously. That's all I know. I simply judge by conventional standards. Mind you, art," he went on jokingly, "not the man. I've given up judging men long ago. Myself especially. You can't apply standards to a lot of primitive urges and instincts—you know, human nature? You've got to take the broad view. It's sad, very sad, but seems to me where wives are concerned men are often natural-born liars."

She retorted sharply, "You mean a woman is foolish to put her faith in a man?"

"Well," said Bill, "where another woman is concerned. It's a bit like saying 'on trust' to a bear with a treacle tin."

She was plainly shocked. "Are all men like that?" she asked.

He stole a look at her. "Just some men," he added.

Yet when she came to probe into this theory he had folded up, and his replies were merely low, sardonic chuckles and nonsense.

Then each fell silent. Somehow it lasted, and gradually Bill's face drew into a mask. She tried to rally him, but his mood had settled. So they started back home. It was dark, and still a silence walled them apart. He needs a drink pretty badly, Lella thought sympathetically—poor Bill! She leaned her head against his shoulder. She was almost asleep when she suddenly started wide awake, hearing him say, "I forgot to tell you. The boy friend has finished his poster."

Her head jerked up. "Is it good?"

Bill nodded, his eyes levelled ahead on his driving. "Grand . . . he's giving a party to celebrate next Wednesday . . . Come along?"

She laughed shortly. "And meet the original?"

"Why not?"

"Scarcely," said Lella fastidiously.

But she thought about it. And finally, she asked, "Bill—were you really serious?—what you said?"

She waited for his reply, the drawl of words, the cynicism. But the wheels of the car turned over and over and over, field followed field, the country dropped behind them, and still he was reserved in silence.

When they came to her house he got down heavily and handed her out. He stood where he was, watching her go up the walk, away from him. Then he rode off, cursing clumsily.

The house was in darkness. Lella switched on the light in the hall, and saw a letter propped up for her on the table. She slit the envelope and read it standing there, the childish writing on tinted, monogrammed notepaper. It was from Hester, a heartfelt, piteous letter, beseeching her for a date when she was going home, and signed: With love, yours respectfully, Cook. Lella put the letter back in the envelope and turned out the light. She stumbled slightly as she found her way upstairs to her room.

Now she was alone. Stretched out on her back in bed, Lella fought against the impulse to panic. Given up to her thoughts, she could feel the coldness creeping round her, the pulse throbbing in her wrist. She sobbed, sobbed distractedly, and there was a violence in her weeping as of a body tortured. Hours of sobbing.

In the darkness she saw, blurred and faint, Rachel—her white nightdress a vague lightness, her dark, clever face wavering above her. She spoke again: "Darling, what is it, what's wrong?"

Lella pressed her eyelids down tight against the tears, smothering the sound in the fold of the sheet. But she could not smother the pain in her chest. It was like a live thing in her heart, heavy and pressing. It came over her in waves of sheer pain; now it was no longer anything of the mind, but of the body alone, a physical pressure, racking and violent, as if her very life, well loved, were ending in the torment.

SHE did not feel Rachel's cool hand smoothing her forehead. It was her voice that recalled her. "Aren't you being a little emotional, darling?"

As if startled by the deadly quiet of her voice, Lella sat up and looked closely into her friend's face.

"Rachel—he's never written."

She could not prevent the sobs from coming. It was as if they were something separate from her, separate from her will. She felt no shame, had no feelings at all, no thoughts, was given over entirely to what seemed wholly a physical act.

"Take my advice," Rachel said clearly and calmly. "Go back and forgive him."

She caught an early train on Wednesday. Bill met her at the station, standing there looking very solitary and incredible in a cloth fishing hat and a check suit that was like a loud cry at midnight. "Hullo," he said, as if he were vaguely surprised to see her.

A SHALLOW SAILOR of black Milan straw with a necklength starched veiling is chosen by Louise Campbell, of Paramount. With it she wears long, black suede gloves and a matching handbag.

"Bill!" she gasped. "You angel! I could never have faced it alone, I know. I'm scared."

"So'm I," assured Bill gloomily. "It's a rotten party. How d'you like my suit?"

He drove her to the studio in his long green "sports." It was the kind of a ride that made you hang on to your hat and the side of the car, and made the policemen turn and stare. But they got there. "Well, help yourself," he sighed, as he threw open the door of the studio. "But don't say I didn't warn you," and they went in together.

The sudden clamor of the thronged room hit Lella. She stood by the door looking round and really did feel scared, and very small. The guests somehow appeared different from the usual parties, mostly older, sedate and keen-looking. She knew that Geoff had seen her, but he was in discussion with a group and could hardly excuse himself at once. She just waited—staring at the poster. She couldn't help staring at it. It challenged you. It was beautiful. It was absolutely glorious! Even Lella's hatred faded before the naive swagger of that lovely figure, the painted innocent face with its veiled knowledge of itself. But there was something else to it besides. The effect altogether was curious. There was an allure, an amazing audacity about that poster, impossible to resist. "Appeal" is the word. Only Geoff could have done it, she thought proudly.

Please turn to Page 16

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Eyes of Youth

Continued from Page 7

"WE'VE thought of that," she told him. "You know, I'd want Peter to—to like our children—to—to love them—but if they ever took us from each other—it'd be wrong, wouldn't it? It wouldn't even be fair to the children! It'd make little beasts of them—little vampires, sucking the family until it was bloodless and there'd be nothing even left for them!"

He was startled. She presented to him a face so young, so questing, so virginal, that he suspected her of uncanny divination.

"I told Peter I was going to talk to you. So when you came out I followed. I hope you don't mind. You see, you and Mrs. Grant seem so suited. I said to Peter if one couple could manage it—it could be done. You've been married quite a long time, haven't you?"

The calculation required little time: he had rehearsed it to-night, calling to mind the days, the years, the happiness of them, the hurt of them, the final disaster.

He said almost curtly: "Twenty-two!" He asked: "How old are you, Peggy?"

"Twenty."

"Celia was two years married at your age," he said. "They called me a cradle-snatcher." His mind went questing through the years, bringing gifts of memory that shook him.

"And you've never regretted it? You've never been unhappy about it?"

He hoped she did not see him wince.

"Human happiness and human woe are always relative, my dear." It sounded ponderous, so he amended crisply: "You mustn't pattern your marriage on any other. Everyone must stand on their own feet."

"But you have been happy?"

Her eyes were on him.

He said fiercely:

"Peggy, tell Peter from me I'm trusting your happiness to him!"

Only when he was back in his room, his packing rather feverishly set to rights, did it occur to him that this sudden leaving must be accounted for. He sat down and hastily wrote a note for Peggy, and sealed it. The falsity of it rebuked him as he strapped his bags. It reproached him to his back as he turned, knocked on the connecting door, and entered.

Celia had already gone. He felt unreasonably hurt, where he knew he should be pleased. He called the porter and bade him take the bags to the station. He would walk. When the luggage had gone there remained, to denote human occupancy in the rooms, only the note to Peggy. Snatching it up, he tore it into little pieces. He'd have to do better than that. He'd write her after they'd got away; he back to town on business and Celia to her people in Cornwall.

CELIA was standing at the bookstall fingering over magazines when he arrived.

"Find what you want?" he asked her. His mind hurt him again with the memory of many trips, especially one before Ann was born—a quite simple run into the country.

She picked out three papers. He was surprised at her choice until he realised she had done it mechanically. He paid the bookstall man.

"I'll see to the bags."

"The porter's standing guard," she told him. "They'll be all right. What time's my train?"

"Ten minutes past nine. There's an up-train a quarter of an hour later. Here's your ticket; mind you don't lose it."

She nodded. This might be the last personal act he would perform for her. Her mind moved away from this possible finality.

"I've been talking to Peter," she said. "Those children mustn't suspect——"

"Of course not," he agreed quickly. "I'll send a note to Peggy. We're called away unexpectedly, that's all."

"There's no reason, because we can't settle our differences, why they——"

"No, no! They'll do better. I shouldn't wonder!"

A signal went suddenly green. At the same moment a small car drew up outside the barrier.

"Your train," he said. "You'll wire me if you want anything."

Celia caught his arm. For a moment, almost hopefully, he misinterpreted that. Then he, too, saw—and stared at the two young people who clattered on to the platform, full of reproaches for neglecting to tell them of their departure.

"Why, you didn't tell me," said Peggy.

"Not leaving us?" demanded Peter.

Celia Grant looked at her husband in tragic appeal. The Cornish train drew heavily into the station. Mortimer Grant felt inexplicably flustered. His wife's eyes signalled, "Do something!" His own lips stammered, "You see, we—we were called away unexpectedly!"

"Tough luck," said Peter. "Here, I'll help you on!" He began handing their luggage up, seizing piece after piece with a fine lack of discrimination—Celia and Mortimer's. "Stand away there!" shouted the guard. Mortimer Grant found himself helplessly following his wife on to the train. There was a whistle, a jerk, and they pulled out.

He stood there, beside Celia, waving good-bye to Peter and Peggy. It was utterly ridiculous. He had never imagined anything could be so ridiculous.

. . . . . .

Celia caught his arm to steady herself; the rails curved here. He could feel her shaking all over. Was it laughter—or something else, he wondered? He was shaking a bit himself. He tried to see Celia's face, but it was white and indistinct in the wash of moonlight. Well, he mustn't get sentimental now. What a fool she'd think him if he weakened. Besides, he must play fair. He should be all ready to get off at the next station.

The town express went clattering past; its tail lights winking at them.

Celia gave a little laugh; it bordered on a mild hysteria.

"Mortimer," she said.

He braced himself.

"Well?"

"I've been thinking——"

"Eh?" He stared at her. His breath came more quickly. "Celia," he charged, "I believe you're glad."

She shrugged.

"I'm afraid I've got used to having you around," she said. "Oh, my dear, let's try again."

He did not speak. He stood holding tightly to her arm. Ridiculous, thought Mortimer Grant, ridiculous to feel suddenly so young and full of adventure. He must drop a line to Peggy.

Peter must have a postcard, thought Celia. Dear Peter! But he would never, never guess what he and Peggy had done.

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DID EU-thymol this morning?

A play on words? Yes—but it is more than that. It's a question of vital importance to everyone who values health.

The use of an ordinary dentifrice is not mouth Euthymolisation.

Deadly decay germs lurk in the nooks and crannies of the teeth, eating through the hard enamel, poisoning the blood stream, interfering with digestion and laying the foundation of ill-health and disease.

Euthymol kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds contact. The day started with Euthymol is the day started with a clean mouth and glistening, healthy teeth. Don't run the risk of dental decay — use Euthymol every morning and every evening.

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SYLKO MACHINE TWIST
JOHN DEWHURST & SONS LTD. SKIPTON ENGLAND

QUIET IS THE OLD HOUSE

Quiet is the old house, silent
and slumbering;
Placid as death. Where the
dead leaves fall
Here in the garden I sit and
I'm wondering,
What was it stirred in the
dim lit hall?

Was that a glimpse of a
snow-white shoulder?
Was that the swish of a
swirling frock?
And did I hear, as I tres-
passed, bolder,
The ghostly tick of an old,
old clock?

Or was I dreaming? Did it
bewitch me,
Carry me back to the dead
Lang Syne?
And did I just fancy a young
girl had kissed me,
Held for a moment her hand
in mine?

Quiet is the old house, silent
and slumbering;
Hiding the things I don't
understand,
Here in the garden I sit and
I'm wondering
Who put a lace kerchief
into my hand?

—W. McElwaine.

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The only safe way to tint your hair—use NATURALINE. It is clean—no need to wash it off, and it contains no harmful poisons. It is actually antiseptic. "Naturaline" restores youthful lustre, gives a perfectly natural colour, and absolutely defies detection. In five shades: Fair, Light Brown, Medium Brown, Dark Brown, and Jet Black. 3/6 and 6/-, plus postage.

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SOME NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

"What's the use of holding me up? I have no money!"
"What about me? I haven't even got a bullet for my gun!"

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"The view from this window alone is worth ten shillings a day!"
"If I promise not to look out the window can I have it for five?"

CUSTOMER: Waiter, it's almost an hour since I ordered that turtle soup.
WAITER: Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtles are.

"To-night, William, I want you to stand at the door and call the guests' names as they arrive."
"Leave that to me, ma'am. What I'll call them will be nobody's business!"

CUSTOMER: You have nothing else you can show me?
ASSISTANT (exasperated): Only my tongue, Madam!

A SKIN THAT *HE* WILL LOVE WHEN YOU END

Liver Troubles

CONSTIPATION UPSET STOMACH

Why put up with blotchy sallow skin, or with chronic headaches that take the sparkle out of your eyes and make lines on your forehead, when, ten to one, all you need is a course of Chamberlain's Tablets?

Skin faults are caused—eight times out of ten—by faulty digestion, and elimination due to a sluggish liver. When the liver is functioning badly, sufficient bile is not discharged into the intestines—instead, it is absorbed by the bloodstream and carried by tiny capillaries to the skin surface. Result—skin looks yellow, blotchy, and muddy.

If you see the slightest sign of this condition in yourself, don't delay—start a course of CHAMBERLAIN'S Tablets this very night. Without harsh purging, griping, or habit-forming action this proven balanced formula gently stimulates the liver, opens the clogged bile ducts, and pours bile into the intestines to do its proper work of digestion.

Thus CHAMBERLAIN'S Tablets correct skin faults from **within**—the safest, sanest, NATURAL way. Sold everywhere **under a Money Back Guarantee of benefit.**

One month's supply 1/6.
Family Size 3/-.

Take Them Regularly

CHAMBERLAIN'S Tablets speed up the body's power to deal with waste products. Take them regularly.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"WHAT big feet your dog has!"
"Yes; he'll be a police dog when he grows up."

BROWN: I have worked for the same boss for twenty years.
Smith: I can beat that. I celebrate my silver wedding next week.

SHEARERS' COOK: Confound these cookery books. They all start with, "Take a clean dish."

"MY, that was a big tip you gave the cloak-room attendant, Sandy."
"Ay, it was that, Jock, but look at the guid coat he gave me."

HUSBAND: I've been to every shop in town and they can't match this material anywhere.
Wife: Oh, how lovely! I just wanted to make sure no one else could have a dress made of it!

"WHY, you've shaved off your moustache, old chap! I'd never have recognised you if it hadn't been for my umbrella."

MR. JONES: The biggest idiots always marry the prettiest women.
Mrs. Jones: Now, you're trying to flatter me.

"HOW did the accident happen?"
"Why, I dimmed my lights and was hugging a curve."
"A-ah! That's how most accidents happen."

"DOES your husband talk in his sleep?"
"No, and it's terribly exasperating. He just grins."

NEW SHOES WON'T HURT

If You Rub Feet With

Zam-Buk

FASHIONABLE shoes greatly improve your appearance, but how many women can wear them in comfort? High heels put extra weight on the toes, often causing corns, aching insteps and ankles.

But you can wear the smartest shoes in perfect comfort if you adopt this easy treatment. Every night (and morning, if possible) bathe the feet in warm water and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed; blisters and chafing are healed, and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable. Use Zam-Buk regularly for happy feet.

1/6 or 3/6. All chemists and stores.

"Zam-Buk has made walking a pleasure. This fine ointment soothed and healed my tender feet and inflamed toes and removed my painful corns. Zam-Buk also has an exhilarating effect on the skin."—Mrs. F. Parrish.

"My feet were hot, chafed and tender through being on them so much at work. Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief and gave me a pair of sound, healthy feet."—Mr. T. Coates.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

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An Editorial

APRIL 15, 1939.

WHY SHOULD MEN WAR?

SPEAKING to the people of Italy, Signor Mussolini said "eternal peace would be a catastrophe for the world."

Il Duce was not making a flamboyant gesture of power politics when he spoke of the inevitability of war, but reflecting one of the two sides of the ideology on war.

There are people who consider war not only inevitable, but necessary; there are others who consider it the last insanity of civilised man, and pray for its outlawry.

The idea that eventually survives will condition the manner in which we will live for the next fifty years; it will change the whole course of civilisation.

The people who long for peace are told the same old story.

Men will fight, countries will go to war. "It is the nature of the beast."

But that is not so.

The great reforms of the past were won by positive dynamic thinking. We have survived by attempting the impossible, and winning out against anti-social forces.

Men once died like flies from disease; now science has barriers to save us. Men once walked the world in chains; today in civilised countries there is no ownership of a man, body and soul.

But war remains—vilest of blots on civilisation.

The crucial test on this question is coming.

Warmongers would put us back into the tribe and the jungle; constructive thinkers demand peace as one of the natural rights of man.

Even wars will not deter the crusaders for peace. They know that humanity cannot reap the benefits modern science has placed in its grasp until the evil of war is wiped out; that only when war is outlawed can the nations progress towards a higher ideal of living. —THE EDITOR.

The "Quads" are "regular fellows"

UNSPOILED, polite, and charming — New Zealand Johnson "Quads" (from left): Vera, Bruce, Mary, and Kathleen.

Happy foursome go to school

By OUR N.Z. REPRESENTATIVE

I HAVE always wanted to see those fascinating youngsters, the Johnson "quads" of New Zealand.

They have always appealed to me as "regular kids." Unique, but unspoiled. I felt that they weren't going to grow up as "exhibits," but as individuals.

All this I gathered from their photographs. When I saw them just after their fourth birthday (in March) my theory was confirmed.

The "Quads" now go to play school and they all have a highly individual outlook and minds of their own. They're "regular fellows" all right.

Bruce, the boy of the quartet, shows a mechanical turn of mind.

He delights in detaching door-knobs, unscrewing them, pulling them to pieces, then reassembling them.

He also dissects the other children's toys, and hands them back intact. Unscrewing chairs is great fun, too.

His teachers and nurses say: "Bruce will be a mechanical expert. Perhaps a great engineer."

Brown-haired Mary is the brainy one of the four.

She solves jigsaw puzzles rapidly, learns her multiplication tables without difficulty, and has a bright general knowledge.

Bookworm "Quad"

SHE mothers the others and mixes with older playmates in preference to four-year-olds. Mary is also the bookworm "Quad."

Kathleen is more domesticated. She cooks cabbage and carrots for her mother, and does little, helpful jobs about the kitchen. And Kathleen's the songster — although the whole four are distinctly musical.

She sings nursery rhymes in a lilting, carefree little voice, about the nursery. When visitors come Kathleen has a special voice, not half so inconsequent. Quite a number of people predict a musical future for her.

Vera, who has been backward since birth, is now catching up.

Her mother had begun to despair of her ever finding a voice, but Vera bided her time and sprang a surprise on the family.

"Drop it!" she cried out, when mischievous Kathleen took one of her toys.

Kathleen certainly did drop it—quickly.

Tries her voice

IT was such a surprise to hear little Vera speak that the other "Quads" gathered around to encourage her. But Vera wandered away and did not use her new voice again for an hour or two. Later she said "Daddy" and "Tata" in the conventional baby manner.

This sudden burst of speech suggests that a lot has been going on inside Vera's little head that she had not been able to give voice to.

Vera has been backward with her walking, too, with a special means of locomotion peculiarly hers. But she is now making up for lost time in this direction. And her spine is straightening rapidly.

This little platinum blonde glamor girl of the "Quads" has made a late start, but she is going ahead now and should soon overtake her brother and sisters in physical and mental equipment.

All three girls are highly strung, but of a particularly lovable nature.

When I visited the Johnson home at Wakari, Dunedin, I found them romping around in morning frocks, not dressed up for visitors: Completely natural.

They'd never seen me before, but Kathleen and Mary accepted me immediately and smiled sweetly.

Little Vera won my heart by sidling up and laying her blonde head on my lap, and stroking my hand.

Bruce was a bit stand-offish, but made friends as soon as he saw I didn't intend to kiss him.

Mary is the bright girl who can distinguish Australians' signatures in the visitors' book—"Because they write big," she says. This is strangely true, too.

All four children have developed a passion for animals and a strong sympathy for any live thing in distress.

They bring home birds with broken wings, and lame cats for protection. They burst into tears at any suspicion of cruelty to dumb animals.

Mrs. Johnson complains that the house will soon be a menagerie.

The "Quads" celebrated their fourth birthday at the Children's Rest Home, Highgate, where they are enjoying a short stay while Mrs. Johnson takes a much-needed holiday.

There are twenty children resident there, and the "Quads" have a nurse to themselves — Miss Daphne Dynes —who says they have endeared themselves to all the staff.

The matron reports that the children are bright, eat well, sleep well, and take a healthy interest in the life of the home.

Polite and charming

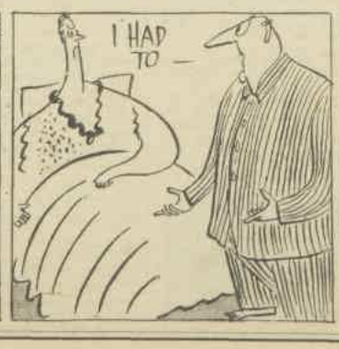
THEY are polite and charming to everyone. Their father visits the "Quads" every second day, but their mother is wisely having a complete rest from them, and so does not see them at all.

The home is open to visitors for two hours every day, and, since the arrival of the "Quads," the matron has had a continual stream of people.

At 5.30 one morning before they left home there was an earthquake. The older children of the family did not appreciate it to the full, but the "Quads" just sat up in bed and laughed because their cots were shaking!

Kathleen, Mary, and Vera are to be pupils of the Roslyn School of Dancing this year.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*



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WITCH who worried the VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

"I will shoe your moose," said the 'smith, "if you can remove the curse put upon me by the old witch."

Fairy-story of a modest tradesman who won world fame

Once again I have been fobbed off by the Editor, so it looks as if I'm in for another fairy-story.

You can go and hide somewhere if you like, but I'm starting.

By **L. W. Lower**
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

UNDER the village dough-nut tree,
The village baker bakes.
With soggy bread and cakes like lead,
The man his living makes.

What we need for this is grit and determination. Like a fowl laying an egg.

Anyhow, there was a blacksmith by the name of Izzy Isaacberg who kept a modest blacksmith's shop in one of the outer suburbs. It was near a school and the scholars, released from this den, used to crowd around and look in at the open door. It seemed that they liked to sticky-beak into the open door and hear the bellows roar.

This blacksmith had the effrontery to look the whole world in the face because he claimed that he owed not any man. This must have made him a bigger attraction for tourists than the Dionne quintuplets.

I'll admit that so far this is not a fairy-story. But have I ever let you down?

One day, when the village blacksmith was sweating his brow off at the forge an elf staggered into the place with a sprained pastern.

"Marry!" cried the blacksmith. "Zounds! This is a pretty pass. How now, good elf. Have at thee, knave!"

That comes from something I read at school. But forget it!

INTERVAL

I just thought of that one. I'll be back in a few minutes.

"What did you want?" said the blacksmith on his return.

"I've got a moose out here that needs shoeing."

"We are not amoosed," replied the blacksmith.

"You'll shoe this animal—or elks!"

But this story is to be read to children. I always forget.

What's more, you people don't realise this—it's four o'clock in the morning and this is one of the greatest efforts ever attempted by a writer in the Southern Hemisphere. Or any other hemisphere. I shall now go to bed.

It looks as if you've got to stick around. This is to-morrow, and the Editor said, "Story not long enough. Do some more."

Ticklish Situation

WELL, the blacksmith was a very strong and sturdy man. His face was like the tan, if I remember rightly, and the muscles on his brawny arms stood out like brass bands. They stood nearly as far out as the Philharmonic Orchestra.

He said, "Well, my good elf, I will shoe your moose if you can remove the curse put upon me by the old witch over the road."

"What was the nature of the curse?" inquired the elf, idly tossing the anvil in his hand.

"Put that anvil down!" cried the blacksmith.

"I said, 'what was the nature of the curse,'" repeated the dwarf, rolling the anvil into a ball.

"She said I would break out in measles, one spot at a time. What's more, she said that she would have me looking like a set of dominoes before she'd finished with me."

"Sounds bad," said the dwarf. "Rotten anvil you've got. White ants in it. Well, if you like, I'll cast a spell over her."

"It's a deal. You go and throw this spell over her, and I'll shoe your elk free of charge."

"Attahoy!" said the elf, and disappeared. He had a handy habit of disappearing; especially when it was his turn to shout.

Before I go any farther! If, as I suspect, this Isaacberg started off as a baker and finished up as a blacksmith, it's got nothing to do with me. This is a fairy-story. And if there's any more complaints, I'll make him a plasterer. We can regard that as settled.

The elf went across the road and saw an old crone in black bombazine.

"I understand that you're the local witch?" he said.

"'At's me!" replied the witch.

"Well, this is where you get off," said the elf. "Remove the curse from the blacksmith or I'll turn you into a banana."

"YOU will! Ha! Ha!"

"Yeah—I will. Ha! Ha!"

At last the witch said to the elf, "What is this blacksmith to you? Is he necessary to your happiness?"

"He's shoeing my elk," said the elf, stubbornly.

Just then a little girl called Rose walked into the shop and ordered a penn'orth of hundreds and thousands. This rather upset the witch.

I don't know whether you've ever tried to count out a penn'orth of hundreds and thousands, but it's very difficult.

I've done it as a child, and usually found that I was one or two short. That's what's made me so cynical.

"What's going on here!" bawled the blacksmith, stamping into the shop."

This is getting a bit complicated.

"You take this spell off me," bawled the blacksmith, pointing at the witch, "and you," he said, turning to the elf, "come and take your elk away. I'm sick of this. Don't glare at me or I'll tear you apart."

As he strode out the witch sighed and said, "What a man! I must ask him over for a cup of tea."

"That's the finish of the blacksmith," muttered the dwarf, and he went across the road and saddled up his elk and said, "Mush!" And the elk mushed.

How does she keep Happy Healthy and Slim

YOU can be healthy, happy and attractively slim; you can keep gloriously fit and get full enjoyment out of life if you follow the golden rule of taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood and daily remove all food residue, thus improving your health, clearing your complexion and keeping you slim and youthful.

So, if you want to look and feel your best at all times, remember to take your Bile Beans regularly every night.

"Since taking Bile Beans friends tell me that I look more like a woman in the early twenties—I feel it too. The nightly Bile Beans not only keep my figure slim and youthful, but make me feel wonderfully healthy and full of activity all day long."—Mrs. L. Hesketh.

* * *

"In my stage work it is very necessary for me to keep an attractive, youthful figure. I find that Bile Beans are just the thing for keeping me slim and maintaining my health and fitness."—Miss P. Franks.

BILE BEANS

ENSURE REAL HOLIDAY HEALTH

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Everyone's talking about this marvellous new way to wash your hair with COLINATED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO! It actually gives your hair a thrilling new gleam. Yes, actually transforms dull, average-looking hair into a brilliant, glistening halo.

Yes, definitely, COLINATED COCOANUT OIL is the marvellous shampoo that will make your hair lovelier than ever before! Your very first shampoo with Colinated will reveal new beauty, and new colour in your waves. It takes away dust-particles, dandruff and oily film, instantly, and restores the true gloss and silky-texture of your hair. *Just try it!*

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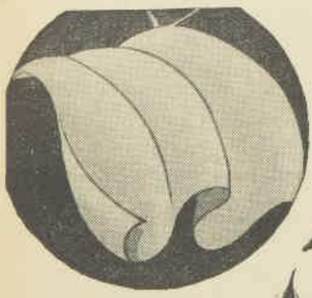

LOVELY LINENS *turn YELLOW*

. . . unless you give them the last rinse in BLUE water

The last rinse in Reckitt's Blue on wash-days is the only way to stop white things from turning yellow. Remember! Linens cannot be really white without the last rinse in blue.

Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the Blue comes the Whitest Wash!

Artistic Instinct

Continued from Page 11

THEN he came strolling over to her. He wasn't smiling any more, his face was shut in on itself and no expression was there—except that it had stripped down to a bare politeness. He shook hands with her gravely. His cold dignified reproach frightened her.

"I didn't expect you, Lella," he said in his clipped, cultured voice. "Nice of you to come. I'm afraid this is a pretty stuffy crowd, but it's really a policy party. They're mostly all important people one way or another . . ." There was a pause. "Shall I introduce you?"

She smiled, half-way, uncertainly.

"Perhaps—it would be just as well, I mean, for the look of the thing." And he said:

"Yes, that's right."

It was at this point that somebody called out, "I say, Grosvenor——" And Lella was alone again. She sat down on a chair, dipping an olive on a toothpick into a cocktail she never drank. She was only one of a crowd, but the poster girl was supreme. The poster faced the model across the room, and Lella looked from one to the other, and hated both fiercely. Miss Grey accepted her triumph serenely, avoiding Lella's gaze rather cleverly. She was dressed in a printed silk frock, with the femininity of lots of little ruffles. She looked ethereally beautiful. A woman with a penchant for romance glided up to Lella's chair, drooping beside her.

"Isn't it gorgeous?" she whispered in a thrilled voice. "No, I don't mean just the picture alone—all of it! Doesn't it do something to you?" Lella agreed, smiling politely. The romantic soul suddenly wilted over her in a spasm of confidence. "They say he's helplessly in love with her. My, she's lucky!"

Lella still kept her smile. At any rate, she thought to herself, the woman might be silly, but she wasn't hating and envious. Then she shivered a little and felt fright swirl round her again. It was a relief when Bill's hysterical check suiting tottered to rest in front of her. He looked miserable.

Lella looked up at him appealingly. "My head is so bad!" she told him. Her voice shook pathetically.

"I'm sorry," Bill sympathised gently. "It's the room—overcrowded. Too much respectability." He led her over to an alcove near the open window, pointing to a couch. "Just make yourself comfortable, Lella."

He came back presently lugging a well-worn portfolio. "These sketches might amuse you," he suggested. "They're mostly Geoff's."

He went off chuckling. Lella opened the portfolio, listlessly turning over the pages of impressionistic daubs and figures, too technical for her understanding. Suddenly a folded sheet of paper fell out. She stooped and picked it up, giving it a casual glance; and then she looked again, and went "Oh" For the first few lines were in Geoff's unmistakable handwriting.

"DEAR JOHN," it ran. "Many thanks for the commission. As I am tied up until November, would it be possible to——" and then a blot. The rest of the sheet and inside was covered with sketches—pen and ink sketches—sketches of——

Lella gave a half inarticulate little sob of rapture. "They're me!" she gasped. "Me—all of them!" A face shadowed by a drooping Gainsborough, a face tipped upward to the light, a face half-finished, only the eyes distinct, tender and vital—and all the faces her own!

That letter, she realised, meant the fulfilment of a cherished hope, greater success, still more money. And yet, thought Lella, even at the crowning touch, he had fallen to dreaming of her, conjuring up her expressions and seeing her angelic through his love. Far more beautiful than she really was. Oh, Geoff, beloved . . .

Bill, mooching back to the alcove, stared down into her radiantly uplifted eyes. "Look," whispered Lella. He took the sheet of notepaper and sat down beside her, examining the drawings.

"Not bad," admitted Bill critically.

"He has made me prettier than I really am," she said, and not so irrelevantly as it sounded.

Bill stared at her for a moment. "Are there any more?" he said, fishing among the batch, and he drew out another sheet. Lella gasped as she looked at it. It was a water-color drawing of herself, and she remembered the night she had worn that dress of violet and grey. It was at the Arts' Ball last winter. "Oh! it's too lovely!" Her eyes were rimmed with tears. "Bill—look at the nose. He's done it such a tender smudge!" In her happiness she was able to see the humor of it. "I can't believe it——"

Bill quietly got up from the couch, leaving her hugging the painting and gazing at Geoff across the room with a rhapsody shining in her face.

AS the crowd thinned, Lella walked over to him, not penitently, but bravely. She was all love, all soft gratitude, all confidence now. Nothing could touch her.

"Are you going?" he asked coldly, the smile fading from his face that had been turned on Miss Grey at his side. But Lella's smile didn't falter.

"Yes, it's late, and I haven't congratulated you. I'll do that to-night. Now I must fly round and get in the shopping, and wire to Hester. Oh, Geoff, dear . . . dinner will be waiting for you . . . I shall be waiting."

He looked at her for a long second. Then he smiled. "Lella!" he said; and there was something in his voice, some little reproving note or shade, that lifted her up, that made the day, suddenly, the day of days—with everything else over and past and forgotten—all perfect now and squared away. He leaned towards her. "I'll be home at six. Will I not, honey!"

Eventually everyone had gone. Bill stood filling his pipe, peering about the studio now very quiet and looking forlornly rakish with its scattered chairs and debris of the party. "Let's leave it, Bill!" hailed Geoff from the alcove. "I'm in a hurry. I'll just put away this portfolio. . . . Hey! what the—I say, who did this? Why, it's Lella!"

"You did," said Bill, looking across at him. He bore Geoff's stare heroically. "She found it this afternoon, by accident."

Geoff was knocked dumb, standing by the window and gazing, stupidly, at the sketches on his half-finished letter. He was struggling to think. "So this accounts for it," he muttered.

Bill puffed hard at his pipe. "That," he said, "and the other gem you'll find there."

Then suddenly came an exclamation, a cry of pure delight, as Geoff found the portrait in water-color. His face was a scene of stark admiration and wonder — slowly walking over to the table, his gaze glued on the picture. "Gosh, it's fascinating—exquisite!"

Bill nodded complacently. "Yes," he said. "I consider that my most ambitious effort."

SCOTTISH as the bagpipes—Jaeger's vivacious plaid frocks in daring colors. There's fashion importance in the slightly flared bodice and swing skirt.

"It's perfectly lovely. She's beautiful!" Geoff just stood there, as if he couldn't take his eyes off the painting, while a little smile twisted up a corner of his mouth. "And she didn't notice your name on the cover?" he asked almost tenderly.

"No," Bill replied, and reached for the decanter. "She didn't look for a name."

Geoff gently wagged his head, happily puzzled. "I must have been blind," he murmured, "not to have seen it. And the color scheme is superb, just right. I'll have to get her a dress like that."

"She's got one," said Bill.

Geoff cocked his head at him, scowling. "Has she?"

Bill nodded, patiently. "That's the dress she wore at the Arts' Ball last winter. Probably you didn't notice. You see, I have to recall the details so you can discuss the matter intelligently with her to-night."

"Oh, mmm—thanks, old man!" said Geoff, and he grinned sheepishly, a little apologetically. "Funny, isn't it? I never thought about these things pleasing a woman. I believe you understand Lella better than I."

"Don't make any mistake"—taking a long drink—"I didn't paint that picture to please anybody, except myself."

"I know," Geoff nodded wisely, gripping Bill's shoulder. "Just the good old artistic instinct, eh?"

And Bill said, "Sure. Just the artistic instinct."

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HERE'S LIFE as seen by two sisters

Hilarious story of 'sufferings' told like film serial

With an air of drama that is a delightful satire on many published reminiscences, Ruth McKenney, an American magazine writer, has written something out of the ordinary in autobiographies.

In mock seriousness, but with hilarious effect, she records—in fourteen episodes, like a film serial—the "life and sufferings" of herself and her sister Eileen.

MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and the late Rudolph Valentino, (circle), who figure prominently in Ruth McKenney's reminiscences.

RUTH McKENNEY, Irish-American magazine writer, who has written "My Sister Eileen."

RUTH has the knack of dramatising even everyday happenings, but she and her sister nevertheless managed to have quite a number of actual adventures, even if they do appear a little incredible.

Ruth's own "sufferings" included her arrest in Europe as a spy's accomplice, a Georgian prince's attempt to woo her, and—largest exclamation point of her career—an unhappy occasion when she, and she alone, "officially welcomed" the entire Brazilian Navy.

Recognising the author's gift for dramatisation, the reader may begin to entertain doubts about some of the adventures. But Ruth foresees this.

In a foreword she says: "Most of the things that happened to Eileen and me in our youth, and keep right on happening for that matter, are rejected by the ordinary little-minded person as a lot of hog-wash, to put it crudely.

"So the following account of the Life and Sufferings of the McKenney sisters is, I admit, pretty watered down. I trust, therefore, that the reader will find it at least faintly credible. For it's all true, no matter how terrible."

The incident of the Brazilian Navy came when Ruth was a reporter in New York. There was no one but Ruth to meet the navy when it arrived, and she was mistaken for the official welcome!

There was an exchange of speeches, neither party understanding the other's language. Finally a large section of the navy called for Ruth at her office, to the joy of the entire staff, and took her, with sister Eileen, out to dinner.

Later, when the Georgian Prince began to woo her and his wooing became too intense, Ruth, to get rid of him, invented a fiance.

The Prince, who was a rabid agricultural science student, threatened to "feel" his rival as soon as his jersey cow had calved. The fact that the Prince valued his cow more than herself was Ruth's final disillusionment!

When she was travelling in Europe, Ruth's beautiful blonde companion was mistaken for a spy. They were removed from the train by a squad of officials in uniform and subsequently rescued by a Dutch gentleman of such wealth and charm that Ruth was quite sure he was the spy.

When Ruth was "the daisy-eyed star reporter" on the Ohio State Lantern, a daily paper published by journalism students at Ohio University, she defied the ban on reporters to interview nineteen-year-old Randolph Churchill, who was visiting Ohio on a lecture tour.

Very frightened by her own temerity Ruth raided his hotel room and beheld Mr. Churchill.

"He wore a smoking jacket over his dinner suit trousers, black vest, and starched shirt-front. His bare feet were stuck in floppy leather slippers. Mr. Churchill looked so very public school English he was faintly incredible.

"I could just see him wolfing down supper in the tropics, dressed to the teeth in tails and white tie."

After a shy, stilted beginning Ruth's interview became such a huge success that young Mr. Churchill threatened to cut the lecture and take Ruth to a cinema.

Ruth, however, declined, picturing the fearful scandal of the lecturer practically kidnapped by the campus correspondent.

Surprise for Committee

SO Mr. Churchill put on his dinner jacket and prepared to change his slippers for black socks and pumps.

But he could find only one black sock, and while he and Ruth were lying flat on their faces looking under the bed for it the lecture reception committee called for Mr. Churchill!

Mr. Churchill insisted that Miss McKenney should go to the lecture, in spite of the committee's explanation that no women were to be admitted.

Finally, one of the committee piloted Ruth away firmly at the hotel door.

"Life can hold no further terrors for me," Ruth adds.

Ruth's home life was as packed with drama as her "years of blistering effort in the great game of life."

Her father, an electrical engineer, tried out all his firm's inventions on his suffering household.

Once a year he brought home a new washing machine, which never failed to cover the washing with oil or fall apart with a loud explosion, providing a day's entertainment for the neighbors.

Vacuum cleaners, too, played a big part in the McKenneys' home life.

"We had so many vacuum cleaners we had to spend a fortune in getting new electric outlets put in the house."

Ruth recalls "one delightful year when father's newest inventor equipped three of our experimental models with revolving locomotive headlights and musical auto horns.

"After little Ruth and Eileen had had some practice on them father discarded the notion of musical horns and reduced the headlights to mere flashlight size. He also considered sacking the new inventor.

"But even musical horns on vacuum cleaners paled beside the most spectacular Maytime, the happy season when father played around with the notion of manufacturing an electrical reducing machine.

"With a modest, nay, sheepish, smile, but a look of unguarded triumph in his eye, he led his little family to the bathroom, where, with a few deft turns of a screwdriver, he installed the device which would revolutionise American ladies' figures.

Family "Tragedy"

"THE embryo American ladies in father's family took one look at the sinister machine and announced it would probably kill a horse.

"'You try it, father,' we all said sweetly.

"Father did. He stepped into the maze of belts and rollers, and, stubborn to the last, turned on the switch.

"His last words before the roar of the motor drowned him out were: 'Three-way action gentle as a kitten. . . .'

"The family stood by marvelling at his resistance, while, as he said bitterly afterwards, he was being ground to dust under their very noses."

Looking back wistfully from the crabbed old age of her late twenties, Ruth observes:

"The nicely brought-up child of to-day lives on a prissy milk-and-water diet of colored cartoons, costume pictures with noble endings, and banal dramas starring his favorite radio comic."

Film fans when they were five and six, respectively, Ruth and Eileen preferred Theda Bara, Lon Chaney, and Death-Defying Desmond in a serial shown in a made-over garage not far from the schoolhouse.

"Rudolph Valentino came next in our movie career. We were having our teeth straightened when the Great Lover burst into our lives.

". . . I feel genuinely sorry for modern adolescents to think that their first sighs cannot be wasted on Rudolph Valentino. Alas, how much grosser is Clark Gable, how much milder is Robert Taylor.

"We saw Mr. Valentino's last film, 'The Son of the Sheik,' six times all the way through and came back a seventh time just for the desert love scene . . ."

"My Sister Eileen," by Ruth McKenney. (Chatto and Windus). Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

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Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at top of Page 3.

So they Say

Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Pen-names are not permitted. Readers made this rule for themselves by ballot.

PLAN YOUR LIFE

IS there anything more sad than the way in which so many women devote their lives exclusively to their children?

Too busy to spare time off for other interests, they realise too late that their children no longer need them, and that they are now too old to take up again friendships and hobbies neglected for years.

If we plan ahead, old age need not be lonely, purposeless, as so many find it. By cultivating friends and interests as we go, living continues to be an adventure, no matter how old we are.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. Dorothy Hearne, Levuka St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.

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ADVERSE CRITICISM

PEOPLE are far too sensitive about the opinion of others.

Many a clever person has missed his or her chance in life through fear of adverse criticism.

To achieve success we must have faith in our abilities.

Mrs. A. R. Brooks, Baccami, via Denman, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

GIVE PRAISE

I WONDER why employers do not give more encouragement to those working for them? It is in their own interest to do so.

Most people will respond to encouragement, and try to live up to any praise of their work.

J. C. Taylor, Streaky Bay, S.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

MOCKING SUBURBIA

MANY people think it is clever to ridicule suburban life. They laugh at the rows of neat little homes in suburbs, the daily routine of the average worker.

This attitude is encouraging the impressionable rising generation to mock at home life and ordered living.

E. McLennan, 213 Lyons St. North, Ballarat, Vic.

Sweet Femininity Admired Most by Men?

IN reply to Mrs. Conrick (25/3/39), who cites two incidents in a tramcar to prove that men prefer girls to wear feminine attire, I think she is right, but that the incidents do not prove her case.

Men would naturally be readier to stand up for a girl travelling at night in a long and, perhaps, cumbersome evening gown than for a girl in sports attire.

I believe men do like girls to wear feminine attire. Most of the men I know say so, anyway.

Miss Helen Mason, Mayne St., Launceston, Tas.

Not Place for Shorts

NO wonder the men seated in the tram did not offer their seats to the sports girl travelling in shorts, Mrs. Conrick.

Shorts are suitable on playing fields or beaches, but surely not in trams!

No man could fail to admire the shorts and slacks of our sporting girls when worn on suitable occasions.

Mrs. J. W. Love, Peterborough West, S.A.

In Latest Vogue

MOST young men—and aren't they the ones who really count with young girls?—like to see their girl friends in the latest fashion. Hence their approval of sports shorts and slacks which can be feminine and becoming.

Those men who did not rise for the girl standing in the tram in shorts probably felt she could stand more easily than the girl in evening dress.

Men don't usually give up their seats only to girls who attract them. What, then, would happen to dowdy middle age?

J. Coutts, Lindsay St., Perth.

Needed Care

A GIRL'S evening dress is itself an impressive creation needing great care. Mrs. B. Conrick, so probably the men travellers who gave up their seats were prompted by kind common sense.

It was only natural that they should try to preserve the dress from being crushed, dragged, or trodden on.

F. G. K. Brennand, 104 Warrane Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

Undignified Attire

I HAVE noticed that men do not like girls to wear slacks and shorts. They may pretend to admire them—from a distance—but loudly object if their own girl friends, or wives, attempt to don other than feminine attire.

No girl clad in shorts and travelling in a tram could expect a man to rise and give her his seat.

V. Walsh, East Tce., Henley Beach, S.A.

Were Discourteous

THE incident cited by Mrs. Conrick of men rising to give a seat to a girl in evening dress and not to one in shorts reflects most unfavorably on the men. By the same token, the men would not give a seat to a dowdy woman.

"They wanted equality."

I fail to see why evening dress merits courtesy more than shorts.

Nor do I think the incidents are indicative of man's preference for feminine attire. They took place on two separate occasions, and, apparently, all the men in the compartment with the girl in shorts were very discourteous.

Miss J. Beale, 30 Tennent Pde., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Parents' Duty in Fitting Girls for Careers

DO parents pay more attention to the education of their sons than to their daughters? (L. Abson, 25/3/39).

If they do, it is the daughters' fault.

Most parents have their children's interests at heart, and, if a daughter wants a career, will exert themselves to the utmost to help her. But most girls, having no special talents, prefer that office work which is despised by L. Abson.

Mrs. Murphy, Howard Street, Broadview, S.A.

Man-Made World

STILL the idea persists that marriage should be the ultimate aim of woman.

Parents, therefore, don't bother to train their girls for careers, and, not providing them with any special qualifications, or encouraging latent talents, allow them to drift into office work, which is one of the few occupations open to unskilled feminine labor.

A girl to-day has as much right to a career as a boy. But I fear this is still a man-made world, and boys get first preference.

L. Maughan, Best St., Devonport, Tas.

The Wage-Earners

BOYS should receive more education and have better jobs than girls. They are the future husbands and fathers. After all, the man in the home is the wage-earner.

It is a girl's duty to marry. Her work should be learning to make clothes, sew, mend, cook, and keep house. Parents should see that girls get this sort of education, rather than waste time and money training them for a career which they will most likely abandon after a few years for matrimony.

Mrs. E. M. Foote, 4 Bristol St., Eastwood, S.A.

No Dependants

PARENTS are wise to pay more attention to their sons' education.

Unless a daughter shows outstanding ability, a son deserves first consideration.

Not only is he expected to assist his parents in maintaining the home, but when he marries, as most do, he will have to support a wife and family.

Girls have in most cases only to support themselves for a limited period, and, even if they do not marry, they seldom have dependants.

Mrs. J. Bury, 29 Asling St., Preston N18, Vic.

Chief Avenue

OFFICE work is the chief avenue of employment open to girls. It is not because parents have neglected their education that girls take up this work.

I have known University girl graduates, artists, and others highly trained in special occupations, who have been able to obtain only secretarial work in offices. Why blame the parents?

Mrs. Davis, Hamilton St., West Hobart.

Woman's Humanity To Woman

I HAVE found women far better to work with in business than men. They have much real sympathy for each other. They sense at once when a girl is unhappy or out-of-sorts, and try to make work easy for her. A man rarely notices.

Girls will cover up each other's mistakes in an office and work overtime to let each other off early on particular evenings.

What do other readers think?

M. Clarke, 56 Oakover St., East Fremantle, W.A.

Handshake Out As Form of Greeting?

HANDSHAKING may be a friendly custom, as Miss Adrian suggests (25/3/39), but I think it's a waste of time, and have no regrets over the decline of the convention. A nod, or bow, is sufficient acknowledgment.

What warmth is conveyed at a meeting when, as so often happens these days, one finds oneself holding a limp, unresponsive hand?

"Oh, my rings!"

If handshaking must be the convention, I would prefer the Chinese custom—that of shaking one's own hand.

O. Francis, Bayview Terrace, Claremont, W.A.

For Special Occasions

A HANDSHAKE, following an introduction, is a suitable gesture only when the occasion is meant to have some special significance. In most cases, however, a nod or bow is quite sufficient.

If handshaking took place at every meeting, how could one show that little extra enthusiasm when meeting someone of real interest?

M. Taylor, 18 Swete St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Can't Be Bothered

YES, Miss Adrian, a handshake is friendlier and makes one feel more at ease than a careless nod and a few mumbled words of acknowledgment of the introduction.

Most people "can't be bothered" to make this gesture, however, and if they do, merely extend a limp hand which is worse than not shaking hands at all.

Mrs. A. Lind, Stafford St., Windsor N3, Brisbane.

Depends on Occasion

THE convention of handshaking as a form of greeting depends on the occasion, and also on the persons concerned. I think that it is unnecessary to shake hands with anyone to whom one is introduced casually, and whom it is unlikely one will meet again.

Nevertheless, a handshake conveys greater warmth of feeling than the bow or nod which is so much used nowadays.

Mrs. D. Mark, Sarah Avenue, Doomben NE2, Brisbane.

"Not Done"

YES, a ready handshake adds warmth to a meeting and is fitting between friends.

Apparently it is not "done" these days to show warmth to one's fellows.

The manner in which a person shakes hands reveals a great deal about his or her character.

Mrs. M. Howland, 17 Queen St., Unley, Adelaide.

Why Worry?

IT really makes little difference.

Miss Adrian, whether, when introduced, people shake hands or not. To me, it is the warmth with which the introduction is acknowledged which counts, be it verbally or by a firm, welcoming handgrip.

Dorothy Hearne, Levuka St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.

Waste of Time

HANDSHAKING as a form of greeting is definitely a dying convention. Why, then, try to revive it?

A few words of acknowledgment are sufficient at an introduction. If one has to shake hands with a number of people consecutively it becomes meaningless and a waste of time.

Miss Josie Patrick, Mayne St., Launceston, Tas.

MUSICAL TRAINING

BEFORE the advent of wireless, most parents provided their children with a musical education. How many young people to-day are given the same opportunity? A love of music is in most of us, but to appreciate it fully we must be able to understand it.

We deplore the lack of culture in youth, but surely it is the older generation who are to blame!

Mrs. J. Archibald, 29 Wolger Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

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SIMPLE JOYS

I HAVE found that the events from which I derive the most happiness are not those anticipated for weeks, but the simple impromptu pleasures of every day.

I have planned for outings and pleasures, but when they arrived found I had lost most of my zest for them. Yet I have derived infinite pleasure from a walk at sunset, or an evening at home by the fire.

Miss J. Baker, 1161 Grace Building, York St., Sydney.

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NATIONAL PRIDE

AUSTRALIANS are apathetic in preserving their traditions, and creating in youth a proper pride in the romantic background of Australia.

We need more Australian novelists who can, with understanding and insight, portray something of the lives, habits, and languages of the aborigines—who can write with sympathy of our wide, sunny country, and the people who inhabit it.

S. Thompson, Lutwyche Road, Windsor, Brisbane.

❖ ❖ ❖

BLAME PARENTS?

MUCH unhappiness is caused today through lack of understanding between parents and children, and this, I feel, is due to the parents' failure to encourage their children's confidence.

Most parents to-day refuse to adapt themselves to the changing times, or try to understand the modern outlook of their children. The children, therefore, turn to anybody but their parents for advice, often with dire results.

Miss J. Little, 79 Braund Rd., Prospect, S.A.

The Case of

MR. JOHN B——

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How she spent over £600 on clothes!

London beauty gives details of lavish wardrobe

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

A fair-haired London beauty has just stirred social circles with a detailed account of how she spent £681 on her wardrobe.

She is Mrs. Olive Patricia Pegley, 27-year-old wife of a company director.

SHE has eighteen nightdresses of all colors, each of which cost £3; also eighteen day dresses and fourteen evening dresses.

She buys fifteen pairs of stockings a month.

Nightdresses, lingerie, stockings, and shoes are the only extravagances in dress to which the beautiful Mrs. Pegley admits she is addicted.

Interviewed in the pink plush sun room of her home, Cedarcourt, Somerset Rd., Wimbledon, she discussed her wardrobe, interrupted occasionally by her six-year-old son John.

When mamma allowed a drop of sherry to fall on the corsage of her black morning frock ("It's ready-made, cost ten guineas"), John interposed "Naughty girl."

Said mamma: "But this is a cheap thing. I never buy expensive frocks. My eighteen day frocks cost me only about eight guineas each.

"My shoulders are so broad that the shops rarely have anything to fit me properly, but even so I take ready-mades, as I object to paying several guineas more to have them made to measure."

She has a mink coat and an ermine wrap, but they were presents, and the only exterior "extravagance" is a black coat which cost 19½ guineas.

"I thought it a lot of money," said Mrs. Pegley. "I don't buy things unless I want them—not like many women I know who are attracted by every frilly thing they see in a shop window."

MRS. OLIVE PEGLEY, whose "economical" wardrobe cost over six hundred pounds.

THEN she detailed her wardrobe as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
18 nightdresses at £3 ..	54	0	0
18 day dresses at 8gns. ..	151	4	0
14 evening dresses at 12gns.	176	8	0
2 dinner dresses at 14gns	29	8	0
4 suits at 8gns.	33	12	0
2 day suits at 8gns. ..	16	16	0
14 pairs day shoes at 3gns	44	2	0
10 pairs evening shoes at 3gns.	31	10	0
2 wool suits at 7gns. ..	14	14	0
19 wool and silk jumpers at 2gns.	39	18	0
	£591	12	0

"Shoes and stockings are really a dreadful expense, I'll admit to that," she said.

And she called in the maid to ask her how many pairs of stockings she used. "More than fifteen pairs a month, madam," said the maid.

Mrs. Pegley: "But then I rarely pay more than 8/11 a pair."

Swift mental calculation showed that the annual expenditure on stockings was about £90, making a total expenditure of £681/12/-.

"Most economical"

AT the end of the cataloguing Mrs. Pegley said: "For a woman in my position my wardrobe is not overstocked. I consider that I am most economical about clothes."

Mrs. Pegley, who has been married seven years, has three children, John (six), Olive (four), and Patricia (two and a half).

She has three maids, a cook, a laundrymaid (and a private laundry); a gardener, a chauffeur (three cars). She also has a horse (private stable) and pony for the children.

She has seven racing greyhounds, and loves nothing better than watching them win, unless it is doing ninety miles an hour in her racing car.

But Mrs. Pegley did not discuss what she spent on . . . HATS.

DETAILS of her husband's wardrobe were also revealed as the result of a case in which he had been in dispute with his shirt tailor.

Mr. Pegley is an elegant figure of a man; slim-waisted, broad-shouldered. His schedule of clothes for a well-dressed man ran like this:

	£	s.	d.
Suit	14	14	0
Overcoat	14	14	0
Hat	1	5	0
Shoes	3	3	0
Socks	0	10	6
Shirt	3	3	0
Singlet	2	2	0
Trunks	2	17	6
Pyjamas	5	10	0

These prices, says Mr. Pegley, are reasonable if a man wants the best quality and the best cut—"which he must have to be really well dressed."

Judge Dumas, when he heard of the prices Mr. Pegley paid for shirts and pyjamas, said: "I think he has got rather more money than he knows what to do with."

To which Mr. Pegley replied:

"I am certainly a man of substantial means—equally certainly I know what to do with my money, every penny of it.

"I don't think I spend an abnormal sum on clothes. When I buy clothes they are good and they last."

YOU CAN BUY ANY OF THESE APPROVED RANGES FOR .....

NO DEPOSIT .. 5 YEARS TERMS

FROM AS LITTLE AS 2/10 A WEEK you can buy a modern, fast-cooking, money saving electric range from the Sydney County Council . . . and the terms include all installation costs. And remember this also . . . ALL secondary units of electricity are supplied at reduced rates to homes where an approved electric range is installed.

Call at any of the three County Council Showrooms (Sydney, Burwood or Campsie) and select the range best suited to your home and your family needs. Never before has a more attractive bargain or a greater opportunity been placed before you. *A Modern Electric Range for less per week than you pay for two seats at the Pictures!*

THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL
Queen Victoria Building, George Street, Sydney
and at 259 Beamish St., Campsie—208 Burwood Rd., Burwood

COOK ELECTRICALLY

FREE!

DE LUXE RETURN TRIP TO AMERICA

. . . JUST FOR WRITING AN ESSAY! This outstanding prize is now offered by the Sydney County Council in conjunction with 20th Century Fox and Hoyts Theatres. The trip will permit the winner to witness the famous Kentucky Derby, as shown in the superb Technicolour production "KENTUCKY", starring Loretta Young, Richard Greene, and Walter Brennan — a Hoyts Regent Theatre Attraction. An alternative prize is complete equipment for an all-electric home. SECURE AN ENTRY FORM NOW from any of the Council's Showrooms. . . . AND SEE "KENTUCKY" AT HOYTS REGENT THEATRE!

★

Feminine "Ghost Patrols" on Britain's Highways

By Air Mail from our London Office.

Feminine "ghost patrols" are now a feature of Britain's highways.

Every evening after nightfall there may be seen on Britain's roads convoys of trucks and ambulances driven by heavily-garbed figures whose faces are hidden by gas-masks.

THE "ghost patrols" are composed of women being trained to drive under warlike conditions in order that in time of emergency men may be relieved for more important duties.

This was revealed in London recently by the Dowager Lady Reading, chief of the Women's Voluntary Services.

"On moonless nights," she said, "we start the drivers thirty at a time, and make them drive about in convoy form, without lights, and wearing gas-masks.

"They drive for about three miles and then at a signal they stop and reverse for about a quarter of a mile, still in convoy form, and in complete darkness."

An official of the organisation stated that hundreds of women who enrolled in the Women's Voluntary Services have been undergoing this training.

"The exercises depend largely on the imagination of the organiser," the official added.

"The women operate as a volunteer transport unit working under emergency conditions. A headquarters is set up, and despatch riders bring details of imaginary bomb explosions.

"Women drive off in their cars to supposed bomb explosions.

"They drive off without lights because they have to get accustomed to black-out conditions."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625692

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline

Three Pretty Punters

AN ATTRACTIVE trio of punters at the autumn meeting. Jocelyn Josephsen (centre), with Gwen Brown (right), and Marcelle Bishop. When "Joc" marries Wal Anderson on April 28, Gwen and Marcelle will be her bridesmaids.
—*Women's Weekly photo.*

Marina Started It

WHEN the Duchess of Kent stuck a feather in her cap one fine day a few months back, she certainly started something. Every ostrich farmer on the Veldt must have wanted to say thanks a million to her. Rich pickings, what?

You could have stuffed a double-bed and had enough feathers over for a couple of cushions for the lounge-room, with the ostrich feathers that started in the millinery stakes at the autumn race meeting. Every woman had a feather to fly with.

Gay tufts of nonsense, they were the fun of the fair. To match their mood, hats went completely and gorgeously ga-ga. Stole ideas from every character—good and bad—in just about every century in history.

Well, gather ye ostrich feathers, or pluck ye olde roosters' tails while ye may. For it's sure to be a short life and a gay one with such a ubiquitous whimsy.

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Fashion Pace A Cracker

BUT they made the fashion pace a cracker at Randwick, bless 'em! Without them, the meeting would have been too sombre. At that, black is getting so fashionable, we'll soon have to adopt the Chinese custom of wearing white for mourning.

Most successful of the feathered darlings were colored. Pile a mass of black plumes atop a black stove-pipe hat worn with an all-black ensemble, and you can't help looking a bit hearsey. Do ditto with white, and you inevitably bring a circus pony to mind—what with Wirths' being in town and the Show and all. . . .

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Smart Melburnians

MELBOURNE sent its quota of race elegants. Awfully swagger was Mrs. Harry Rosenthal's grey topper with flame and grey coque plumes. Her suit was a grey two-piece.

Sandra Baillieu's duck-egg blue silk had a pleated skirt, and new, knotted neckline. Her hat was a wide navy felt, and her long navy gloves were white spotted. Sandra's paying her first visit to Sydney. One of the few to feature fresh flowers was Sandra's mother, Mrs. M. H. Baillieu, who pinned a spray of orchids on her navy ensemble. Lady Currie, whose husband, Sir Alan Currie, is chairman of the V.R.C., was another smart Melburnian.

A Sydney orchid-wearer on Doncaster day was Mrs. E. J. Watt, whose husband's horse, *Gold Rod*, was the big event of the day. Ruth's big mauve orchids made a nice splash of color on her navy suit.

The Popular Giffords

THE Giffords were popular punters of the week, he beaming even a little more rubicundly than usual, as congratulations continued to roll in from country friends. In a few days they'll be flying to England to settle down among all the other Lords and Ladies.

Polo is going to miss Margaret's services as side-liner and cheerer-on, and non-superstitious friends have already declared that the strip of "Merioola" grounds dubbed the Dalmatian coast will be haunted by ghostly plum-pudding hounds. Both the beauties Margaret has tended so faithfully there carried off prizes at the Royal Show.

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Rose garden setting

AND am I looking forward to the "At home" members of the New South Wales Club are giving at the club after the races this Saturday? With such genial hosts it's sure to be a grand party.

All sorts of preparations are afoot for your entertainment, and the courtyard is being turned into a rose garden for the occasion, with arches of fragrant blossoms, and gay sun-umbrellas over the tea-tables.

The president, Sir Samuel Hordern, with Lady Hordern, sails that morning in the Strathnaver for England, but guests will be received by the vice-president, Mr. T. S. Douglas, and Mrs. Douglas.

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Cocktails After Races

MR. AND MRS. HENRY CHARLES OSBORNE were among those who entertained during race week. They gave a cocktail party at their new flat at Macleay Regis, afterwards going on with some of their guests to dine and dance at Prince's.

In the party were Mrs. Roy Chisholm, Mrs. Sam Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Tolhurst, of Melbourne; Mr. and Mrs. D. Johnstone, also of Melbourne; Miss Marjorie Little, Mr. Tom Lee, and Mr. Norman Hill.

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Sailing for London

BON VOYAGE parties galore for that popular couple, the Maurice Bartons, of Bathurst, who sail for London this Saturday in the Strathnaver.

It's to be a fleeting visit, I hear, just two months or so in England.

A country visitor to town is Mrs. Jack Bettington, of Brindley Park, Merriwa, who is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Milson, at their home at Double Bay.

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Visitors from Burrowa

AMONG well-known country folk in town for all the Easter doings are the Fred Humes, though the one member of the family who actually arrived in town last week was Fred himself, Mrs. Fred and her younger son Ted having spent the last two months at the Clifton Gardens Hotel.

However, droughty conditions being a thing of the past, any time now will find them all returning to their station property at Burrowa.

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Competed in ring events

FROM Goondiwindi came the Walter Gunns for Easter and its galeties. A flat at Hampton Court houses them during their stay in town. Waxed most enthusiastic over the Show, and wouldn't you? with daughter Leila a competitor in the ring events.

Their guest at the moment is Margot Doyle, of Merriwa Station, in the Goondiwindi district. Margot's also been staying with her uncle, Commander Alec Doyle, and his wife at their home on Garden Island.

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To Dubbo for picnic races

SIR HARRY AND LADY SHEEHAN were out of town for Easter. With their daughter Nancy they decided to motor up to Blackheath, staying at Belvedere.

Recently back from a trip to Tasmania, Nancy is off again quite shortly. This time on a round of country visits, in which she will include Dubbo and its picnic races.

Then there's that secretarial course of hers to be continued when she returns to town. Nancy began it some time ago with the idea that, at a not very distant date, she may go abroad and, one never knows, take a job on the other side.

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Polo was lots of fun

NIGHT polo has been providing lots of extra thrills at the Show this year, especially with the famous Ashtons playing. Noticed most of the wives of the players turned up to cheer on their husbands. Mrs. Jim Ashton, Mrs. Doug. and Mrs. Gordon Munro were there the first night, also Mrs. Jim MacLeod, looking very attractive.

Building home at Bathurst

VERY nice for Judy McKenzie when she returns from her trip to South Africa, which will be some time about June, to find that the house her fiance, Douglas Trevor Jones, is building at Bathurst is well on the way.

By all accounts it's to be the ideal home, which is no surprise to me, seeing that Douglas is one of the district's leading lights in the architectural world.

Judy's engagement to Douglas, you remember, was announced just about six weeks ago, but as her trip to South Africa had long been planned she decided to go as arranged.

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Adelaide's charming Betty Milne, recently arrived in Sydney, has a new address. She is to be found at Ranelagh, Darling Point Road.

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Cottage at Collaroy

A COTTAGE at Collaroy was Mrs. Bruce Webb's choice for this year's summer holiday. For the past month she has been there with the latest addition to the Webb household, her two-months-old daughter, who, by the way, I hear, is to be named Helen.

Not until the end of this week will Mrs. Webb be returning to her home, Copper Hill, Molong, as she stayed on for the Easter galeties.

Introducing daughters

STILL the Easter festivities continue. Last week was awhirl with dances and cocktail parties after the races, not to mention taking the family to the Show.

This week, dances for several interesting young socialites add to the gaiety. Catherine Pockley and Rua Williams make their debut at a dance given by their mothers, Mrs. Guy Pockley and Mrs. Dudley Williams on Tuesday at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.

Mrs. Hector Clayton is another hostess of the week. On Friday she will give a dance at Royal Sydney—about two hundred guests—for her daughter Kathleen's debut.

Kathleen is keeping her coming-out frock a secret, but Mrs. Clayton will receive her guests in flowing black taffeta, appliqued with colored flowers.

Also on Friday, Dorothea Darval's cocktail party coincides with the enormous party arranged by Molly Brearley. Both Molly and Dorothea say they are having their parties without rhyme or reason, except that Easter is such a good time, with all one's friends down from the country, and that they feel like it.

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The H. E. L. Priestmans have left their Vaucluse home, and with their two young sons are, for the time being, ensconced at Doone, Darling Point.

The Modern Miss

takes Beecham's Pills

Of course she takes a laxative. She takes Beecham's Pills. They are her Golden Rule of Health. Her Mother takes them, and her Grandmother. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable, gentle, yet always effective. Take them yourself to avoid sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upsets. Beecham's Pills will give you a naturally lovely complexion and keep you in perfect health.

'Worth a Guinea a Box.'

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FEET feel like HOT BRICKS?

Do your feet burn underneath the soles? Do aches and pains shoot all through them all the time? Do you sometimes feel you've got red-hot bricks to walk with instead of feet? If so, blame the Stale Foot Acid in the skin pores. Your feet have 3000 pores to every square inch of skin—more than any other part of the body. When these get choked up the waste acid piles up in the muscles. Your feet swell, ache and burn. Corns and callouses form. **You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering!**

The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Oh, the relief! Muscles are soothed. Swelling goes down. Tired, burning, acid feet are eased and comforted. Radox is obtainable of all Chemists, price 2/6 and 2/9 per packet.

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By the Famous Eastern Astrologer
KNOW WHEN & WHICH LOTTERY TO INVEST IN
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Will Always Bring You Luck.
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Art classes are great fun in the schoolroom

Great international exhibition of work in Sydney next month

A great exhibition of children's art to be staged in Sydney from May 1 to May 26 will demonstrate that art classes are "great fun" in the schoolroom nowadays.

They are a first step in a better cultural outlook for the community and the promotion of international goodwill.

THE work of children all over Australia and from England, Canada, America, Switzerland, Austria, New Zealand, and Honolulu is being assembled for the exhibition, which will first be held in Sydney.

It is hoped by many that while this work is assembled the opportunity will not be lost of displaying it in other States also.

The exhibiting artists are school children up to the age of eighteen.

Mr. Will Ashton, director of the Sydney Art Gallery, will superintend the hanging of the pictures.

The exhibition will be one of the most colorful ever seen in Sydney.

Art classes in the schools, especially in the primary classes, are based on "free expression," and the children express themselves in riotous colors. In one American portrait the subject has bright orange hair and purple frames on her glasses.

There is a delightful freshness and vitality in the children's work because their pictures must be their own invention, not work suggested by the teacher.

Though their knowledge of anatomy may be very elementary, the very young artists succeed in making their pictures very animated.

One young American manages to suggest the wobbly feeling we all remember from our youth in a picture of boys blondining along railway lines.

A Sydney girl's picture of "The Surf Club" shows figures of primitive simplicity, but she has captured the sense of the comical in the strut of the life-savers with their arms swinging and their noses in the air.

The pictures reflect the different interests of childhood in the different countries—snow scenes from Canada, the "ball game" in America, and beach scenes in Australia. One subject seems universal—the circus.

The object of art classes in the schools is not necessarily to make every child an artist.

Education authorities believe that through art the child learns to appreciate beauty. It encourages him to study the amenities of life and influences action, behaviour, deportment, dress and interest in work, and will be useful in business and the home.

Underlying the school art courses is the aim to develop executive ability and enlarge the mind and enrich the spirit of the pupils.

They learn to love color, good form, order and arrangement, not only in their drawings, but in everyday things.

One of its most important aspects is that the child is absorbing knowledge and developing its imagination and color sense in terms of "play."

Children are encouraged to illustrate essays, literature, geography and history lessons.

"The teacher's problem is to develop free expression without destroying freshness of outlook, to increase the child's skill and yet preserve spontaneity, and to awaken and vivify the child's creative instinct," an art teacher explained to The Australian Women's Weekly.

"To attain her aim the teacher must be prepared to study the child and observe the trend of his interests. She must sympathise with and encourage effort.

"Nothing is more likely to crush effort than a laugh, and nothing more likely to raise it than appreciation and understanding.

"The young art students find outlet for the creative impulse and by playful expression they gain experience and understanding.

"The work is based on the play impulse and is the outcome of natural development, as free as possible from influence and therefore alive and vital.

"The vivid and unsophisticated imagination of the child is so urgent that opportunity for self-expression produces some amazing creations of child art, and is a vital necessity as an expression of mental and emotional life."

Mailed Parents' Love Notes to the Neighbors

From our New York Office.

SONNY went rummaging in the attic and stumbled upon several bundles of letters carefully tied with red ribbons.

Sonny decided to be the town postman, at least for a day. Tossing the mail in his daddy's hunting bag, the four-year-old mailman made the rounds of the neighborhood.

To people not very friendly with his daddy and mamma Sonny left the "fattest" letters. To people who were cross to his newly devised methods of delivery Sonny left two letters.

Daddy and mamma are still burning and hope to do the same with their courtship letters if they are returned.

ELIZABETH AULD at work on a crayon picture of a surfing scene, in the primary school art class at Maroubra Junction Infants' School. She is a niece of Muir Auld, the well-known landscape artist.

Californian Poppy BRILLIANTINE

transforms dull, flat hair to sleek, shining loveliness

HATS off to the exciting, enchanting new hair styles! Hats off to Californian Poppy Brilliantine that makes lifeless hair glossy and glorious. Dark hair sleek as a raven's wing . . . blonde hair glinting like gold . . . with one touch of this exquisite Brilliantine.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY BRILLIANTINE

Approved by Women of Distinction

Blended from precious delicate oils, Californian Poppy is the one brilliantine specially made to suit the finest hair, the most sensitive scalp. *Put a little Californian Poppy Brilliantine between the hands and pat it lightly on your hair before combing through.*

It will keep your hair smooth and immaculate for hours, the wave perfectly set without frizziness. So appealingly perfumed, too . . . and fragrant hair wins a man's heart.

Californian Poppy Brilliantine
ATKINSONS OF LONDON
ATKINSONS BRILLIANTINES ALSO IN ENGLISH LAVENDER, WHITE ROSE OR UNSCENTED

1/6 Per Bottle

2.33.10

Daring New Lipstick Colours

put dare on your lips

"Let yourself go" in a thoroughly queenly way . . put a touch of jungle adventure on your lips, with one of the five purposely "daring" shades of SAVAGE LIPSTICK. No others are like them. They're exotic, that's true, but *so* exquisite . . and *so* effective! SAVAGE is truly indelible too; it keeps lips excitingly red as long as they need be . . and will never come off at the wrong time.

TANGERINE . . FLAME . . NATURAL . . BLUSH . . JUNGLE

SAVAGE LIPSTICK

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

Treasures . . . in TWEED

● IMPORTANT little plaid jacket to bring new life to a grey box-pleated skirt — and incidentally steal the limelight at any sports meeting.

Below:

● AN all-occasion three-piece tweed classic from Jaeger, with a swinging finger-length cape. Bold blue, black and brown checks on a murky-grey ground.

Top right:

● OVER a stockinette jumper and slender skirt Isobel adds a tailored tweed jacket—so Scottish you can practically smell the peat smoke.

Pond's Hand Lotion with *active* "Skin-Vitamin"

Never, never let your hands show how hard you work . . . keep them smooth, soft, alluring, with Pond's Hand Lotion containing the active "skin-vitamin", vitamin A which is essential to skin health and beauty. (The same "skin-vitamin" as in Pond's two famous creams). Sun, wind, washing, housework, and typing all dry out the supply of this precious "skin-vitamin" from your hands. Now you can restore it, with Pond's!

Pond's Hand Lotion feels as smooth as satin on your hands. Never sticky or greasy. Sinks deep into the pores—quickly. You'll notice the improvement in your hands in a few days! Only 1/- a bottle, at all stores and chemists.

USE POND'S EVERY TIME YOU WASH YOUR HANDS

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HAIR . . . Its UPS and DOWNS

- (1.) A huge black velvet bow—red satin lined—for Edwardian curls.
- (2.) Hair caught back primly with a lace butterfly.
- (3.) Accent on Marie Antoinette ringlets.
- (4.) A flurry of delicate white flowers a-top piled-high curls.
- (5.) Red-and-white ostrich feathers give regal charm to this upswept hair-do.
- (6.) Two spirited bows counteract the old-world fragility of ringlets.
- (7.) Sleekly shining hair caught back with a large bow.
- (8.) Soft ringlets fall gracefully from a black velvet bow.

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FUR and FEATHERS in the Headlines . . .

• (1.) An "arty" beret of black baby antelope pierced with a red suede quill.

• (2.) Spice to a costume—teal-blue felt with kid pipings and vivacious yellow quill.

• (3.) A splurge of dahlia feathers gives zest to an irrepressible Parisian-blue turban.

• (4.) An exhilarating combination of brown suede and bespeckled cheetah.

• (5.) Black velvet toque and muff brilliantly highlighted with lavish fox fur.

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FASHION NEWS FLASH

. . . from Paris

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Air Mail from London

BALLERINA FROCK in stiff white tulle with slender bodice and billowing skirt.

HIGH-CROWNED braided straw with suede bow and interesting veil of white organza.

WHILE you people down under are picking and choosing your new autumn dresses, Paris is revelling in the first frocks of spring.

* * *

EACH year, it seems to me, fabrics get lovelier, lines more artistic, dresses more vital. What time and thought and what a world of creative effort lie behind these carefree frocks!

Yet you would swear that some of them were spun by fairies on a loom of cobwebs and others hammered out of silver and gold by the seven benevolent little dwarfs.

Add to genius in craftsmanship a subtle mastery of line and you get a real personality in frocking.

Drawn by ROBB

So far, the evening silhouette seems sharply divided into two, the ingenuous and the sophisticated, the billowing and the pencil-tight. Here is one of the second sort. A sheath skirt of black crepe is topped by a draped bodice of nasturtium-red caught in at the waist by a wide black belt. A panel of red flies out from under the belt, and is barred across the bottom by a band of black.

The other line you'll be seeing will be simple and fresh as a ballerina's frock; made possibly in stiff white tulle like this one, with plain shoulder-straps, plain tight bodice, and a skirt billowing out from the hipline. No hoops and stiff petticoats under these frocks—they are held out by layers and layers of their own materials. Silks and satins have given place to muslin, net, lace, and tulle.

You probably thought last year's evening dresses looked romantic and lovely but felt rather like wearing fancy dress; just wait till you see the new ones. Crinolines are bigger and more billowy than ever. They look exactly like copies of old pictures—and no doubt are.

But if you can't take a crinoline, don't worry; there are other silhouettes for you to choose from.

A lace or chiffon pencil-straight, tight-fitting frock, for instance, tailored, with long or short sleeves, will look just as 1939 as the wide-skirted frocks.

For dinner there's a new idea (also verging on the fancy dress): gay gipsy dresses, with white blouses and long, full-patterned skirts. These skirts are accordion pleated and spring out at the waist, like dirndl frocks, from under a tight sash.

Your topless frock will still be in fashion; newer if you put a white fichu on it.

Patterned hoop skirts are often made with plain tailored bodices, corseted at the waist (and evening waists are almost back to the hour-glass shape).

Fabric manufacturers have now had time to catch up with the crinoline idea; consequently the new ones are made in checks and stripes, in chiffon and lace and tulle, and they look more Victorian than ever.

Sailors are right back in their place—as the best sort of hat to wear with a spring suit. This one is in coarse braided straw, with a high crown trimmed with a suede bow. The veil is made of white organza and—mark this—hangs down each side of the brim, not in front. Nice to think we shall be getting all the flattering effects of a veil without getting mouthfuls and eyefuls of it, too!

The current models are smaller, gayer and more vivid than ever; four out of five are veiled in contrast—emerald on blue, cerise on white, for instance. Crowns are mainly high. All are perched high on the head.

Pill-boxes are still popular, and are carried to extremes with soaring crowns fashioned to look like a half-collapsed telescope.

The old mushroom shape steals a lot of the limelight with brand new versions. The curved and flattering brim is lined with contrasting color.

A BLACK CREPE sheath shirt topped by a draped bodice of nasturtium-red. A matching red panel flies out from the wide black belt.

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OUR PATTERN SERVICE

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Special Concession Pattern

Charming nightdress, bonnet, frock and petticoat for the little tot. Cut in sizes infants 6 months and 12 months. No. 1.—Nightdress: Material required, 1½yds., 36ins. wide. No. 2.—Bonnet: Requires ½yd., 36ins. wide. No. 3.—Frock: Requires 1½ to 2yds., 36ins. wide. No. 4.—Petticoat: Requires 1 to 1½yds., 36ins. wide.

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Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

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Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ☆ Write your name and full address in block letters. ☆ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ☆ State size required. ☆ For children, state age of child. ☆ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

WW2838.—Evening gown. 32 to 38 bust. Material required, 7½ to 8½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2839.—New afternoon mode. 32 to 38 bust. Material required, 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2840.—Simple style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required, 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2841.—Edge-to-edge coat. 32 to 38 bust. Material required, 2½ to 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2842.—Pyjama suit. 32 to 38 bust. Material required, 4½ yds., 36ins. wide, and ⅞yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2843.—For spectator sports. 32 to 38 bust. Material required, 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2844.—Chic blouse. 32 to 38 bust. Material required, 2½ to 2¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

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SALLY'S A KNOCKOUT!

PLENTY OF S.A.

4-star rating for S.A.*

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★ No ladders
★ No holes
★ No crooked seams
★ No "concertina" ankles

Ladders, twisted seams, wrinkled ankles—how they spoil S. A.! Lux helps you keep stocking appeal. It saves stocking elasticity so threads *give* and then spring back instead of snapping under strain. Perspiration, cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity—ladders pop! So Lux stockings after every wearing. They'll last longer—fit better. Lux contains no soda.

guard S.A. with LUX

A LEVER PRODUCT

Paris Snapshots

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

Sketched by PETROV

1 THE NEWEST WAY to wear a veil is to drape it over the crown of the hat and tie it in a large bow under the chin.

The Duchess of Kent has set the fashion for veils of fine open mesh on which appear black velvet appliques.

2 SEEMINGLY SLUNG on an endless chain, this black antelope handbag has an extension gold handle across it.

3 BLACK CREPE SANDALS with high heels and wide straps round the ankles are being much worn in the afternoon.

4 TYPICAL of the new line in suits is O'Rossen's model in vintage tweed of chevron pattern. Note the flaring skirt and longer jacket, hugging the waistline. There's a quaint Old-Worldliness about these new tints that is faintly reminiscent of the Gibson Girl era.

All Paris is crazy about this new suit silhouette—its trimly moulded line is so feminine and so very flattering.

FRIDAY NIGHT IS "FREDDO" NIGHT

The big night of the week for everyone—FREDDO Night!

The idea is to take home two bags of Mac Robertson's Chocolate Frogs. One as a week-end treat for the kiddies and one to use for cooking.

It's by far the best way of buying chocolate—as a sweet or as cooking chocolate for those delicious chocolate cookies everyone loves. FREDDOS give more weight for your money, and they're the famous "smooth" Mac Robertson's quality chocolate. In 12 popular flavours.

TAKE HOME TWO BAGS 1 for the KIDDIES and 1 for COOKING

Just call me "Freddo"

Mac Robertson's "FREDDO" CHOCOLATE FROGS 1D

ONE OF Mac Robertson's FAMOUS PRODUCTS

PAIN that kept her in bed

Terrible, dragging, Spasms so Bad She Missed a Day from Work Every Month.

Discover for yourself the different—quicker, more complete and more lasting relief of period pain that you can get with a couple of little MYZONE tablets.

When your poor back feels as though it is being drawn to the front—when you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness . . . let MYZONE's marvellous *actevin* (anti-spasm) *compound* bring you blessed comfort, and a pleasant, quick, complete relief such as you've never known with anything else.

Just take a couple of MYZONE tablets with water or a cup of tea. Try MYZONE with your very next "pain." Notice how there is no doping effect.

2/- box. All Chemists.

"It's remarkable how MYZONE banishes that languid, despondent feeling! It is science's greatest gift to women!"

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, is enjoying a quiet moment at home, when a strange girl on horseback rides right into the room through the glass windows. She tells him she is being haunted and has come to him for aid. As she is speaking, a grotesque, panther-like figure peers at her through the broken glass, then disappears. Mandrake promises to go to her home, and that night, with Lothar, arrives at a big, rambling house where a tall, Amazon-like woman intercepts him. She denies anyone else is there and knocks Lothar down. To get rid of her Mandrake gestures, and when a mouse appears she flees in terror. NOW READ ON.

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Do You Feel Bloated, Fat?

LOOK SALLOW AND BREATH BAD?

It is possible that you are constipated, and the digestive wastes are accumulating, and your system is absorbing them. That is why you are feeling depressed and gaining unhealthy fat; why you now suffer sick headaches, bilious attacks, bad breath, and blemishes on your complexion.

Disperse constipation by taking Pinkettes and regain freshness, lose that bloated appearance, feel alert and happy. Pinkettes are ideal for men and women suffering the unhealthy symptoms of congested food tract and liver. These little pills exercise and strengthen the bowels, do not gripe or purge, and are perfectly harmless. Get a bottle to-day and keep free from constipation, liverishness, and unhealthy fat. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.***

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice: "There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, ½ ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense.

"By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy, and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."***

Betty's "racey" narratives

My Gold Rod Selection Was 18-Carat Advice To Punters

By BETTY GEE

As a result of my choice of Gold Rod for the Doncaster I have legs in with Feminist and Malagigi.

I am also in a position to pay the milliner and my footwear specialist, but the costumiere can wait. Her bill's too big.

I went early to Randwick. It is the custom now. Although the first race may not start until 1 o'clock, what's the good of moping round at home when you can be at the course where something might drop into your ear, authentic like.

Whereas at home you just sit conjuring up hopes from the colors, names, and pedigrees of horses.

And such like is useless in these days of advanced Turf science.

The tip of one stable-boy is worth all the logic of the deepest scientist. I know professors of two faculties of the University who often have to be told by the bookmakers that their pick is scratched.

So much for scientific methods.

What I'm aiming at is that I went early and had £6 to £1 Gold Rod, and when he came to 4's to 1 about two hours later all my catty friends said, "Isn't she always lucky."

Being early showed me another thing, too. Syntax, my Hurdle pick, was lame. He looked like a cat walking on very hot bricks. Yet he was backed. But not with my money. Funny how people stake on such horses. Funny how they are allowed to run, really.

He was never in the race. Yet a jockey, Freddie Douglas, had been brought all the way from Melbourne to ride him.

But I lost my £1 just the same on Lord Belmont, the second favorite. He was in the lead most of the way, but faded out.

But I'm following him on Wednesday, because he always improves.

It was whispered in my ear that High Caste was too fat to win the Sires' Produce Stakes.

Burly High Caste

Did you ever see any anatomy which so much needed "line"? He was at 5 to 2 on, too, so what would one do so streamlined as myself but back the best two to beat him, viz., Wilson at 6 to 1, a winner in Melbourne, and Reading, who had gained a recent win at Rosehill at 12 to 1.

Ten shillings went on each straight out, and Reading just beat High Caste, but Wilson ran as slow as a bovine, and when he next wins a race I'll ring you up.

The jockeys had such fun in the Autumn Plate. Defaulter at 5 to 2 on led all the way. There were five runners, but Spear Chief was knocked over like a ninepin.

Allunga's rider, Darby Munro, and Defaulter's jockey, L. J. Ellis, had a cock-fight royal over the last two furlongs.

Ellis, being on the better horse, won. I had taken £3 to £1 about Spear Chief, so I didn't think it was altogether fair.

I put £1 each way on the Tote for a saver on King's Head for the Doncaster Handicap, but after he had run up near them at the home turn, he gracefully faded out, and Gold Rod had it all his own way over the last two furlongs.

Gold Rod's Success

But thanks to my early £6 to £1 about Gold Rod, I am still sitting very pretty and handsome for the Doncaster, so I hasten down to play up some of my ill-gotten on Mosaic for the Leger.

And what surprises me is that bookmakers haven't enough nous to make him favorite.

One gentleman offered me 2's to 1, so I had £6 to £3, but I must confess that if I had ridden him I would have caused my backers less concern than Maurice McCarten did by having him last right to the two furlongs.

But I suppose he knows best. Anyway, he put in a terrific run in the straight, and won it.

After the way Diamond Wedding ran right away from the field at Warwick Farm last Saturday, nobody surely could let her go out without something on her in the Vaucluse. At least I had 10 shillings each way.

I also had an equally small investment each way on Rummage, with Freddie Shean up, and he won all the Cups and things about the place last Spring.

Rummage was never in the picture. Diamond Wedding, on the other hand, never left the limelight. Leading all the way, she simply trotted in, and if they want to know who's the best three-year-old filly on the Turf now that Early Bird has met with an accident I'll tell you that it's Diamond Wedding, who's owned by Mr. Reggie Allen, the oldest (and kindliest) member of the Australian Jockey Club.

Diamond Wedding was ridden by the little apprentice boy W. Lappin, of whom I've told you before, and my deeply considered advice to you is to follow this little lad, because he'll go a long way as a jockey.

In fact, he's a Darby Munro in the making.

Randwick resumes racing this Wednesday, when it is anticipated that Ajax will have his first race since his Rosehill defeat, and he ought to win the All Aged Stakes.

That day I have Gilltown for the Coogee Handicap, because I've heard that Mr. O. Trigg has saved him for it, and I understand he'll be a good price.

The same day I've had the tip for Reading in the Champagne Stakes, but dont forget he's up against the champion, High Caste, so it might be better to each-way this bet on the Tote.

The Bronte Handicap is supposed to be "a sitter" for Fearless.

Defaulter Selected

Defaulter is, of course, a certainty for the Cumberland Plate this day, though we may have to lay odds on, but if we have enough money that is quite a safe proposition.

He is also regarded as past the post for the A.J.C. Plate on the last day, because if there's one thing he likes it's running long messages, and this race is 2¼ miles, Sydney's longest flat event.

Ajax runs again in the Cropper Plate on the last day, and the handicaps are made to order for him, so it looks like an easy £1000 for first prize.

I have a secret tip for Jocular in the Woollahra, and Bradford is expected to be about ready for the Final Handicap. He's been too fat to date this autumn. Too many Easter eggs.

THERE IS a cosmopolitan air about the striking ensemble worn at Randwick on Saturday by Miss Patricia McGirr, who recently returned from abroad. Her beautiful lynx coat was bought in Stockholm, her feathered hat is by Suzy, and her black cloque frock is a Lanvin model. Her platform shoes are also a fashion highlight.

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Hats Won Fashion Stakes

AUTUMN meeting brought smart socialites in these attractive models to Randwick.

MISS JEAN KENNEDY chose a royal blue saucer hat with curled ostrich feathers adorning the narrow brim, in the Edwardian manner.

MRS. LAWRENCE OSBORNE (left) and Mrs. Blake Pelly show a contrast in hats at the luncheon at Randwick in honor of Miss Sandra Baillieu, of Melbourne.

MISS CLAUDIA BEAZLEY'S tilted navy felt hat sported a scarlet quill.

MISS JOAN McGRATH'S purple doll's hat tied under the chin with a matching veil.

MISS LORNA MAC SMITH, of Boreenore, trimmed her black toque with ostrich feathers.

MISS MARGOT BODY wore a quaint navy hat with an upflung brim.

MRS. SYD CROLL chose a black Breton set at a precarious angle.

MRS. JOHN HUMAN (left) in an ice blue peaked hat with matching bow, and her mother (Lady Walder) wearing a shady black straw.

MISS LOIS CHARTRES (left) had ostrich plumes on her black toque, and Miss Joyce Boynton wore a black Cossack model.

MISS MARIE BRENNAN'S Edwardian hat had curled ostrich plumes fluttering on the high crown.

MISS BELINDA STREET chose a large blue straw halo hat to match her frock.

MISS SHEILA BELL, of Goulburn (left), in a black hat with mauve bow and veil, and Miss Jane Mills, with black velvet ribbons on her chapeau.

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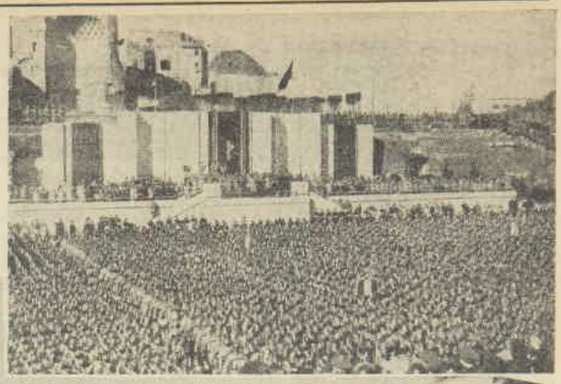
Colorful glimpses of world's social playgrounds

By MONA GODHARD, O.B.E., who has just returned from a world tour with her husband, Mr. A. C. Godhard.



PANORAMA of lovely Monte Carlo, which is within range of Mussolini's guns, and (right) general view of daily scene on Promenade at Nice.

TOP RIGHT: Rome's charm, marred to-day by marching men, symbolical of the threat of war which hangs over the world.

Shadow of war has brought a change everywhere

Travelling in Europe used to be a joyous promenade . . . To-day it is an awesome proceeding . . . The shadow of Armageddon lowers over the world . . .

HALF A MILLION men in Rhineland working feverishly on the Siegfried line, millions more in the twenty-four-hour shifts producing war planes, guns, bombs, shells . . . Trenches in gardens . . . Gas masks for babies . . . Talk of war, war, war . . .

These things rob the most beautiful scenery of its charm, deprive the gayest social gatherings of their zest.

Unharmed by world troubles, three places stand out in my memory. Yosemite Valley for its perfect peacefulness, its utter serenity. New Orleans for the gay, almost crazy, abandon of its carnivals. Miami Beach for its incredible beauty, its fabulous luxury.

A mere swamp before being glamorised into a millionaires' playground, Miami has everything money can buy. Prodigious palatial hotels and homes, enormous yachts, luxurious golf, surf and country clubs, glorious gardens, a four-million dollar inland waterway, money on tap.

All for a brief six or seven weeks' sunny holiday season, enjoyed while New York and the other big cities are in the grip of winter.

It costs you money even to get a peep at Miami. Ordinary Australians like ourselves say hail and farewell to it in practically the same breath.

Carnival city

NEW ORLEANS must be the only city left in the world which really lives for its carnivals. From New Year to Ash Wednesday life is one continuous revel in this "City That Care Forgot."

Mardi Gras (literally "Fat Tuesday") is the day of days. From dawn to dusk the citizens and visitors, all masked, join in frollicking fun.

Of all the spectacular pageants with marvellous floats, that which appealed most to me was the one arranged entirely by schoolchildren.

There were fifty-eight floats, arranged by the various schools—both State and denominational.

Each float was mounted on an old car chassis and drawn by about a dozen schoolchildren in appropriate costumes, and represented the different nations which make up the population of the U.S.A., one representing Australia being a bush scene with stuffed kangaroos and koalas and a bush hut.

All the costumes, all the decorations, and all the props had been made by the children themselves.

The floats were separated from each other in the parade by excellent and attractively uniformed school bands.

A king and queen are chosen by ballot from the seventh-class children; one from the State schools and the other from the religious schools.

Pageantry and mirth reign throughout the whole week, day and night, including the children's day. The Mayor and various public officials paid tribute formally to the child-monarchs at the Town Hall steps, and again at a big concluding reception at the Civic auditorium.

Masked hosts

OVERWHELMING in their magnificence were two private carnival balls we attended in New Orleans.

In both, the hosts were fully masked and their identity was not at any time revealed.

Each ball, at which guests were privately entertained, was the culmination of a brilliant pageant through the streets for the entertainment of the public.

Hollywood's famous Trocadero, high up on sunset boulevard; with its huge plate-glass windows overlooking the miles of city lights, provided us with the thrill of seeing Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Dorothy Lamour and Spencer Tracy joining in the Lambeth Walk.

The Trocadero's bandstand conceals a 40 by 20-feet ice-skating rink.

At midnight, the rink rolled out over the dancing floor, and we were treated to a brilliant ice cabaret.

London, with nerves tautened under the strain of totalitarian aggression, was not a happy place.

On the surface, life went on as usual, the only visible sign of the crisis being the trenches in the parks. They were filled with water and ducks swam placidly on their surfaces.

War shadows

BUT the signs were unmistakable. For instance, women of all classes were enrolling in the voluntary services, learning to drive their cars without lights, taking first-aid, nursing and other specialised courses to qualify them to assist in emergency.

Housewives (at the suggestion of the Government) were storing up supplies of food, and storing distilled water in sealed containers in case the water supply was cut off.

While in London we lunched with Sir Philip and Lady Game, who made all kinds of inquiries about Australia and wished to be remembered to their many friends here. They are planning to revisit Australia on some future occasion.

War came closer to us in Monte Carlo. The luxurious hotels, within sight and range of Italian guns, were practically deserted, though there was a brief revival of the old spirit of carefree gaiety for the few days over the Christmas and New Year holidays.

On New Year's Eve our table at the International Club was next to that at which the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were dining with a party.

The Duchess, smartly but simply dressed, was very quiet. I was quite fascinated by her, and so it happened that I witnessed a rather touching little scene.

At midnight, the lights were lowered. In the dimness, I saw the Duke get up. He slipped quietly around to the place where the Duchess was seated, kissed her, lingered just a few seconds, then slipped back to his place again.

On New Year's Day Sir Samuel and Lady Walder joined us at the famous Hotel de Paris, and we spent a few days together sight-seeing on the Riviera and then all motored together to Milan to hear some operas at La Scala, and then drove on to St. Moritz where the winter sports were at their height.

Rome astounded us by the complete absence of any evidence of poverty. We were told that there was absolutely no unemployment whatever, owing to armament activity.

The audience at the Opera House on three different occasions was quite the best-dressed and most prosperous-looking crowd we saw anywhere in our travels.

Among the men present, however, an enormous number were in uniform. There were fewer tourists than usual, and when we went on to Venice we found the hotels almost deserted.

MRS. MONA GODHARD, O.B.E., who has just returned from her seventh world tour.

SEVEN TIMES ROUND WORLD

MRS. MONA GODHARD, writer of this article, is a much-experienced traveller. The trip which she describes here was her seventh world tour. She was accompanied by her husband, Mr. A. C. Godhard, who was making his twenty-first world trip.

Mrs. Godhard was decorated with the O.B.E. in recognition of her outstanding work for charity.

FROM Europe we went back to America. How striking a change had been effected in public opinion in the few months that had elapsed since we left it

Then, every day held some example of how low Britain's prestige had sunk since the Munich pact. Newspaper cartoons and popular revues were continually holding her up to ridicule.

New attitude

ALL that was changed. America was openly pro-British. Britain's difficulties were discussed everywhere with sympathy and understanding.

America seemed to have suddenly discovered that if she wished to preserve her own democratic institutions she must bear her share of the burden.

We left with the conviction that while Roosevelt is in power America will line up on the side of Great Britain with all the economic means at her disposal.

Her enormous rearmament programme may later make her the deciding factor in world politics.

Best moment of our whole trip was the arrival in Australia. Happy, happy Australia! How enviable is our possession of personal freedom!

Only after visiting and studying countries which have sacrificed or never enjoyed such glorious liberty can we appreciate our privileges.

After all, it is wonderful to make a world tour to-day. We have made many under happier conditions. But none which has so greatly strengthened our deep love for our native land, our gratitude for being Australians.

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ETIQUETTE

By MRS. MASSEY LYON

The Australian Women's Weekly presents authoritative guide to public and social life

THIS is the first instalment of a book by Mrs. Massey Lyon, noted English authority on social procedure, which is being published by The Australian Women's Weekly in serial form. While it would be impossible and undesirable to change the democratic spirit of our social life, it is recognised that special problems of etiquette will arise during the term of the Duke of Kent as Governor-General.

In this instalment Mrs. Massey Lyon explains how application is made for Court presentation, the people who are eligible, and gives a vivid picture of the scene in the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace, when hundreds of beautifully-dressed women make their curtsy before the King and Queen.

While Court presentation is an essentially English formality, much the same ritual will be observed in Australia, with the Duke and Duchess representing the King and Queen, and the Governor-General's private secretary replacing the Lord Chamberlain.

Subsequent instalments of this book will give information on more every-day aspects of etiquette—how to introduce people, how to address people, how to answer different types of invitations, paying and receiving calls, etiquette of engagements and weddings.

THROUGHOUT the British Empire the Throne is the natural centre of social life. For not only is the King the King of England; he is the King of every component part of the Empire.

Entrance to social life is therefore made by presentation at a Royal Court. It is because of this that I have chosen the question of presentation as an appropriate opening to the subject of this book.

First of all, only a married woman who has herself been presented can make a presentation, and the whole responsibility rests upon her.

People often ask: "How can I get presented? To whom must I apply? What must I do?" and so on.

The answer is that they can do nothing other than find some friend or relation who, being in a position to do so, will undertake the presentation.

She it is who must make application in due form at the proper time, and she it is who is responsible for the girl or married woman whom she presents.

The exception to this is found in the wives of men in official positions (such as High Commissioners and Agents-General), in which case the presentation is made by the wife of the official chief.

(In the case of Australians, application for presentation is made through the office of the High Commissioner or an Agent-General, unless the applicant has a relative or close friend among peeresses privileged to make presentations.)

Only one presentation can be made at a time, except in the case of a daughter or daughter-in-law, when one other presentation can also be made—that is, unless a lady presenting her daughter has been herself presented for the first time at the same Court. In that case she may not make a second presentation.

METHODS OF PRESENTATION

NO one who is divorced, no matter whether the "innocent party" or not, can, under ordinary circumstances, attend Court.

In the case of "official" presentations the usual rules as to numbers do not exist, and the wives of Ministers and of heads of departments often attend over and over again.

With such presentations as these the responsibility for the individual presented is not a personal one, but rests with the department concerned.

The first thing to do, then, is to decide who is to make the presentation.

In the case of the debutante whose schoolroom days are just over, it would naturally be her mother; and if for one reason or another the mother had not herself received this social imprimatur before, she would herself be presented, and immediately afterwards present her daughter.

Otherwise the wife of the head of her house often acts as social sponsor to its debutante member, or some aunt or cousin performs the kindly act. Naturally, social prestige is conferred by the rank of the lady making the presentation other than the mother.

The second occasion on which a girl is presented is after her marriage, and then the presentation should be made by her mother-in-law or some other representative of her husband's family.

And a possible third occasion occurs on accession to any specific dignity or position, as when a Peer succeeds to the family honors, or a new title is bestowed; or when the husband has received an important appointment, when the wife who shares in her husband's distinction is once more presented.

Sometimes, again, marriage provides the first occasion, or in these days of woman's activities and distinctions an older woman may be presented for the first time. But these do not affect the procedure to be followed.

The announcement of Their Majesties' intention to hold Courts, and the dates decided upon, is made by the Lord Chamberlain at the end of the year, through the medium of the "Gazette," and thence to the leading daily papers.

Those who desire to make presentations should send in their applications on January 1 (not before) or as soon after as possible, for there is naturally a very large number, and applications may exceed the limitations put upon attendances, so that latecomers find themselves faced with the risk of having to wait another year. Such applications should be addressed to:

The Lord Chamberlain,
Ceremonial Department,
St. James' Palace,
S.W.

and should state briefly that "So-and-So desires Their Majesties' gracious permission to attend one of the Courts and present her daughter," or whoever it may be.

It is permissible to state the Court which would be most convenient to attend. In response, particulars as to parentage, etc., are asked for in ordinary cases, and must be given as indicated.

If the request is granted, in due course (about three weeks before the date of the Court) the important Summons cards are sent out which state that "the Lord Chamberlain is commanded by Their Majesties to summon So-and-So to the Court on such and such a date" — the time being always 10 p.m.

Accompanying these cards are smaller ones bearing the names, titles, etc., of anyone to be present. These must be given up to the Gentleman of the Court awaiting them at the entrance to the Presence itself.

The command must be acknowledged to the Lord Chamberlain in suitable terms without delay; and like all such things IS a command and therefore must be obeyed unless some untoward circumstance renders it impossible.

This, where Courts are concerned, must be something of an emergency nature, such as sudden illness or the death of a near relative.

In such a case, a letter stating the circumstances must be sent at once to the Lord Chamberlain. The accepted way to write all letters of this kind will be found in a later chapter.

QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE

AS we have seen, those in diplomatic or official circles have special rules to guide them. Others come into the general circle, and the question often arises as to who are entitled to seek the privilege of presentation at Court.

At one time this was easily answered, for the line of demarcation was clearly drawn, while the ups and downs of wealth—which must inevitably play its part in the solution of the question—had not received the impetus responsible for the conditions of to-day.

And this from both points of view, for not only does the possession of ample means often bring with it position, but their absence materially affects the outlook of many who by birth or position, or both, are entitled to the privilege of presentation and all that it confers.

Please turn to Page 44

SECRET Art of VOICE THROWING EXPOSED For The FIRST TIME!

NEVER before have the secrets of ventriloquism been offered to the public. Now for the first time YOU can learn to throw your voice. You can get endless fun from ventriloquism, you can amaze the "wise ones." Send for this startling FREE literature and within 24 hours you will know many of the secrets of ventriloquism.

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Throw Your Voice—Amuse Your Friends! Make Money!

FOR the first time the rage of America reaches Australia! Now you can learn at home this most amusing and entertaining art. Startle and amuse your friends—throw your voice—give entertainments—make money in your spare time. Send for FREE literature telling you EVERYTHING about Ventriloquism. Send the coupon TO-DAY!

What This FREE Literature Will Tell You!

- HOW to throw your voice.
- How to make a doll speak.
- How to entertain with ventriloquism.
- How to make money in your spare time.
- How to get roars of laughter.
- How to be popular and admired.
- The inner secrets of ventriloquism.

Get Greater Popularity—Win Friends!

POST COUPON NOW

SEND NO MONEY!

VALENTINE FOX, Dept. 9,
Lombard Chambers, Pitt St.,
Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Sir,—Send me by return post your FREE LITERATURE all about Ventriloquism. Enclose stamp for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... 13/4/'39.

YOU'LL get fun galore throwing your voice. Hundreds have learnt this easy way secretly at home. Give entertainments, amuse your friends. I don't care who you are or where you live. I GUARANTEE I can teach you ventriloquism if you send the coupon TO-DAY.

THIS GREAT OFFER DEFINITELY EXPIRES JUNE 30TH. RUSH COUPON!

VALENTINE FOX, Dept. 9,
LOMBARD CHAMBERS,
PITT ST., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

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As I am unable to call please post me full particulars of your Royal Show Model Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machines. I would also like a copy of your free book, "How to Judge a Sewing Machine."

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... W.W.15/4.

"Back-stage" drama of radio

Split-second timing perfected for new 2GB play session

Punctually to the second at 8 p.m. on Sundays listeners throughout Australia hear the opening of the Radio Theatre—the new play session broadcast by 2GB and relayed through twenty-three stations. Punctually to the second at 9 p.m. the broadcast ceases.

This is the story of how it is done—a story that reveals the brilliant organisation, ingenuity and "back-stage" drama of a modern radio presentation.

MISS MARY MACGREGOR, star of "Magnificent Obsession," the Radio Theatre broadcast from 2GB on April 16.

IN the control-rooms of the 23 relay stations, embracing the whole of the Commonwealth, technical operators await the signal for the "cross-over." That signal is the time announcement, sharp at eight o'clock.

The programme has been timed to the second. Many hours of rehearsal have gone into that timing, and there is a rigid schedule governing every minute.

The script of the play has been in the hands of the actors for a week. For three days they have studied their lines, and for two and a half days they have rehearsed, rehearsed every line, every pause, every sound, so that the finished production shall run smoothly, geared to the second.

The 25,000 records and the hundreds of sound effects in the 2GB musical library have been searched for the creation of that background which adds perfection to the finished production. And for those scenes which call for sound, too, the planning must be perfect.

The pouring of a glass of wine, a step on the stairs, the click of a lock, or the sound of a racing car crash—it must be perfection to fit into the perfect whole.

And sometimes a half-hour will go in the meticulously-arranged "bridging" of two scenes—that is the introduction at the right second of the correct few bars of music, or the silence which is more dramatic than sound.

The final full-dress rehearsal late on Friday afternoon gives the final timing, the final review of the script, and the presentation which will ensure split-second accuracy.

All ready?—Go!

SUNDAY afternoon sees a final run through and at 8 o'clock on Sunday night the curtain goes up on a cast in evening dress, their scripts in their hands, and the "sounds" man, with his microphone in the corner of the studio, with his telephone bells, his locks and all his other sound effects which call for manual operation.

With earphones on his head, the producer alone can hear the preliminary announcements going over the air.

Suddenly the red light glows on the microphone; the producer waves a signal to the technicians watching his every movement through the glass partition of the control-room; a turntable swings into life as the opening bars of the introductory music swell out into the air.

Down swoops the producer's hand into a horizontal cut; the record is faded out; the producer points to the actor who first takes the stage—and the play is on.

Signals of the hand speed up the actor who is slowing his lines; gestures direct the technicians in the control-room with the music, sound effects, the fading out of this microphone and the fading in of that.

Ten seconds lost here must be picked up there; but so minutely planned is the production that the seconds are rarely lost.

Until a month ago that was radio presentation in America. To-day, through the genius of the Radio Theatre experts, it is radio presentation in Australia.

News from Hollywood

EVERY film enthusiast will want to hear the recordings made in Hollywood by Dorothea Vautier, special representative of The Australian Women's Weekly.

In her first recording, broadcast from 2GB between 4 and 4.30 p.m. on Saturday, April 15, she gives her impressions of the spectacular opening night of a new film in Hollywood. Other recordings will be heard each Saturday afternoon.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

WEDNESDAY, April 12.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her beauty talk with "Janette."

THURSDAY, April 13.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.

FRIDAY, April 14.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: The Australian Women's Weekly Tea Party with Judith Hayes.

SATURDAY, April 15.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Dorothea Vautier in Hollywood.

SUNDAY, APRIL 16.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.

MONDAY, April 17.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her fashion talk with Rene.

TUESDAY, April 18.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden and Music of the Stars.

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Marina mannequin types are sought

LEFT: Doing the mannequin walk. Oh! girls of all types for fashion parades. Pupils at the Annabella Mannequin School which is training RIGHT: Poise and grace and beautiful gowns—that's what mannequins are made of.

Will there be a fashion "stand-in" for the Duchess of Kent?

Marina mannequin types are already in demand in Australia to display fashions based on styles favored by Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, after she arrives here in November.

With her arrival fashion parades will acquire a new importance. To wear a beautiful Marina gown will be a much envied distinction.

SO a mannequin career has suddenly acquired new possibilities, and scores of girls are training at mannequin schools and fashion-display rooms.

Maybe one of them is destined to become a "stand-in" for the Duchess of Kent. It is an exciting possibility.

The Duchess will probably notice differences in Australian mannequin types as compared with those of Paris and London.

Our girls, say Sydney teachers, are taller, broader hipped, more sun-tanned, less self-conscious.

Here are the measurements of three "perfect girl" types selected in England, the United States, and Australia. The comparison is interesting:—

	English	U.S.	Aust.
Height .	5ft 5in	5ft 6in	5ft 8½in
Weight .	8st 3lb	8st 6lb	9st 4lb
Bust ..	33in	34in	34in
Waist ..	24in	25in	25in
Hips ..	35in	36in	37in
Shoes ..	4½	5	5

These measurements, of course, refer to particular types. The range of mannequin types is very much wider.

According to Captain Molyneux, famous fashion designer, the height of fashion in England at the moment is 5ft. 4in. plus a perfectly-proportioned figure, with bust measurements tallying with hips, accent on waist, and shapely legs.

IF you've a tendency to Grecian lines, the fates are with you if you're thinking of taking up mannequin work.

Would-be mannequins have been inspired, among other things, by the latest success of Margaret Vyner, who has been chosen by Norman Hartnell, the Queen's fashion designer, to represent him in Canada during the Royal tour of America.

"There are already signs of increased activity in the Australian fashion world in preparation for the arrival of the Duchess of Kent, and with it has come a demand for more models and mannequins," said the teacher of one leading school.

"We are especially on the lookout for possible Marina types. It will be a wonderful distinction if an Australian girl is chosen as a 'stand-in' for the Duchess.

"Australian girls do not suffer from self-consciousness," she added. "They are very adaptable and I think these two qualities go a long way towards the success they attain.

"In choosing girls for mannequin work the most important thing is height and a figure in proportion.

"Five feet six inches is the minimum height, and a figure which is two inches difference between the bust and hips and ten inches difference between the hips and waist is the general average.

"But girls of every type are wanted in the fashion trade nowadays, and one unsuitable for displaying frocks may be wanted for hats or shoes, or for photographic modelling for hair and beauty preparations.

"In these latter cases, height is of less importance.

"Coloring doesn't matter—blonde, brunette or redhead—but she must be definite, not mousy.

Graceful art

"WITH these essentials most other things can be taught. A certain natural carriage, however, saves a lot of ground work, and a training in dancing is an asset.

"We teach them deportment, correct knock-knees, round shoulders and pigeon toes.

"Round shoulders are one of the chief faults in girls to-day.

"They are taught how to model with a train, how to model with a fan, a handbag, walking-stick or hat; to sit down and stand up gracefully.

"After that there are lessons on hairdressing and make-up."

Apart from its monetary rewards for mannequin and model work, the opportunity of wearing glamorous clothes attracts many girls. What girl or woman doesn't enjoy parading in luxurious clothes before an admiring throng?

So it seems that the visit of the lovely Duchess will inspire our girls to become even more clothes and beauty conscious, which, added to their inherent natural charm, will make Australia more than ever "the land of beautiful girls."

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Wherever You Are

Continued from Page 5

"I DON'T sulk!" she retaliated. "And I did try to be friends with them. It was they who rejected me."

"Because you adopted a high-handed, lady-of-the-manor attitude with them. You have to feel for them, understand them. You made no attempt to do that!"

"You don't understand me, David. I came here with high ideals—your ideals. But it was so different from what I had imagined it. I thought there would be something to fight, to challenge. All there was, instead, was a soul-destroying drabness, a monotony of days. Men and women more interested in their whippets than their children."

"I see. But I did tell you what you were in for."

"I know. Oh, it was interesting at first. And you—so steadfast in your ideals. That—that was what first drew me to you, David. That hint of determination, purpose, you had about you. Now I know it for what it is—obstinacy!"

David had gone pale. One hand was tightly clenched.

"Then—you think I have—failed you?"

She regarded him in silence for a moment.

"Let us put it that you have served your people at the expense of your family," she said.

"I see. But don't forget they served me. I love you, Elizbeth. But I have work to do here. Work that no one else will do if I go away. That new housing estate we've nearly completed would never have been started if I hadn't fought tooth and nail for it. There's a lot to do in the mine yet, too. That's why I'm turning down this pleasant berth in London."

"And let Bobby spend all his childhood here—I can't bear the thought. But you cheerfully spend hours every week helping that Alan James to get away from it. He won't be such a fool as to come back!"

"You might keep him out of it, please!" David exclaimed angrily. He glanced at the clock. "It's time I was going. I'm late as it is." He came towards her. "I'm sorry about all this, Elizabeth. But I can't go. Try to see that way—try to understand."

She answered in a dull voice: "I've tried—so hard, but——"

She sat down when he had gone, her elbows resting on the table. She felt that she could not go on. To have this opportunity to leave this hideous burial ground of her hopes—not to be able to do a thing while David selfishly turned it down. He had grown so much away from her. Or—had she failed him? Had she? Most likely David was thinking that; just as she was thinking it of him. If she had—well, she could not help it. It was too late now. Leave him? Go back home, take Bobby with her to warm, green fields, the smell of clover, a healthy life and a suitable environment? Yes, above all, a suitable environment.

The unbidden thought shook Elizabeth. It was the first time she had envisaged a life away from David. To get away from grey Carmouth—that had been her dream for nearly three years, but always, in her escape, David had accompanied her. Yes, it shook her to her roots. But as she looked the idea in the face, Elizabeth realised that a decision one way or the other had to be made. And it would have to be her decision; momentous, not to be made rashly.

Her father and mother were due to-morrow. She would tell them that she would be coming down to them for a short stay. Maybe she would stay as long as a month. That might bring David round. At least, it would give her time to settle her problem, finally, irrevocably. Of course, she would give no hint to her people that there was anything wrong. It would be just a holiday——

ELIZABETH'S mother and father arrived in the late afternoon on the next day. David, of course, was not back from the colliery and did not see them until he appeared for the evening meal. The two men greeted each other warmly. Mr. Mercer's shrewd, grey eyes appraised David quickly.

"Been working too hard lately, young man," he scolded briskly, but there was an undernote of approval in his voice, as though he liked men who were not afraid to work a little too hard at times.

"I think David's rather worried about gas in the mine," Elizabeth cut in. "That's what brought you home so very late last night, isn't it, dear?" she addressed her husband.

David was quick to take his cue. He had been very late and had had to leave much earlier than usual that morning. He had hardly seen Elizabeth since their quarrel and he knew she thought he was avoiding her. He had been rather worried lest she had told her parents all about their quarrel and Mr. Mercer's opening remark had been very much the remark he would have made had he been told. But now he saw that his fears were groundless.

"Yes. It's true about the gas. There's some filtering through to the West working, but so far we haven't located it," he said seriously.

"Is it bad—dangerous, I mean?" Mrs. Mercer asked.

"Well—I wanted to close the working till we found it. I was overruled," he added heavily.

"Well, well. It might not be so bad, after all." Mr. Mercer smiled. "At any rate, letting our food grow cold will certainly not help anyone!"

"Bobby's growing into a fine lad," Mr. Mercer remarked after a short lull. "Fine, healthy flesh, no excess fat. Yes, a fine boy."

"You must thank Elizabeth for that. I don't see as much of him as I'd like."

"Darling—you do exaggerate," she replied lightly.

The talk grew lighthearted and spirited as the meal progressed. David watched Elizabeth happily as her old coldness seemed to melt before him. Little endearments escaped her that had not passed her lips for longer than he cared to think. At first he thought she was just playing up to her parents and he had met her more than half-way. But now it seemed as though their quarrel had cleared the air, revealed the old Elizabeth that he had cherished. Quite suddenly when the meal was over the bombshell dropped, leaving him aghast.

"You know, Daddy," Elizabeth said after her father had been retailing a trivial piece of home gossip, "I'd like to see the old place again. Remember how I used to sit by the river and watch the trout? Think you could put Bobby and me up for a couple of weeks? That is," she added, "if David has no objections?"

"Why, of course! Splendid! What d'you say, David?"

He turned to David and his smile slowly erased itself as he saw the other's eyes. Bitterness and acute disappointment were there; and something more that he could guess at and yet could not put into words.

"This is rather—sudden?" David suggested to Elizabeth.

"I know, dear," she laughed. "I've only just thought of it! But you don't object?"

"No, I don't object," he replied slowly.

But in that swift, shrewd glance, Mr. Mercer had seen below the surface gaiety. Had seen, in that revealing instant that David, too, had been deceived and was now smarting under the deception, and he realised that Elizabeth—his Elizabeth—was miserably unhappy.

A SILENCE had fallen on the party which a moment ago had been so gay, one of those embarrassing silences which no one ever seems to know how to break. The idle clinking of cutlery was the only sound.

"What's that?" Mrs. Mercer jumped to her feet as the ominous, rumbling noise grew swiftly in volume. They were all on their feet now. David's face had drained white. Elizabeth's eyes were staring, her hand to her throat, as though anticipating something worse.

It came—a shattering roar which cascaded over them, bruising them; then a moment's deathly hush before pandemonium raged outside.

David had already gone, with an agonised cry: "The gas!"

Mr. Mercer spoke briskly.

"You two stay here."

Then he, too, had gone, following blindly on David's heels. The two women looked at each other uncomprehendingly; then slowly, painfully almost, they sat down. No word was spoken.

It was unnerving, this waiting, waiting. Elizabeth sat listening to the passing of many vehicles as they rumbled over the cobbles.

Suddenly she was on her feet.

"Mother. Stay behind and look after Bobby. Oh! I—I've forgotten him!"

She ran upstairs and into the child's room. An unheeded tear coursed down her cheek as she saw him peacefully asleep, undisturbed.

"Is he all right?" It was Mrs. Mercer.

Elizabeth nodded.

"I'm going out. I can't stand it any longer. I must see what David is doing."

"If you must, I'll look after Bobby."

As they went downstairs, Elizabeth's mother grasped her arm.

"I hope that father—doesn't do anything—rash," she whispered.

Elizabeth nodded again and flinging a coat about her shoulders, sped out into the night.

Please turn to Page 38

SHE TOPS THEM ALL

Regardless of pretty clothes and expensive jewels, the woman with the most beautiful head of hair at a social gathering is sure to stand out as the belle of the party.

And if you ask her to tell you the secret of her success, like every other woman of good taste she will readily say: "Barry's Tri-coph-erous."

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Maternity Section, Second Floor. Escalate

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The whole goodness of Phosphorated Iron is concentrated in tablets, and you simply take two tablets with each meal. Get a package of Phosphorated Iron (60 tablets) at any chemist to-day.***

Wherever You Are

Continued from Page 36

THE pit-head struck an eerie chill in her. She had been expecting noise, clamorous shouting. Instead, there lay on the scene a tense, unearthly silence. Huddled groups of women were picked out by flickering flares and electric clusters. Faces—white, tight-lipped, drawn—haggard with the subtle agony of still-born hope. As Elizabeth edged her way forward, jostling women who did not know they had been jostled, she found the reason for the prayer-drenched silence.

The hollow clanking told her that the cage was coming up. The women's eyes glowed and waxed bigger. They dared not step forward. Agonising suspense they would endure. They were afraid of certainty. Elizabeth halted. In that moment it would have been sacrilege to go forward. At least David was not down there.

She watched the cage doors open. Twelve men stumbled out, some of them on their own feet, others supported on the shoulders of the stronger. A sobbing murmur that was thanks for answered prayer, and some women left the groups. Slowly, as though not yet sure that their men were alive.

Elizabeth saw her father. He was bending over a recumbent figure.

"Dad—where's David?"

He did not hear her. She had to touch his shoulder before he looked up. She did not hear his answer because of the noise of a starting ambulance nearby. Mr. Mercer jerked his thumb in the direction of the pit. She turned away, but came back when she had taken but a few steps.

"He's—he's not—gone down?" she gasped.

"Yes. He's helping some men out—trapped."

She stood up, quite still. Her eyes glowed angrily. What right, what right had David to go down in that inferno? Did he never think of his wife and child? There were scores of people, what difference could he make? As suddenly as it had come, her resentment faded. Quite close to her, just out of range of the lights, a woman of about her own age was on her knees. Her face was turned heavenwards and her lips were moving. With a start she recognised her daily help; remembered she had been married only a year. The sight took her out of herself.

"Maisie," she whispered, going over to her. "Maisie——"

"Oh, Mum—Mrs. Begbie—my Jim's down there. They think he's trapped—Mr. Begbie—he's trying—to get him——" Unshed tears rimmed her eyes.

Elizabeth was moved. Something inside her seemed to be gripping, wringing her as she realised that this girl who did her washing-up was Courage.

A voice rang out. Cut across the living hush like a lash.

"Helpers, please! We need more men to go down and help."

There was a subdued murmur.

"Stop! I must warn you. There is almost bound to be another explosion. It may happen any minute—or in an hour. There is grave danger. Now. Will anyone come forward."

With a cry Elizabeth saw that her father was among the small group of men already almost at the cage mouth. She darted forward, stumbling and nearly falling.

"Father! Father! You mustn't! You can't!"

The grey eyes regarded her steadily for a second. He gripped her arm.

"Pull yourself together, Elizabeth!" he commanded.

"But Mother—you can't do this to her!"

He spoke very quietly.

"Your mother has never sought to prevent me—from serving. She wouldn't do so now."

He stepped into the cage. The gates clanged.

"There's nowt we can do, mum but wait——"

Elizabeth turned to find Maisie beside her.

"That's all any of us can do,' Maisie added. "That—and pray for our men."

ELIZABETH glanced round the remaining women. She saw, not unkempt creatures who thought more of whippets than of their children, but women possessed of a quiet, deep courage that held something sublime; a courage which would continue after hope had died.

"What a fool—what a fool I've been." She sobbed the words aloud, unknowing.

She began to move among them, whispering words which came to her unbidden. A thin smile, a hand squeeze, answered her. She went over to the doctors and ambulance men.

"Can I help?" she asked quietly.

"You can."

As she held water and passed bandages and saw wounds which would once have made her sick, she discovered a lightness in her heart.

"Hurry, David," she whispered to herself. "Hurry, so that I can tell you how right you are. Hurry, David."

With earsplitting suddenness two sharp explosions ripped the night. A wail of despair, almost animal in its intensity, followed. Then up came the cage, miraculously still functioning. Haggard men tumbled out. Three were carried on stretchers. Elizabeth, her hands clenched into hard fists, watched her father come out, looked for David with desperate eyes. She pushed forward to the stretchers, examined the three men. Then David—was still down there.

Voices around her babbled. There were only three men left. David and two others . . . The men, injured but alive, were telling their women how but for the courage and skill of the under-manager none would be alive. But he—he must have perished in that last explosion. He had gone right in after two others and was digging them out when . . . One man recognised Elizabeth. Mutely he took her hands in his and pressed them. She tried to smile. Her eyes were blurred and she did not see a lithe figure jump into the cage as it commenced another descent.

Dawn was now breaking. Only a few people remained; relatives of the three men still below. And hope had died. Elizabeth, standing by her father, had made her decision. She would stay on. Try as best she could to carry on David's work among the people he loved. If only she could have told him before.

She stiffened at the sound of the ascending cage. Two men, blackened beyond recognition, were helped out. Neither of them was David. She choked back a sob; watched the cage. But it did not descend again. A man came up to them and said:

"There's nothing we can do now. Have to wait a couple of days for the gas to clear. Then we can search.

Mr. Mercer put his arm about Elizabeth.

"Best go home. Nothing to do here."

His voice was gruff and unsteady.

"Not yet . . . Not yet . . . I can't."

Startling in its shrillness the cage bell rang. A moment's amazed stupor and men ran forward. Swiftly it was lost to view.

"Will it never come up?" Elizabeth groaned. "Never?"

At last the now-familiar clanging heralded its approach. She ran forward, a prayer on her lips. Eager hands thrust open the gates.

"David! David—David!"

ELIZABETH ran to him. He was semi-conscious. Gently they laid him on the ground. A doctor bent over him. Then Elizabeth saw who had been supporting him. She caught the slim figure as it reeled.

"Alan—Alan James——" she breathed.

He smiled at her.

"I'm all right, thank you."

Together they bent over David. He smiled up at them.

"He saved—my life, Elizabeth. Nearly lost his own—doing it! Must make him one—your special cakes, Elizabeth," he smiled.

He raised his hand slightly. Alan, very embarrassed, shook it gently.

Later that day, Elizabeth went up to David. She knelt by his bed and kissed him.

"David, I've been a fool—a blind, obstinate fool. You were right. There is something here. Something worth-while. I want to stay here. I want—want Bobby to grow up and acquire manhood and loyalty and—and everything—from men like Alan James. Say you forgive——"

"Hush, darling. I understand. And you—you haven't forgotten how to love me?"

"I said it once when I was inexperienced. I want to say it now out of experience, David. Wherever you are—is heaven to me."

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The Movie World

1 **CLARK GABLE** and Norma Shearer are attracted when they meet in Omaha.

2 **GABLE** as a tap-dancer performing with a background of blondes.

3 **HEATED** argument from pacifist Burgess Meredith, with the travellers trapped by the outbreak of war.

4 **GABLE** and Shearer rediscover the love that began between them six years earlier in the Omaha theatre.

5 **EDWARD ARNOLD,** munitions manufacturer, with Norma Shearer, phoney Russian countess.

6 **NORMA'S** obvious lies rouse Gable's suspicions.

Film of Famous Play

• *RETAINING the central anti-war theme, Robert Sherwood adapted his play, "Idiot's Delight," for MGM's film, starring Norma Shearer and Clark Gable. These two meet first in Omaha, he as a tap-dancer, she as one of an acrobatic troupe. They part, to meet six years later, among travellers trapped by the outbreak of war, in a frontier town hotel in Europe. Norma has transformed herself into a phoney Russian countess and is travelling with a munitions king. The contrasting reactions of the oddly assorted travellers provide an absorbing background, and there's an air-raid for climax.*

Moviedom Gossip

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood

Nursery Stakes

ANDY DEVINE'S new son, Denny, gets off to a fine start in life with a thousand dollar trust fund, established for him by director William Wellman. The stork was expected to drop in at both households at about the same time, so the prospective papas agreed to set up the trust fund for the first baby to arrive. When Denny made his debut first, Director Wellman cheerfully paid up.

* * *

More Ranching

ROBERT YOUNG has joined the mass movement to the San Fernando Valley, and is in the process of transporting his family and belongings from Beverly Hills to a new ranch home where the youngsters, Carol Ann and Barbara, can enjoy the benefits of the country life. Bob is working overtime trying to complete a playground, with swings, slides and sand boxes, for the two, before he's called to work on "Maiden Voyage."

Necessary Improvement

JACKIE COOPER'S mania for playing trap drums has reached such a stage that his parents are having his den sound-proofed out of consideration for the neighbors. Now Jackie's swing-mad friends can leave their inhibitions at the door when they visit the Cooper home for "jam sessions."

* * *

Niven Nonsense

DAVID NIVEN has formed a one-man ski club—he's a ski expert, you know. The club insignia, designed by Niven himself, is amusing Hollywood—it's a ham on skis!

* * *

True Fish Story

BING CROSBY is still boasting about a two hundred pound tuna he caught during a recent fishing jaunt off the Mexican coast. The prize was mounted and presented to a San Diego museum.

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE	Normal ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	LIPS
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE	Moist ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD	AGE
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	
	Dark ☐	If hair is Grey, check type above and here ☐	

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Robert Preston

You couldn't call him handsome . .

HE'S A NEWCOMER WITH THE SORT OF APPEAL THAT HAS MADE THE GLAMOR BOYS WINCE

THE case of one Robert Preston prompts the query—where, oh, where are the glamor boys of yesteryear, the beautiful idols who could choke the female audience with emotion with just one glimpse of their perfect profiles?

Once upon a time you needed a profile in films.

Robert Preston's profile wouldn't give any girl a satisfactory choke, but when he sticks his chin out and says a few words in that flexible, resonant voice of his he gets reaction—plenty.

The girls will go for Robert in a big way—when they know him better. He has the tough sort of charm that has put handsome noses right out of joint in the last few years.

Think over the list of top-ranking male stars of the moment and compare the prestige and pulling power of the few remaining "pretty boys" with the Preston type.

Put Spencer Tracy and Robert Taylor side by side. You wouldn't think of them in the same class. All the studio build-up of Taylor as a he-man has done nothing for him. He'll carry the "pretty boy" tag to the end of his career because the truth is there's little more to Mr. Taylor than that.

Tyrone Power suffers from the same disability. One glimpse of the ugly, snub-nosed but vital face of John Garfield is worth a whole reel of his dimples to those who enjoy acting. Richard Greene has more to him, but he's dangerously handsome.

Errol Flynn's good looks may have won him big parts and girlish heart-throbs, but they'll never win him Academy Awards or the solid sort of admiration that age can't wither. Gary Cooper's not half so handsome in the conventional way, but he's got personality punch instead.

Nowadays dramatic power and voice quality with real training behind them are pushing the merely handsome heroes out into the cold.

ROBERT PRESTON has these things. You may have seen him already in "King of Alcatraz" or "Illegal Traffic," his two first films, both crime thrillers. Although he played beside so seasoned a trouper as J. Carroll Naish, he was never put in the shade. His personality withstood even such strong competition.

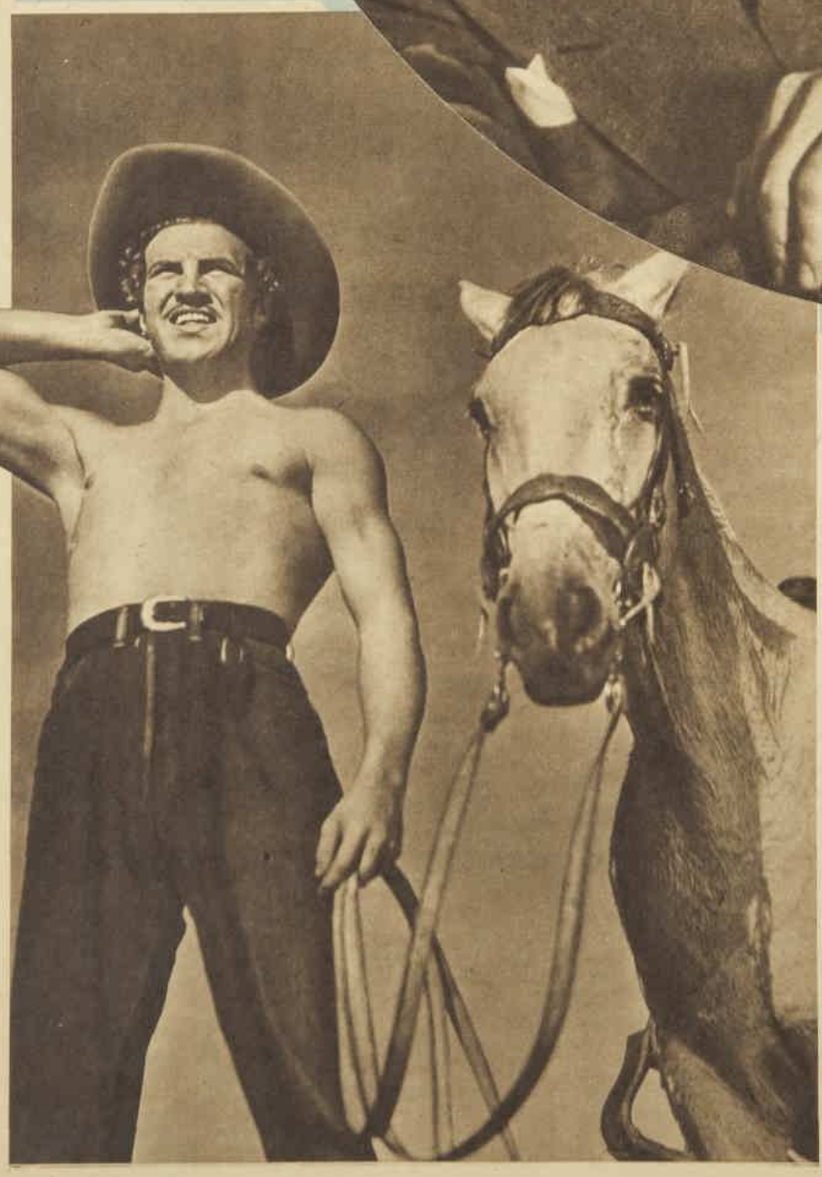
So much so that his newest parts show a leap in importance. He has the second male lead in Cecil B. de Mille's epic, "Union Pacific," and after that he will go into the role of Digby Geste, in Paramount's remake of "Beau Geste," starring Gary Cooper. That's progress.

Preston is no newcomer to the business of acting. As a matter of fact, at the age of 15, when most boys are simpering spear bearers in amateurish high school productions, Preston was playing Julius Caesar for one of America's leading stock companies. This was headed by Mrs. Tyrone Power, wife of a great stage player and mother of to-day's handsome young screen star.

Preston was properly scared in his role of Julius, but not about the audience, the footlights, or the greasepaint.

He was afraid his voice was going to crack at any moment. He used to dream about the death scene, and every time he played it he'd be cold with horror in case his changing voice would let him down at the crucial moment. He always expected it to soar upwards into a comic treble from the deep level at which he pitched it just as he was about to sound that solemn "You, too, Brutus!" He was spared that.

It took him a year with the Pasadena Community Playhouse troupe, which he joined when Mrs. Tyrone Power's stock company broke up, to find the proper pitch for his voice.



● Robert Preston (above) as handsome as a good portrait study can make him; and (left) just as he really looks in "Union Pacific." His next release is "Disbarred."

Being a serious youngster, he took to voice culture in earnest, and under the tutelage of the famous Gilmor Brown, the Pasadena director, he made that voice one of his greatest assets, an instrument of amazing flexibility, resonance and power.

He spent two years at the Pasadena Playhouse, which has sent to Hollywood such outstanding players as Randolph Scott, Robert Young, Victor Jory, Onslow Stevens and Douglass Montgomery.

He played leads and he played heavies, patiently learning from older and wiser players. Only a few months ago, Hollywood discovered him.

A lawyer discovered him for Hollywood, to be exact. Sidney Justin, of the Paramount legal department, was so impressed with his performance in a Playhouse presentation that he persuaded producer Harold Hurley to call him in for a screen test.

This was not an easy test. It ran to the extraordinary length of 2000 feet of film. Preston did two scenes with J. Carrol Naish, one from "Idiot's Delight" and one from "The Last Mile."

He likes parts tough rather than tender. He's just one inch over six feet in height, and has brilliant grey eyes and dark hair.

As you might expect from the fighting gleam in those eyes, he can box.—E.P

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Celluloid's latest SISTER ACT

LORETTA YOUNG LEADS A TEAM OF FOUR SISTERS TO MAKE A NEW RECORD IN FAMILY CASTINGS.

By JOAN McLEOD, from Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD has always liked sister acts, since way back when the Gish sisters languished together fruitily with curls hanging down their well-covered backs.

Newest of all is the one being staged in "Alexander Graham Bell," when Loretta Young appears with her three sisters, or rather two sisters and a half-sister. But it's near enough to be cited as the first time four sisters ever acted together in a film.

The three eldest Young sisters first appeared together in a film when Gretchen—you call her Loretta—was four years old. She was playing mud pies when called for her first screen test.

It happened this way. Their uncle was a production executive at a major studio and he phoned Mrs. Young one day to beg the loan of her daughters. The studio was doing a schoolroom scene, and three girls were wanted to replace small players down with chickenpox. Mrs. Young obliged—and that was the first sister act put on by the Youngs.

The eldest is Polly Ann, 31 this year, and the least-known of them all, probably because she has not pursued her career as tenaciously as the others.

She hasn't done anything for a couple of years.

Sally Blane, the second of the family, is 29, and her real name is Betty Jane Young. Without achieving success like Loretta's, she has managed to keep fairly busy, and has played for almost every studio in Hollywood.

Loretta—or Gretchen as she was christened—is 26, and at the top of a career that has been one of spectacular success.

Georgianna, the half-sister, makes up the quartet, and is a child of the mother's second marriage. She is 15 years old, and as keen for a film career as was Loretta at that age.

Screen tests made recently were so promising that she was cast with her sisters in the epic that tells the story of the inventor of the telephone.

● The four Youngs as they appear together in Fox's "Alexander Graham Bell." Sally Blane and Georgianna are at the back, and Polly Ann and Loretta in front.

● Loretta Young, third in age and first in fame of the four Young sisters, as she appears in "Wife, Husband and Friend."

The Lovely Lanes

THE joint starring of the Lane sisters in "Four Daughters" was one of the most successful of Hollywood's recent sister acts. Rosemary Lola, and Priscilla might have been on the map before that, but it was the mass effect that counted. Gale Page, unrelated, was cast as the fourth.

Actually there are five Lane sisters, and who knows? Now that the Youngs have beaten the Lanes by presenting a team of four in celluloid, we may see the other two Lanes pressed into screen service to go one better. They are Martha Lane, who plays the violin and writes poetry, and Leota Lane, who sings.

The two Gishes, Lillian and Dorothy, probably put on the first sister act for Hollywood.

They date back to the grand old days of D. W. Griffith's moustache-curling melodramas, and they made films together on the Continent, as well as in California.

Your mother will remember sobbing over these two lovely ladies in "Orphans of the Storm." They made "Hearts of the World" in France, and "Romola" in Italy.

Dorothy was born in 1898, Lillian two years earlier, which makes her 43 this year. There's still a place for Lillian on the Broadway stage, where she appeared last year in several plays, and in 1937 in "Hamlet."

Equally famous was the name of Talmadge. Remember Norma's dramatic emoting? She did her last screen work in 1929, failing to retain her place when talkies came. She made only two or three in this medium and then retired. Nowadays she acts occasionally on the air, and her husband is George Jessel, well-known vaudeville and radio comedian. She divorced Joseph Schenk to marry him.

Her sister Constance was born in 1900, and she, too, faded out with the coming of the talkie era. In 1929 she retired from the screen and married Townsend Netcher, from whom she was only recently divorced.

What about a return for this pair? It would have the same sort of curiosity value as the revivals of Valentino films.

Other significant disappearances of the year 1929 were the one-time star sisters, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, whose real name was Flugarth.

The Bennett sisters, Joan and Constance, have never played together. There has been more rivalry in their careers than co-operation—friendly rivalry, of course.

When they were very young, Joan was expected to carry the Bennett flag to the top of the mountain. Later they went to boarding-school together and Constance took all the bows there, with Joan pushed into the background.

Since then it has been a see-saw business of successes and failures for both, and at the moment it looks as though Joan might have the higher seat through her work in "Trade Winds."

Like Twins

JOAN AND GLORIA BLONDELL should play twin parts—they're so much alike. Gloria was stand-in for Joan for years until Frank Capra noticed her and suggested a test. She has now been in pictures for two years.

Joan Fontaine is the little sister of Olivia de Havilland who was determined to find success without benefit of sisterly influence. The news, of course, got out, but Joan's success must be definitely rated as her own.

Latest news from the sister front is that Miliza Korjus, the exquisite Polish singer, has been joined in Hollywood by her four sisters—all singers.

So any minute from now we might expect to hear of the "Georgeous Quintet" in their first great epic.

Here's hoping.

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• ELSA LANCHESTER, Tyrone Guthrie and Robert Newton in a scene from the Mayflower production, "The Beachcomber," starring Charles Laughton and his wife Elsa.

• CHARLES LAUGHTON as Ginger Ted, his great part in "The Beachcomber."

Your Smile will be brighter the Ipana Way!

"Poor Jane," they whispered. How gay and popular she used to be—but now she seldom smiles. (Nothing makes a person more self-conscious than a dull, dingy, unattractive smile—nothing is so ruinous to charm.)

"You're afraid to smile," said little Bobbie one night! That's the trouble. (And then Bobbie explained what his teacher taught him—that gum massage is as important to sparkling smiles as brushing the teeth.)

Jane's a happy girl now. Parties and dates and romance are again part of Jane's life—for someone can't resist a radiant smile. (Lucky she followed young Bob's advice—lucky she learned what Ipana Tooth Paste and massage can do to help keep gums healthier, teeth brighter—smiles appealing, gay! Jane protects her smile, now!)

Ipana and massage is a modern way to help keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling!

HOW MUCH a bright, sparkling smile can mean. How much it adds to a girl's charm. How much it does for a man's popularity. For when a smile is unattractive, others turn away. How foolish, then, to neglect it, to let dull teeth and dingy gums cheat you of fun and success!

Don't gamble with your smile—don't take chances. If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist promptly.* You may not be headed for serious trouble, but let your dentist, and only your dentist, make that decision. Usually, his verdict will be "gums that have become the victims of our present-day soft foods—gums that need more vigorous chewing and exercise"—and, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to aid the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the gum tissues—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant to trouble.

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

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Joint triumph for

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laughton

FAMOUS STAGE AND SCREEN COUPLE SHARE THE HONORS IN "BEACHCOMBER" SUCCESS

From BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

THE studio chiefs at Paramount in Hollywood ordered all their young players to go to see Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester in "The Beachcomber," and then made them re-enact scenes from it afterwards.

Perhaps there ought to be a R.S.P.C. to Actors after that! It's hard to think of any greater test for youngsters than copying Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laughton in superb character roles.

Laughton has one of the parts of his life as Ginger Ted, a beachcomber whose behaviour is the scandal of a Dutch island in the Pacific.

His wife, Elsa Lanchester, plays the militant sister of a righteous missionary, Tyrone Guthrie.

This pair seem to have solved all the difficulties of having successful separate stage careers and remaining happily married.

Elsa Lanchester is largely responsible for that. Her method is comfortable adjustment to the fact of her husband's more illustrious career, even though she is an actress of enormous reputation on the London stage if not so much on the screen—yet.

The "yet" is added because in "The Beachcomber" Elsa is as good as Charles—and that's good!

No Jealousy

BETWEEN them there is a remarkable attachment combined with great artistic respect. They can act jointly without any undercurrent of rivalry or jealousy.

But Elsa does not feel that she and Charles should constitute a stage team just because they are a domestic one. When a story comes along in which they can be conveniently cast together it's fine. But she doesn't feel shut out or disappointed when he does a play or picture without her.

Elsa went to New York for the premiere of "The Beachcomber," and then did a personal appearance tour in Canada.

Probably there was a natural touch of female pride in her decision to do this. She made such a successful job of being a forbidding creature in the film that it must have been pleasant to demonstrate that she isn't like that.

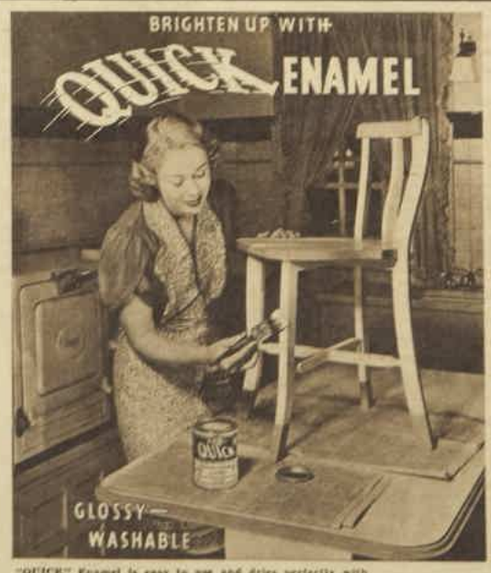
There is a great deal of sincerity—and critical self-judgment, too—in this sprite of a woman who measures up to what might affectionately be termed "half-pint." (She has been called "elfin" so many times she snarls at the word.)

She wasn't entirely pleased about her tour of the Canadian picture theatres. She claims that being called upon to do or say all sorts of impromptu things is hard on stage or screen players, because they are not really impromptu people. They are much more critical, much more concerned with the effect of their appearances than some people imagine.

"We have to study our parts over and over again to get them right," says Elsa, "and, personally, I am impatient with things silly and half-baked, remarks made just for something to say."

In a summing-up of "The Beachcomber," a London critic said: "Charles Laughton never makes a false step as Ginger Ted. His portrait of the rehabilitated beachcomber is a gem of wit in a philosophical dramatic frame. Brilliant as he is, Elsa Lanchester is his equal as Martha Jones. Her performance, too, is magnificently graduated."

But to Elsa the picture is first and foremost a triumph for her husband, and if there is any reflected glory for her she's happy to accept it graciously. With her it's "Charles Laughton and I" all the time, and—Hollywood luminaries please note—it works!



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SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood

CLARK CABLE and Carole Lombard were married quietly at Kingman (Arizona) on March 30.

Although all Hollywood had been keeping a wary eye on them ever since Gable's divorce was made final early in March, they managed to give everyone the slip, and were married at the home of the Kingman Methodist minister. The only witnesses were the principal of the local high school and his wife.

Bride and groom are now back in Hollywood, having returned the day after the wedding so that Gable could continue work on "Gone With the Wind."

Incidentally, Gable's recently-divorced wife, Mrs. Rhea Gable, is expected to take the marital step again very shortly. Her persistent suitor is Hal Strotz, widower of the former Mrs. Jay Gould.

★ ★ ★

GARBO is still the elusive. Her one brief public appearance in months was a visit to the Walt Disney studios to see the recently completed "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Mickey Mouse feature, for which the music was written by Stokowski.

She has had her dressing-rooms at MGM completely redecorated in a delightful shade of apple-green and white.

★ ★ ★

ISA MIRANDA, Paramount's Italian import, who had to be withdrawn from the lead in "Zaza" because her English was unintelligible, is making good after all. Working hard at her English lessons, she was given the lead in "Hotel Imperial."

Her work in this film, now completed and ready for release, has so impressed Paramount officials that they have bought another story, "Tempted," for her.

Miss Miranda has now taken out American citizenship papers.

★ ★ ★

MICKEY ROONEY will star with Freddie Bartholomew in "A Yank at Eton," junior edition of "A Yank at Oxford."

Sam Wood will direct. He is now in England, working on "Good-Bye, Mr. Chips," and gathering material for the prep. school picture.

★ ★ ★

JOAN CRAWFORD'S holiday jaunt in New York was rudely interrupted when she received word from Hollywood that her action for divorce against Franchot Tone would not go through unless she herself were present to substantiate the charges.

When her case came up before the Hollywood Court, Judge Scheinman, saying that the courts of California looked with disfavor upon "proxy divorces," refused to listen to her depositions, presented by her lawyer, and postponed the case.

Word came to a cabaret as Crawford was enjoying an evening dining and dancing with her husband, as a farewell. She instantly made arrangements to return to Hollywood.

★ ★ ★

JEANETTE MACDONALD is preparing for a concert tour through the United States. Owing to financial differences she has not yet renewed her contract with MGM.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer.

★★★ THE CITADEL

(Week's Best Release.)

Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell, Ralph Richardson. (MGM.)

POWERFUL and vivid drama from A. J. Cronin's famous novel, "The Citadel" goes among the finest films of the year.

Its hero is a young doctor who serves his apprenticeship in the rain-swept mining valleys of South Wales; who, worn out in the struggle against bureaucracy, turns to London; who is led into the glassily smooth paths of a Mayfair practice, pandering to spoilt women; who, through a double tragedy, is shocked back into the crusading spirit of his profession.

This bald outline of the plot gives no gleam of the fine feeling, the integrity, and the human excitement in the picture. Unforgettable are the colliery disaster, and the scene in which the life of a miner's baby is saved. It is lit by genial and shrewd humor; and its drama, even when sombre, never slips over into emotionalism.

As acted by Robert Donat the young doctor becomes one of the memorable figures of the screen—and the supporting cast is extraordinarily fine. Rosalind Russell, as Donat's schoolteacher wife, who loathes his London decay; Ralph Richardson as the brilliant failure Dr. Denny, from the mining valleys; and a host of vividly alert minor players—minor in role but not in talent—make "The Citadel" great.

The picture was filmed in England, with English producer, nearly all-English cast, and that sensitive American director, King Vidor. Production and atmospheric settings are of a standard worthy of the film itself—unusually distinguished.—St. James; showing.

★★ STABLEMATES

Mickey Rooney, Wallace Beery. (MGM.)

ANOTHER big triumph for juvenile Mickey Rooney and a smaller one for veteran Wallace Beery.

Both these players, by their humor and realistic portrayals, infuse a frankly sentimental story with a rare humanity. But Rooney, completely at home in his part, adds his own glowing personality.

The story deals with the moral regeneration of a down-at-heels ex-veterinary surgeon through his affection for an orphan stable boy. Mickey is this worthy lad, who becomes the owner of the horse he has been caring for, after saving it from being destroyed.

He learns from Beery that the horse is suffering from a tumor on the foot, persuades him to operate, to save the animal pain. The operation serves its humanitarian purpose, and incidentally makes the horse a world-beater on the track.

Mickey's ride to victory provides a satisfactory conclusion, and a really exciting moment in the film.

From the point of characterisation one might question the swift and all too complete regeneration of Beery. Beery, too, at his most repulsive, gives a drabness to the film.—State; showing.

★★ KENTUCKY

Loretta Young, Richard Greene. (20th Century-Fox.)

THIS exhilarating story of family feud and horseracing in the "bluegrass" country of Kentucky makes splendid entertainment.

No lover of thoroughbreds and of the racetrack can fail to be thrilled by the film—for its technicolor brings out the beauty of the horses, and keys up the actual running of the Kentucky Derby to the highest pitch of excitement.

Racing scenes and stable scenes are among the best ever filmed.

Romance in "Kentucky" is handled by that good-looking pair, Loretta Young and Richard Greene. Last representatives of their families they end—through their mutual love of horses—a feud that has gone on since Civil war days. Indeed, Richard makes it possible for Loretta to lead in a Kentucky Derby winner—carrying the colors of her family's once magnificent racing string.

But the human interest in the film is really stolen by Walter Brennan. His portrait of Loretta's cantankerous and lovable old Uncle Peter has already received the Academy award for the best supporting actor's performance of the year.—Regent; showing.

★★ MR. CHEDWORTH STEPS OUT

Cecil Kellaway, Jean Hatton, James Raglan. (Cinesound.)

CONGRATULATIONS to Cinesound on this outstanding Australian production. Director Ken Hall must take a bow—and, were he here to take the calls, Cecil Kellaway himself would be quite worn out with bowing.

For "Mr. Chedworth Steps Out" is Kellaway's film.

Kellaway is here more than a comedian—he is a character actor of moving pathos, too. For, surprising change, the plot has more than its share of downright drama.

He is sacked from his job: he is grudgingly given employment as warehouse caretaker—but it is here, wandering about, that Chedworth comes upon the huge sum of counterfeit money which changes the course of his life.

Before Mr. Chedworth straightens out his complicated financial deals there is some fairly raw excitement in his brush with the crooks who made that money.

Alternating with Kellaway's own particular brand of slyly mellow humor, this melodrama is kept in step by the film's sound direction.

Youngster Jean Hatton, who possesses a charming lyric soprano, is awkwardly engaging as Kellaway's youngest daughter. Her uneasiness at the camera soon disappears, and she becomes a happily natural child.

You can go along to see "Mr. Chedworth" without any reservations concerning "Australian films." By any standards it is lively entertainment.—Lyceum; showing.

★ ZAZA

Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall. (Paramount.)

IN the title role of this spangled melodrama, Claudette Colbert is utterly captivating. She is playing an unusual character, since "Zaza" is a temperamental, moody spitfire of the French music halls. But, whether sparkling or sorrowing—and she has to do a lot of sorrowing before the film is through—Claudette is fine.

The same cannot be said for co-star Herbert Marshall. His performance is as starched as his 1900 linen.

Story of "Zaza" is gay to commence with, but plunges into sob-stuff half-way through. Claudette deserts her manager and partner for a man who she finds is married. She renounces her love, on behalf of his wife and child, and then returns to the stage, to become the toast of Paris.

For those who prefer their entertainment dry-eyed, "Zaza" holds the compensation of some magnificently robust acting—from Helen Westley, Bert Lahr, and Constance Collier.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ FLIRTING WITH FATE

Joe E. Brown, Leo Carrillo. (MGM.)

NOT even the wide mouth and comic facial contortions of Joe E. Brown make this film entertaining.

He has the role of manager of an out-of-work vaudeville troupe touring South America, who decides to commit suicide so that they can benefit from his life insurance. In making sundry unsuccessful attempts he struggles through a mire of time-worn comedy situations, always doing the wrong things to irritate the same people.

Leo Carrillo as a bandit-leader gives his usual full-blood characterisation.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

- ★★★ **Pygmalion.** Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 18th week.
- ★★ **The Great Waltz.** Musical biography. Liberty, 18th week.
- ★★ **Trade Winds.** Entertaining mystery, plus travel adventure for Joan Bennett, Fredric March. Embassy, 3rd week.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.
★ One star—average entertainment
★★ Two stars—above average
★★★ Three stars—excellent

★ IN OLD MEXICO

William Boyd. (Paramount.)

THIS Hopalong Cassidy adventure could be regarded as a sequel—if a sequel can appear on a screen a year after its first instalment.

In other words, "In Old Mexico," carries on a Cassidy episode which commenced in "Bordertown," made twelve months ago. Hoppy goes over the Mexican border to save some old cattle-ranching friends from the banditry of a gentleman called "The Fox."

In the course of this rescue-effort, Hoppy brings down upon himself the scorn of his friends, makes love to a lady who is secretly spying for the bandit gang, and — assisted by Windy and Lucky—gives Western fans another helping of rousing action entertainment.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

We feel just like a three-year-old who has returned home from an eventful day at the zoo!

★ ★ ★

You know how much there is to tell, and the three-year-old wants to tell it all at once, and gets all mixed up talking as fast as the mind is thinking, and he doesn't know where to begin because everything there is to say is so very important, and there's so little time to say it all before bed-time, and . . .

★ ★ ★

Well, that's the way it is with us at *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!* There are so many new pictures to talk about, and ALL of them important . . . important to us because they are our latest production masterpieces, and important to you because they will soon form a goodly portion of your year's entertainment.

★ ★ ★

We've just got *"Boys Town"* and *"Sweethearts"* and *"Marie Antoinette"* and *"The Great Waltz"* and *"Out West With the Hardys"* and *"The Shining Hour"* and *"Young Dr. Kildare"* and *"Listen, Darling"* and *"Stand Up and Fight"* swinging along! And now comes . . .

★ ★ ★

We feel just like the three-year-old who has too much to tell. We don't know where to begin . . . Coming along now from *M-G-M* are *Robert Donat* and *Rosalind Russell* in the year's finest drama, "THE CITADEL" . . . *Wallace Beery* and *Mickey Rooney* in a horse-racing classic, "STABLEMATES" . . . *Joe E. Brown* in his latest and laughingest comedy, "FLIRTING WITH FATE" . . . the singing, swinging M-G-Musicalulu—spectacular, uproarious "HONOLULU" with *Eleanor Powell, Robert Young, Burns and Allen* . . .

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Etiquette ... *By Mrs. Massey Lyon*

FOR instance, the wives and daughters of officers in the Royal Navy, the Army and Air Force have the position which entitles them to presentation at Court, other things being equal.

But in the junior ranks or unimportant sections they would not, without some additional reason, usually consider themselves justified in making application.

On the other hand, the wife of a public servant or officer in one of the services receiving an important appointment would be presented, no matter how insignificant in worldly position she had been before.

The officer himself is in a different category. He will often be presented or attend levees when his womenfolk would not think of doing so at a Court.

He is merely paying homage as is his right, not seeking to establish a social position, and he can do this without incurring any expense, as he wears the full dress uniform of his rank.

With women the question assumes quite another aspect. For those of very limited resources comparatively considerable expense is involved, while the corresponding advantages conferred will, in the very nature of things, be dead letters.

So that, now as always, though the right is there, the good sense or desirability of exercising it depends on individual circumstance.

The same consideration of money or personal position provides the determining factor in the case of wives and daughters of those in the higher ranks of the legal, medical and other professions, as well as of those in the higher grades in the world of commerce.

To members of the aristocracy and of the landed gentry or county families, presentation is such an accepted procedure as to become virtually a duty.

They, by prescriptive right of birth, belong to the immediate circle of the Court.

The same may be said of the wives of Cabinet Ministers, of those in diplomacy, or holding important positions in offices of the Crown whether at home or abroad.

Members of Parliament obtain similar privileges for their wives and daughters, though whether they are exercised depends, as in the cases I have suggested, upon individual considerations.

"Entree" to Court

CERTAIN people possess what is known as "the entree," which gives them certain privileges, notably on the occasion of a Court.

These are the Ambassadors and their wives with other members of the diplomatic circle, Cabinet Ministers and their wives, those who hold important posts under the Colonial Office, such as Governors and Colonial Secretaries, when they are at home, and members of the Royal Households.

They have the right of entering the Palace by a special entrance—that facing Buckingham Gate—and, on the occasion of Courts, to enter by a private staircase the apartment reserved for them next to the Picture Gallery, through which approach to the Presence Chamber is made.

Those possessing the entree are received by Their Majesties before the general circle, and make their presentation in the same special manner.

Members of the Royal Family attending the Court enter by the entrance leading to the private apartments, and assemble in one of the rooms, to be greeted by the King and Queen before the ceremony begins, and form their part of the Royal Procession to the Throne Room.

Members of the general circle drive to the entrance of the Palace giving access to the Grand Staircase, at which the Gentlemen at Arms and other functionaries are on duty.

Approach can be made only in private carriages or cars, for which precise arrangements are made and announced in the daily Press. Plenty of time must be allowed, for progress anywhere near the Palace is very slow, and wherever Royalty is in question strict punctuality must be observed.

Arrived at the Palace, and having divested oneself of wraps, the ascent of the Grand Staircase is made, and early-comers proceed through the beautiful rooms, with their silken panellings in various delicate tones, their fine pictures and exquisite paintings and furniture (in one of the smaller of which a band, usually of one of the Guards Regiments, is stationed), perhaps to wait in the Throne Room itself, or on coming later in the White Drawing-room.

When the latter is comfortably full, a Gentleman of the Court directs those arriving to the room behind, and so on, room behind room, so that there is no overcrowding. Chairs and special gilt benches are provided for the occasion.

Meeting Friends

AS a rule, arrangements are made to meet friends who are attending, so that little groups and parties are formed, and pass the time of waiting, always an interesting one in such a charming setting, in pleasant fashion.

Every lady present, whether making presentations, being presented, or merely attending the Court, passes through the Throne Room, making her obeisance to her Sovereigns.

After members of the special circle have been received and made their presentations, those of the general circle move forward through the apartments into the Picture Gallery—next to the Presence Chamber—and pass across the top of it under the guidance of the Gentlemen of the Court and ushers. Then it is that their trains, hitherto held up over their arms, are let down, and spread out by the pages with a few deft movements of their wands.

The card is given up at the entrance to the Presence Chamber itself, and passed from one to another of the Gentlemen in attendance standing on the right of the King, till it reaches the Lord Chamberlain, who announces the name in a low voice to Their Majesties.

The King and Queen are each seated, the members of the Royal Family attending standing on their left and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Attendance behind.

The debutante, advancing, makes a low curtsy to the King, who acknowledges it with a bow, and, passing on a few steps, a similar one to the Queen, who also bows in acknowledgment. She then passes, walking backwards, from the Presence.

Naturally, on an occasion of such importance, nothing can be left to chance, and it is usual either for some friend to rehearse the scene several times with the debutante, or for some lessons to be taken.

It must be noticed on these occasions curtsies are only made to the King and Queen, not to other members of the Royal Family, and that they are acknowledged only with a bow.

Once passed from the Presence Chamber into the general circle again, the occasion resolves itself into one of the most delightful of Royal parties and an altogether memorable event.

Apart from the actual question of presenting or being presented, those of sufficient importance in the worlds of society and of affairs naturally seek the privilege of attending a Court from time to time.

For this, application must be made to the Lord Chamberlain in the same way as for making a presentation, and permission is granted as circumstances permit, while some of outstanding distinction receive commands for such attendance without request being made.

Obviously a privilege such as this is desired by so many people that it cannot be accorded constantly unless some exceptional circumstance warrants it.

Until recently, too, a rule was honored which prevented application for such attendance being made more often than once in every three years, as in the case of making a presentation; but the pressure in demands after the long years of war has now lessened, so that greater latitude in this direction obtains.

Courts are functions for the presentation of girls and women. Men have their opportunity at the levees held by the King for the purpose in the Throne Room of St. James' Palace.

Those, however, who have been themselves duly presented in this way may escort their wives and daughters to a Court, if application

Continued from Page 33.

to do so has been made by the lady concerned when she applies for her own permission.

It will be seen, therefore, that everything hinges on this important woman; she may have three or four applications to make—for herself, her husband, for the daughter or other person she is going to present; or it may be only for herself to attend, and for her husband.

It is important that the applications should be made together, for, once the summonses are issued, it is only in very exceptional circumstances that the summons card can be amended to include a lady's husband.

A gentleman on such occasions wears the full dress uniform of his rank, or the Court dress prescribed.

Rules for Dress

THE dress worn by ladies at Court is strictly regulated by authority.

The three-and-a-half-yard long train, heavily padded and lined, has now given place—after several recent modifications—to one not exceeding two yards in length, which must not extend more than 18 inches from the heel of the wearer when standing.

Trains to-day are frequently as light and delicate as their predecessors were heavy and cumbrous.

The dress to which the train gives the final characteristic touch is just the ordinary evening gown, and no regulations are issued either with regard to its coloring or design.

The first orders on the restoration of Courts after the war prescribed short sleeves, and skirts not more than five inches from the ground, but such details are now left to the good sense of the wearer.

Similarly, no rules as to color now obtain, so that instead of the debutante being obliged to wear white, she may now appear in deep ivory tone, which often proves so much more becoming, or in any of the delicate shades through the gamut of which evening frocks for girls run their pretty progress.

Soft silks and crepes and satins delicately embroidered, ephemeral georgettes, chiffons and tulles, often mounted over gleaming tissues of gold or silver and adorned with traceries of metal threads, with flowers or ostrich feather fronds, form favorite schemes, the important train depending from the decolletage at the back.

For older women the choice often falls on exquisite metal tissues or brocades, or silken fabrics of deeper, richer tones than those of girlish wearers, with trains of brocade or softest velvet emphasising the color scheme or providing artistic contrast.

Please turn to Page 45

Why put up with morning headaches?

If you have good reason to expect a headache in the morning because the day has been trying or because you have been a little over-indulgent, make no mistake about forestalling that bilious, "morning-after" feeling. Take a glass of Andrews Liver Salt **at bedtime**, and again **in the morning**.
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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

ARIANS are confident to the point of rashness; independent to the point of foolishness; and develop defiance to the point of losing their self-control.

MANY Aries-born people (those with birthdays between March 21 and April 21), are very secretive, although they will indignantly and sincerely deny it.

It is all a matter of opinion. Friends and associates know that they possess this secretive element in their make-up, despite that during 90 per cent. of their days they are exceptionally frank.

All the same, close associates know that Arians never tell them everything. Also that, if they decide that a matter is not to be talked about, no amount of inducement will change the decision.

It boils down to this—that what the rest of the world terms secretiveness, Arians regard merely as "minding their own business."

If they really want you to know something they'll tell you, no matter how much it may upset you.

But it should never be forgotten that they possess that other cloak of personality—the one which instinctively hides many personal secrets or the confidences of others under the guise of an open, cheerful manner, and a certain degree of abrupt independence.

Act Before They Think

STRANGELY enough, there is still another side to the Arian nature. They have a habit of "butting" into some matter in which they are not wanted, or of "letting the cat out of the bag" through impulse, rashness, impatience, or lack of forethought or consideration for others. They speak before they think, and in trying to cover up their mistake often make matters worse.

They are just the same when it comes to physical action. The majority of them can give proof of this impetuosity, in the form of cuts, scars or lumps on the hands or face. They act first and consider the wisdom of the action afterwards.

As a result they do some of the silliest things in the world. But they also do some of the bravest.

In an emergency, one or more Arians will usually be found directing affairs, or turning chaos into order.

They make good bosses, but rather poor "under-dogs." They want to lead and pioneer. They will assume full responsibility quite cheerfully, no matter how little they know of the matter.

And because of their quick wits and common sense, their practicality and forthrightness, and their willingness to work and fight hard, they earn the support of those behind them, and often win through to success.

Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It can prove interesting:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be sure to start some new ventures on April 18 and 19. Seek advancement of some kind.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Plan well and be ready to start new and important matters this week and next. April 20 and 21 can produce good results for hard-working Taurians. Chase opportunities.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 22): Fair for you on April 22.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Affairs take a turn for the better soon, but continue to live cautiously this week, especially on April 18 and 19. Avoid changes, arguments, delays, upsets and worries.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be sure to get all important matters in hand before the week grows old. Make the most of April 18 and 19, for good results can follow wisdom and hard work then. Finalise matters.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be your systematic self, and have your plans all ready to carry out for April 20 and 21 may produce opportunities for wide-awake Virgoans. If they seem shy, then make opportunities for yourselves. Be confident and enthusiastic, especially on April 21.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Things take a slight turn for the better soon. Meanwhile continue to live quietly, avoiding dissension, loss, partings and trouble, on April 18 and 19.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Don't let the grass grow under your feet at this time, for important matters not started by (or on) April 15 and 17 may prove difficult later on. Also finalise all outstanding matters then. Be extremely cautious on April 20 and 21. Avoid losses.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): You have a few days at this time of the year in which to promote your own interests. Go after things on April 18 and 19; luck should favor you then.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Your clouds begin to have silver linings very soon. Meanwhile continue to live cautiously, especially on April 18 and 19. Take no risks and avoid all changes and arguments. Difficulties likely.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Finalise important matters, for difficulties are possible in the near future. Turn April 18 and 19 to good account, but live with great caution on April 20 and 21, and make no changes then.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): April 18, 19 and 17 just fair for you. Go ahead with unexciting tasks; systematise your affairs.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on Astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Etiquette

Continued from Page 44

POSSESSORS of rare old lace have an opportunity to display it, and lace trains, sometimes mounted on the softest metal tissues, are as fashionable as they are beautiful.

But whatever dress may be chosen, the regulation veil and feathers must be worn. This veil is of white tulle, not more than forty-five inches long, and falls from three small white ostrich feathers, mounted like the Prince of Wales' plumes, with the centre one a little higher than its fellows, and worn slightly on the left side. The only exception in regard to this is in the case of deep mourning, when black may replace the white.

With this head-dress a jewelled band, wreath of flowers, or other girlish adornment may be worn, while older wearers naturally don tiaras or any other jewelled ornaments they may possess.

Other jewels for debutantes resolve themselves into the string of pearls or similar youthful necklace, while the occasion is obviously one for their elders to exploit their full panoply of jewels.

There are no definite regulations either as to the color of gloves worn, or the use of bouquet or fan, though custom prescribes white or very pale-toned gloves always where Royalty is concerned, except in the case of mourning, and bouquets add so much the decorative character of the dress that they are generally carried.

The new regulations issued after the war permitted fans as an alternative to bouquets, and decorative feather fans are still chosen sometimes in place of flowers.

Presentation at Court, the birthright of women of exalted station, sets the social imprimatur on those of lesser degree; and this carries with it certain advantages and privileges.

Admittance to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, for instance, is only possible for those who have been presented.

The doors of foreign Courts and their circles are thrown open, and the same distinctive seal gains immediate entry to the Courts held by representatives of the King in the Dominions throughout the world.

NEXT WEEK—

WHAT would you wear, what would you see, if you were invited to a Royal garden party?

How would you behave if the King or Queen singled you out for a few minutes' conversation?

Mrs. Massey Lyon answers these questions in the next instalment of her book.

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No need to worry about your hands when you wash with the New Rinso. There's positively nothing in these New Rinso suds to affect the most sensitive skin.

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"My last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' was published by 'Table Talk.' I received £6/19/6 for it."

"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smiths' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/15/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by 3LO and broadcast by the A.B.C."

"'The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/18/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/12/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

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Dept. 127/D, Postbox 19, Scheveningen, Holland.

Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 6

SHE watched Honor limping about; enjoying her cold chicken and weak tea; gossiped pleasantly of family matters; dozed.

When the family came glowing and weary in from the dark night it was to give depressing reports from darling old Uncle Kent. He really was terribly broken and sad, and Mattie, as everyone knew, was not much company.

"She spoils him, of course," Adeline said, "but she isn't strong on conversation."

"He ought to move into town," Tom said, as various cousins and aunts began to scramble together a Sunday supper of poached eggs and coffee. "But he won't. He's got his laboratory there, and his dark rooms and all the rest of it. And then there are the Furys. He's got to be there to find jobs for all the Furys as they come along. He's got about seven of 'em working for him, and two kids were clearing the creek——"

"Hugh go?" Honor asked, as Tom stopped to push up chairs to the table.

"Yep. But he had to go right back to the Walburga. But you saw him?"

"Last night for a minute."

"Oh, and Uncle Kent sent you a letter, Hon!" This was Adeline, suddenly remembering. She gave Honor a bulky envelope. "I'll bet it's a cheque," she said hopefully.

Honor opened it under more than one pair of interested eyes.

"It is a cheque," she said, touched. "Ah, isn't he kind! And a sealed letter——" Her voice fell into puzzlement. "There's a little letter inside," she said. "It's marked 'Read when alone.'" Honor went on, laughing. "So I'll have to keep you all waiting until to-morrow."

She tucked it away in a wrapper pocket. It was several hours later, when Adeline, wearied with last clearing up and locking up and the happy strain of the long day, came into their bedroom, that she spoke of it.

"Adeline, isn't it strange? Uncle Kent wants me to go down and live with him at Los Gatos.'

"Oh, perish the thought!" Adeline said promptly. "Poor old darling, I can understand it! But you'd die of loneliness. He never speaks until evening and Mattie never speaks at all. What a crazy idea!"

"He'd pay me," Honor said slowly, thoughtfully.

A thousand dollars a minute wouldn't pay you," Adeline opined.

"He offers a hundred a month."

For the first time the younger sister looked concerned.

"Hon, you wouldn't think of it!"

"Twelve hundred a year for doing nothing," Honor said dreamily. "He says in this letter that it is perhaps the one way I can be independent. He says we can try it at least. He adores those mountains of his, you know; he thinks everyone does. He says Chess Fury will drive me into town once a month for three days at home."

She was still speaking absently, as if her thoughts were far away.

"But, darling, if it's hard for you to sit here with all of us coming and going," Adeline argued, stupefied at the mere idea, "think what it would be there, with a crack-brained old servant, Uncle Kent busy in his laboratory all the time, and the Furys! Why, Hon, you'd go stark out of your mind. Tom will think it's crazy!"

"Twelve hundred a year," Honor murmured, as if half to herself.

"Money isn't everything!" Adeline said indignantly.

"No, of course not. And it isn't really the money, Adeline," Honor said, rousing to a more animated manner. "It's—— Yes, I'm going."

Adeline knew that tone. When she spoke it was on the same eager note of protest that she had used before; but she knew Honor would go, and in her heart was amazed and ashamed to feel a sudden uprush of satisfaction that Honor should go. Adeline loved her sister, or had loved the girl who once had been her wonderful, capable, inspiring sister, with all her heart. But the new Honor was not like the old. There was a heaviness, a burden in the necessity to cheer her, to encourage her, to endure her moods of bitterness and desolation. "Even if it was only for a few weeks," Adeline thought.

"It'll be horribly cold down there, Honor," she began.

"They have stoves."

"But you'll be so lonely!"

"I'll have books: I'm going to take time, thinking about it, Adeline," Honor said, "but I think—I think I'll go. I can't tell you why I want to, but I—quite suddenly, I believe I most terribly want to go! It's because it'd be my life, Addy, no matter how hard it is. Mine, I mean, not what you and Aunt Lucie and Grandma and all the others give me out of yours. I'd be—alive again, I think, playing cribbage with Uncle Kent, and reading Shakespeare. And German. I'd begin that again. And maybe—poetry again. Remember my poetry that Mother used to keep? Nobody'd pity me because nobody'd know anything about me. I'd—drop out."

Adeline stood in the plain little bedroom, her undressing arrested. Tears came to her eyes.

"I don't want you to drop out, Hon," she said, with trembling lips. And suddenly she was on her knees beside the bed, her arms about her sister. Honor spoke smilingly, but she felt the acid sting of tears at the back of her own eyes.

"I'll see you often, you know. Somebody comes down almost every Sunday, if only for the steaks! And Uncle Kent won't expect much of me, because Aunt Sue was bedridden for seventeen years. He only wants company, and a hundred a month is good pay for that."

"I think it's all nonsense," Adeline said. But she said it without conviction, and Honor caught the significance of the tone, faint though it was. She felt a quick pinprick of humiliation, and surprisingly a new uprush of strange stoic strength that faced and accepted it.

WELL, she could escape. She could escape to a wide lonely mountain-top where no one would find her, and where she would gradually be forgotten. And after ten years she would have twelve thousand dollars in the bank, and after twenty years twenty-four thousand, and she need never be dependent again.

"You're not listening!" Adeline was saying.

"No; I'm not listening." Her tone was apologetic, but it had in it, too, the first hope that had stirred there for many weary weeks. "But I think I'm going to be glad to go," she said.

"Honor, you'll not ever see Paul Cartwright there." Adeline reminded her. "And he was so nice, that evening—you know, last Thursday evening, when he came in."

"Yes. I know." The other girl spoke quietly, dreamily. "He came on Thursday evening," she thought, "but he knew on Sunday. He knew on Sunday and he came to see me on Thursday. And I had been dozing and was all spotty and shiny, and had my horrible old kimono on. And onions were boiling in the kitchen. There was a time when he would have come on Sunday; he would have come the moment he heard about it! He would have — got me out, somehow. But now he could wait four days; I suppose he was in town those four days——"

"Anyway," she said aloud to Adeline, conscious suddenly of a silence, "we don't have to settle it now."

But in her heart it was already settled.

The day before she went away Honor telephoned to Paul.

She did it because she could not help doing it; because the possibility of doing it, the simplicity with which she might reach him had haunted her for days; had flowed like an undercurrent to all her thoughts.

First it had been only a quick little stab of desire. "I could telephone him. Why not? We're friends. Friends are telephoning each other all the time. Aunt Lucie's going to be away Saturday afternoon at the bazaar. He doesn't have to come if he doesn't want to."

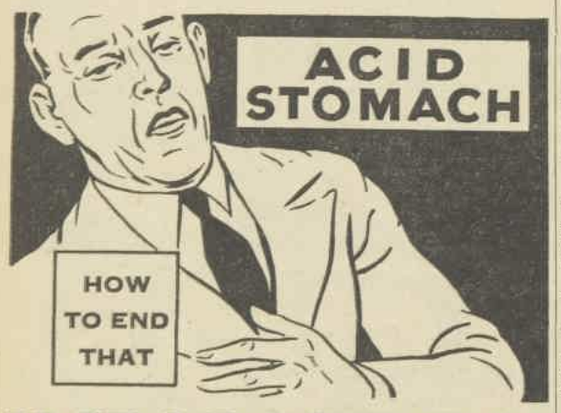
Then it grew to an obsessing idea. When should she telephone, what should she say? She was going away to silence and solitude on Sunday, but she could not go without seeing Paul once again.

She awaited her opportunity. It was at about ten o'clock on Saturday morning when she telephoned him. There was a pause after the office answered, a pause in which her heart beat fast. Then Paul's voice came, cheerful and breezy.

Please turn to Page 52

GIRLIGAGS

IT doesn't take a new car owner long to realise that it's the car salesman and not the car that doesn't run out of gas.



INDIGESTION

"Don't tell me how I suffer" (that the victim of indigestion knows only too well.) "Tell me how to end these griping, after-meal pains." The most certain way to quick relief is to start with De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion at once. One dose brings this relief. The irritated, inflamed digestive organs are soothed, and acidity neutralised. After continuing for a few days you are eating what you like and enjoying it.

Read these reports and be convinced that at last there is indeed a quick-action remedy for all forms of digestive trouble.

Unbearable Stomach Pains Ended.

"I suffered terribly with chronic indigestion for years. My trouble was vomiting, heartburn and unbearable stomach pains. I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder and within a week I was quite well again."—Mr. V. E. Willis.

Heartburn, Relief after One Dose.

"I have been suffering for some time from heartburn and sour acid stomach. I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder and had relief from the first dose."

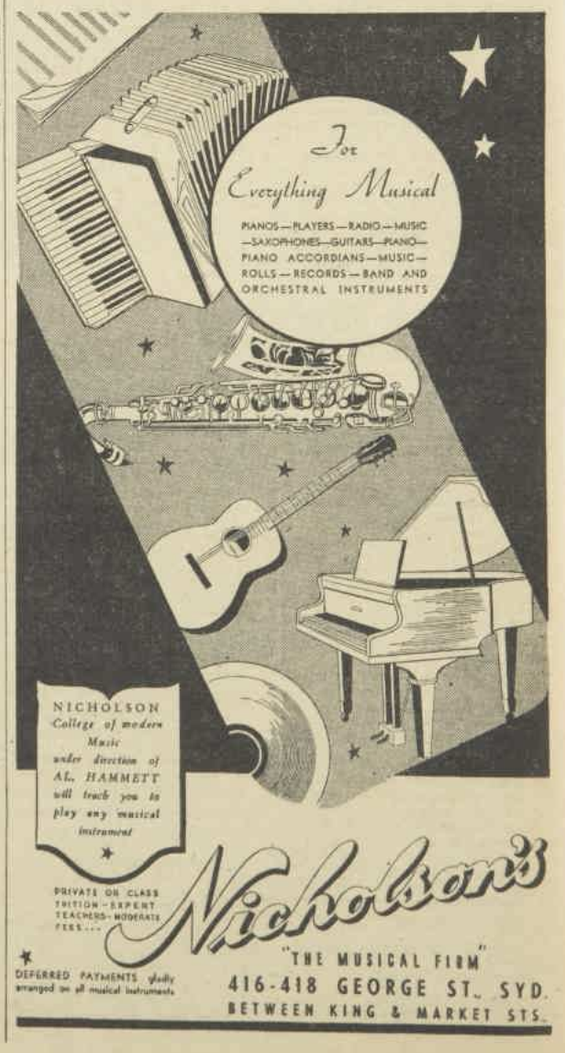
Mr. E. J. Erskine.

De Witt's Antacid Powder provides almost instantaneous relief from indigestion because it neutralises acidity, protects the delicate lining of the digestive organs and actually helps to digest the food you eat.

Don't go in fear of mealtimes another day. Let De Witt's Antacid Powder get to work on *your* indigestion now. Your digestive system will quickly become healthy and well regulated. Your stomach will be able to digest your food with ease. Mealtime will be a pleasure and life will be worth living. Get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day and then you will eat what you like and enjoy it.

DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in sky-blue canisters, 2/6.



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Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

NEW BUS SERVICE

ONE cold, windy day, an American and his wife left a tramway shelter shed, where they had been seated, and approached a bus, in which I was waiting, at the terminus. They asked the conductor how long the bus stayed there, and were told fifteen minutes.

They got in, produced a thermos flask of coffee and some sandwiches, and had a cosy little lunch.

Having finished the meal they got out of the bus, returned to the tramway shelter, and boarded the next tram.

10/6 to Mrs. M. C. Murray, Railway St., Liverpool, N.S.W.

HER PARCEL DEPOT

AT the Adelaide railway station recently I saw an elderly woman arrive loaded with parcels.

Suddenly she walked over to a policeman standing on the side of the road, placed her parcels behind him near a wall and then crossed the street and entered a store, apparently to make another purchase.

In a few minutes she was back, collected her parcels, thanked the policeman, and left to catch her train.

2/6 to Miss M. Bell, George St., Stepney, S.A.

BASE INGRATITUDE!

WHILE I was spending a holiday with an aunt in the country a group of young people, obviously hiking, came along as a storm broke.

As there was no other shelter for nearly a mile, my aunt asked them if they would care to wait on the verandah. They accepted willingly.

We were busy at the time, but came out as soon as the storm had passed, to find that our erstwhile visitors had carved their names rather conspicuously all over the verandah chairs!

2/6 to Miss Rosalind Sheraton, Edmundstone St., South Brisbane.

INNOCENTS ABROAD

MY husband and I were strangers to Sydney, and to visit some friends we used to walk some distance to Milson's Point Station, travel by train for two stations, and then walk back to their home.

One day I was looking out one of their back windows when I thought the house in the next street looked familiar. Investigation showed that we lived directly behind in the next street.

2/6 to Mrs. J. Mitchell, Mary St., Pennington, Adelaide.

WELL ANCHORED

ONE very cold winter day a party staying at a popular fishing resort decided to hire a rowing boat and do some fishing.

On reaching the fishing ground I prepared to throw the anchor overboard, when one of the party suggested that I "stand up and heave it over." I stood up, overbalanced, and fell into the water, still clinging to the anchor.

When I collected my wits sufficiently to let the anchor go, I rose to the surface and was lifted aboard, a little wiser in the art of "dropping the anchor."

2/6 to Miss I. M. Alexander, Waterloo, Yandaran, Qld.

LUCKY ESCAPE

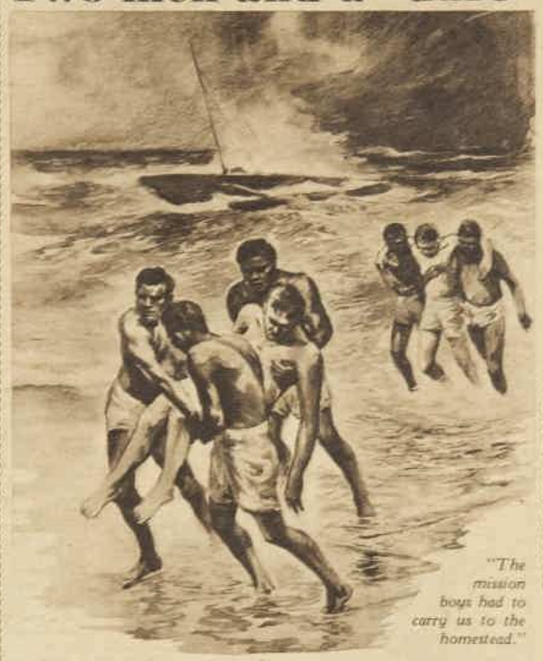
THREE years ago I went to Townsville (Queensland) in search of work. The first night I decided to camp in a deep sandy creek and being tired I turned in before dusk.

At eight o'clock a swagman looked down and awakened me by shouting: "Hey, mate, if you stay there much longer there will be nothing left of you but your trouser buttons."

I was sleeping in a notorious crocodile creek, where these savage saurians came out in numbers when darkness fell.

2/6 to Ted Shenton, Cowper St., Waverley, N.S.W.

"Two men and a "dare"



"The mission boys had to carry us to the homestead."

Hazardous trip from Papua in a native canoe

NOBODY had ever travelled from Papua to Australia by native canoe, and, having been "dared," Don Marshall and I agreed to undertake the hazardous trip.

Setting sail from a small village near Port Moresby on Thursday, August 26, 1937, we soon struck trouble with the canoe and had to spend four days on a small island eight miles from the mainland.

Two days later a gale sprang up. The canoe began to take in water and we were forced to take turns at the pumps.

By daylight we were exhausted. The water in the small log—there were two logs to the canoe—had us beaten, and when it became submerged it threatened to capsize our craft.

The sea by this time was so rough that we were immersed practically the whole of the time, and to avoid capsizing we threw practically everything overboard.

Ropes tied round our waists and attached to the canoe saved our lives many times, for we were swept off the cranky vessel every now and again.

On Sunday night the sea calmed and we hoisted a small sail. But our position was perilous—drifting in a half-sunken canoe far from the steamer route with a scanty supply of food and water.

By Tuesday morning we were on the point of collapse when we were washed onto a reef. Here we emptied the canoe and dried our clothes, which had been drenched for four days.

A check-up on our food showed that our supplies consisted of two gallons of water, two pounds of biscuits (soaked in salt water), four pounds of rice (also soaked), two tins of condensed milk, and two tins of golden syrup.

After a brief rest we set sail on a south-westerly course, travelling all night and crossing many reefs—fortunately without mishap.

Having thrown all the weighty stuff overboard, we "flew" over the water and often saw rocks and coral only two feet below us.

Just as daylight was breaking on Wednesday morning we saw a light from the Australian coast on our starboard bow. We landed as soon as possible, but had just enough strength to drag the canoe onto the beach.

It was wonderful to stand on land again and after four days' sailing down the coast we found a mission station at Lockhart River.

By this time we were so weak from exposure and lack of food that the mission boys had to carry us to the homestead.

A fortnight later we caught the coastal steamer to Cairns, and from there continued on to Sydney.

£1/1/- to J. F. Laverick, Clarence St., Sydney.

Washed Overboard

ROUNDING Cape Horn in the German four-masted barque Whalema, bound from London to Chili, I had just come on watch at 6 p.m. when a wave washed my feet from under me.

In the seconds that followed I was conscious of floating from rail to rail and knocking against iron and wood; then I was in the open sea.

In a flash another wave drew me back as the water receded, and I found myself jammed in the companion ladder leading to the poop deck.

There the first mate discovered me—unhurt except for a slightly injured arm.

2/6 to G. Peterson, Victoria Rd., Northcote, Vic.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life story each week.

For the best item published under the heading, "Short and Snappy," we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for all other items published on this page.

Real Life stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only. Address letters Real Life Stories, or "Short and Snappy," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of Page 3.

Items submitted for this page cannot be returned.

Twist Saves Life

IT was a hot November morning, and my husband and his workman had gone out with a waggon and four horses to bring in a load of hay.

Suddenly I saw the waggon team careering madly past the house, with the workman running behind.

As my husband was driving homeward the hay had slipped, throwing him down on to the shafts, and a pile of sheaves falling on top of him had frightened the team and caused it to bolt.

Half suffocated, he was tightly pinned on the shafts by the weight of the hay.

But as the team circled round the house he began to shake through the narrow space between the galloping shafters' hocks and the back of the shafts.

Doubled up, he fell under the waggon, the king-pin striking him and breaking three ribs. Contact with the king-pin, however, saved his life, as it twisted him lengthwise, causing his head and feet to miss the heavy wheels, and enabling him to pass out at the back of the waggon without further injury.

2/6 to Mrs. W. L. Harvey, Langborne's Creek, S.A.

It's An Ill Wind . . .

ONE Sunday morning my pal and I went for our regular monthly flight.

For a time we experienced good weather, but soon the visibility became bad and we were forced to fly very low—about 350 feet from the ground.

As the bad weather continued the pilot decided to take the shortest way back to the aerodrome, which meant crossing a river, where the mist hung very low.

The pilot, knowing the dangers of blind flying, dropped to 100 feet and was crossing the river when, on looking out at the water, we saw something drop from under us. It was the left wheel of the plane.

The pilot was informed, and as we approached the aerodrome he lost height gradually. As he came within ten feet of land, he gave the joystick a deft touch, and instantly the plane rose up on one wing while the other wing-tip touched the ground. The plane slewed around and came to rest on the undamaged wheel and the stub of the other axle.

But for the poor visibility and flying over the river we might not have noticed the missing wheel, and no doubt a dreadful accident would have resulted.

2/6 to K. Moroney, Elizabeth St., Rosalie, Qld.

"To wearing woolies I'm now reconciled,"
Said frivolous Jean, who cold weather reviled,
"My waist looks so slim—
"And my hips are quite trim,
"For Woolies by Kayser are expertly styled!"

Snug and cosy. Smooth fitting and warm. Bewitchery in wool.

Vests from 2/11 Knickers from 3/11.

Vest and Knickers illustrated. 4/11 each garment.

"I insist on KAYSER Woolies." W. 2.9.

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GIVE THIS CAKE A NAME!

win £150 IN CASH PRIZES

Anyone can enter!

COMPETITION CLOSES ON MAY 20th

What fun thinking out REALLY good names for the delicious cake pictured! Fun for all the family. Everyone can supply their favorite names and anyone may win the big first prize, or any of the 50 consolation prizes.

Yes! There are fifty-one prizes in all—a grand first prize of £100 cash, and fifty more consolation prizes of £1 each, and you may submit as many entries as you wish. Start thinking up names now and send in as many as you can, following the simple conditions below.

Come on now, and get all the family thinking up names for this glorious cake.

Just to give you a lead, here's a sample entry:

MRS. W. JONES,
MAIN STREET,
ALBURY.

Suggested cake name:

VENETIAN CARNIVAL

And here are some more names—"Mother's Triumph!" "Dad's Reward!" "Honeymoon!"—these of course cannot be used, but you see how simple it is!

You can submit single names or double names—in fact, any names.

MAKE THIS GRAND CAKE YOURSELF

Mrs. E. Frater, winner of the 1937 Australian Women's Weekly Recipe Competition, made this delicious cake, using "Punch," the Perfect Self Raising Flour, and gives you here the recipe so that you too can make this grand cake.

THE RECIPE

One pound butter, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. plain flour, ½lb. "Punch" self-raising flour, 1½lb. sultanas, 1lb. currants, ½lb. seeded raisins, ½lb. glace cherries, 6oz. almonds, 2oz. citron peel, 2 tablespoons orange marmalade, grated rind of 1 orange, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 8 eggs, salt-spoon salt, ¼ cup brandy.

Prepare fruit previous day. Blanch almonds, cut in two lengthwise. Shred citron peel and grate orange and lemon rind. Place all together in basin and pour over lemon juice and brandy. Cover closely till needed. Blend butter and sugar till quite smooth. Add eggs, one at a time, using a little of the weighed and sifted flour to prevent curdling. Add fruit, etc., and flour mixed with salt a little at a time. Have oven tin ready with 4-fold of white paper lining. Pour in mixture, hollow slightly, and bake very slowly 6 hours. When thoroughly cool, wrap well in greaseproof paper and leave for three weeks before cutting.

THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO—

NOW THINK UP THOSE CAKE NAMES

1. First think up the name or names you will enter.
2. Cut the BOTTOM from a carton of "Punch" Perfect Self Raising Flour for EACH entry you send.
3. Write your name and address at the top of a sheet of paper, and below it print the name you suggest for the cake IN BLOCK LETTERS.
   Use a separate sheet for each entry (see sample at left).
   NOTE: If you wish you may get entry forms from your grocer FREE.
4. Enclose your entries, with the bottom of a "Punch" Perfect Self Raising Flour Carton, in an envelope, and post to John Connell & Co., address as below.
   Competition closes May 20th, and all entries must be in before that date.
   SPECIAL NOTE: For every name you submit, you MUST SEND A SEPARATE bottom from A "PUNCH" FLOUR CARTON.
5. The Competition will be judged by Executives of John Connell & Co. Ltd., in conjunction with the Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, and this committee's decision will be final.
6. This competition applies only to New South Wales and Victoria.

Always use "PUNCH," the Perfect Self Raising Flour.

For perfect results from your cooking, use "Punch" the Perfect Self Raising Flour. Test it yourself and you'll find your cakes and scones are lighter, your pastry and biscuits more delicious.

don't delay! **POST YOUR ENTRY TODAY TO**

PUNCH FLOUR

JOHN CONNELL & Co. Ltd.,
355 Kent Street, Sydney
or
JOHN CONNELL & Co. Ltd.,
578 Bourke St., Melbourne, C.1.

CHANGE TO "PUNCH" AND TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!

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How I finally got rid of **SUPERFLUOUS HAIR**.. *after I had tried everything*

Read this AMAZINGLY FRANK CONFESSION

"I simply *dare not* wear a bathing suit. I was so ashamed of that thick growth of ugly hair under my arms and on my legs. I had tried everything to get rid of it. Shaving only made the hair grow faster and coarser. And the various depilatory pastes and powders were so unpleasant and smelly. Then a friend told me that 'Veet' had been entirely changed — that the *New* 'Veet,' latest improved formula, was a dainty, white, sweet-smelling cream. I got a tube at once. To my delight it actually did remove hair in a twinkling. Now my arms and legs are soft, white and velvety-smooth. Sometimes I can hardly believe that ugly hair which caused me so much misery ever existed." Seeing is believing. Make a test of New 'Veet' on your own skin in accordance with directions. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

FREE: By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd., (Dept. 287.T.), 168/172 Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Relief from PILES

Relief is instant and lasting when you apply Rexona Ointment to this painful affliction. Rexona's medications soothe the inflamed tissues, reduce the inflammation and, when a course of mild laxative is also taken, soon effect a complete cure (except in some cases which require surgical treatment). Keep *free* from skin complaints by washing only with Rexona Soap which contains the same medications as the Ointment.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS' OR STORE NOW!

9.223.52

What Women are Doing

HONOR FOR BRILLIANT GIRL CHESS CHAMPION

MISS KINGSTON ponders on the next move

CHAMPION woman chess player of N.S.W., Miss Edna Kingston, of Strathfield, has been selected by the Australian Chess Federation to represent Australia at the women's world chess championship match, which will take place at Buenos Aires, Argentina, in July.

The contest will be held in conjunction with the International chess tournament, in which a team of four men from Australia will compete. It will be the first occasion on which an Australian chess team has been sent abroad to attend an international congress.

Miss Kingston began playing chess eight years ago, and so great was her natural gift for the game that in two years she had won the women's championship of N.S.W.—the only women's tourney held in Australia. Every time she has competed—five times in all—she has won, and at an exhibition several years ago she played twenty-three games simultaneously without losing one.

If sufficient funds can be raised, Miss Kingston will leave with the men's team on May 25, sailing by tramp steamer from New Zealand. The ship will travel to Argentina by way of the Strait of Magellan, near Cape Horn.

❖ ❖ ❖

Victoria's First Woman Master of Surgery

FIRST woman to gain the degree of Master of Surgery in Victoria, Dr. G. C. Hodges is a daughter of Sir Henry Hodges, a former Judge of the Victorian Supreme Court. She qualified at the recent Melbourne University examinations.

A former pupil of the Melbourne Church of England Girls' Grammar School, Dr. Hodges is a brilliant international hockey player. Her position is left wing on the forward line, and she is one of the speediest players in the Victorian Women's Hockey Association.

At Melbourne University she gained an all-Australia Blue for hockey, and since then has represented Victoria nearly every year.

❖ ❖ ❖

Will Help to Choose Women's Cricket Team

AMONG three women recently appointed to select the Australian women's cricket team to meet the English side here this season was Mrs. Ranald Peden, well-known Sydney sportswoman.

Mrs. Ranald Peden

Mrs. Peden, with Miss D. Debnam from Victoria, and Mrs. Miller, from South Australia, who were also appointed as selectors, chose the team for England in 1937.

Secretary of the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association since its foundation in 1929, and secretary of the Australian Women's Cricket Association, Mrs. Peden herself captained the Australian team on several occasions.

The daughter of Sir John Peden, Dean of the Faculty of Law at Sydney University, she is a Bachelor of Arts of that University.

Voluntary Worker For Chinese Hospital

WHILE living in Shanghai, where her husband has been in business for a number of years, Mrs. Guthrie Grant, who left Sydney last week after a six months' holiday, has run the only occupational therapy department established in China. This is attached to the women's voluntary auxiliary of the Lester Chinese Hospital, which is conducted by the London Mission in Shanghai.

"Chinese do not like entering a 'foreign' hospital," said Mrs. Grant, "and only do so as a last resource, or if taken there after an accident. With interesting and colorful handiwork of all descriptions to take their minds off their worries and fears, however, they give little trouble in the wards."

Mrs. Grant was also a member of the charity organisation established by the Shanghai branch of the King's Daughters' Society. This organisation handles all the charity funds of the Municipal Council, as well as those of private bequests, and manages the charity district nursing staff.

"As secretary and treasurer of the clothing committee," said Mrs. Grant, "I was a member of this organisation for some time, and my eyes were opened to the misery of a big city harboring refugees of every type."

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Awarded Medal By French Government

FOR her work in furthering peaceful international relationships, Mrs. T. Thorvaldsen, of Wahroonga (N.S.W.), has been awarded a bronze medal by the French Ministry of Education.

Mrs. Thorvaldsen, for the past eight years, has been conducting an international correspondence scheme as a link between Australian schoolchildren and the children of European nations.

She works on behalf of the Institute of Intellectual Co-operation, which has its headquarters in Paris and bureaus throughout every country of Europe. The objective of the Institute is to establish friendly relations between the nations.

At the beginning of each year a circular letter is sent by Mrs. Thorvaldsen to all schools in Australia where the ages range from 14 to 20.

Any pupil who wishes to correspond with a boy or girl in another country sends in his or her name, with a brief note as to interests and hobbies. From lists available from the bureaus of other lands, Mrs. Thorvaldsen endeavors to get for each a suitable correspondent. Correspondence is conducted in any language chosen by the pupils.

Thus, besides establishing friendly understanding between the youth of all countries, the movement is of considerable educational value.

Mrs. Thorvaldsen began the work in 1932 under the auspices of the League of Nations Union in Victoria. In 1935 she came to Sydney, and she carries on the work throughout Australia from the offices of the Union in Sydney.

❖ ❖ ❖

Representing Sportswomen On State Council

RECENTLY appointed director of senior activities of the Young Women's Christian Association in Victoria, Miss Nell Rawlins has been chosen by members of the Victorian Women's Amateur Sports Council as their representative on the State Physical Fitness Council.

Miss Nell Rawlins

Miss Rawlins had been Director of Physical Education at the Y.W.C.A. for some years, and when a senior department was formed recently to replace separate departments she was placed in charge of it.

A graduate of Bedford Physical Training College, England, she is on the physical education staff of the Melbourne University. Before she came to Australia she represented England in both international hockey and lacrosse matches. She was the founder of the Victorian Women's Lacrosse Association.

❖ ❖ ❖

Melbourne Girl Achieves Success As Novelist

AFTER having spent 12 months abroad, Miss Eleanor Turton, who recently published her first novel, "Virgin Soil," in England, has returned to her home in Melbourne with a contract from a well-known publishing firm to write two more books.

During her year in England Miss Turton completed her education at Farringtons, the famous school in Kent. She studied the violin with Professor W. H. Reed, who was then leader of the London Symphony Orchestra, and who still conducts it for wireless broadcasts, but she gave up music to embark on a literary career.

SICK KIDNEYS CAN BE CURED

For more than sixty years Warner's Safe Cure has been proving to grateful users in almost every country that disorders of kidneys and liver definitely can be cured. There was a time, perhaps, three generations ago, when one might have been sceptical of the large claims made for Warner's Safe Cure. That time is now past. Scepticism has been drowned in a flood of thankful, voluntary testimonials — tangible, black-and-white evidence that Warner's Safe Cure does not only give relief, but actually cures once and for all, disorders of these extremely important organs.

A typical letter came recently from a lady in Birdwood, S.A. She writes: "I have much pleasure in writing you regarding your Warner's Safe Cure. I had been suffering from liver and kidney trouble, and tried all sorts of medicine without much relief. I couldn't sleep at night until a friend of mine told me about Warner's Safe Cure, which I tried. I am pleased to say I am now free of all my trouble and can sleep well at night. I can heartily recommend Warner's Safe Cure to anyone suffering from my complaint."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, biliousness, sleeplessness, etc., are only a few of the many dangerous symptoms that may occur when the body is flooded with harmful poisons from deranged kidneys or liver. The prompt application of a proven remedy is most essential to prevent these symptoms becoming chronic.

Warner's Safe Cure has been thoroughly tried and proven by more than sixty years of constant use. It has been found the cheapest effective remedy by three grateful generations. Warner's Safe Cure may be had at all chemists and stores.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.***

WHO WANTS TO LOOK YOUNG

Amazing Discovery **ENDS LINES**

WOMEN OF 50 CAN LOOK 35

A new precious extract of skin cells—just like the vital elements in a healthy young girl's skin. Discovered by a famous Doctor at the University of Vienna. Obtained by him from carefully selected young animals. This extract, called 'Biocel' is now contained in Crème Tokalon Biocel. Apply it every night. Every minute while you sleep your skin absorbs these vital elements. Every morning when you wake up your skin is clearer, fresher, smoother—YOUNGER. During the day use Crème Tokalon (Vanishing). By this simple treatment any woman can make herself look ten years younger. Have a marvellous skin and complexion of which any young girl would be proud. Successful results positively guaranteed with Tokalon Creams or money refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Make this TEST!

"Every winter had terrible **COLDS!**"

NURSE'S GRATEFUL LETTER

"I want to thank you for the wonderful cough and cold medicine, *Buckley's* CANADIOL Mixture. I bought the first bottle last winter, for the old gentleman I am taking care of, for he has had terrible colds every winter. The first dose helped, and after the third dose cold was gone — it does such quick work." — Mrs. C. Davis.

Don't take chances. For even the most stubborn, racking hang-on cough swiftly yields to the powerful influence of *Buckley's* CANADIOL Mixture *(triple acting)*, the largest selling medicine for coughs, colds and bronchitis in bitterly cold Canada.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT—

Get a 2/3 bottle at any chemist or store.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

See the tin — and get the shine

A little Brasso and a soft cloth gives your brass a richer quality, gives it a brilliant lasting shine. There is only one BRASSO — sold in a tin like this.

Brasso LIQUID METAL POLISH

A Reckitt's Product – Made in Australia

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?

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HOW CAN I FIND A MAID

In Daily Telegraph Classified Want Ads. there are 79 different types of goods and services advertised. No matter what your needs may be,

Daily Telegraph

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? WHERE WILL I HAVE MY HAIR WAVED

? WHEN DOES THAT BOAT SAIL

SEVENTY-NINE DIFFERENT CLASSIFICATIONS

AMUSEMENTS—APARTMENTS, BOARD, RESIDENCE—AUCTION SALES—BIRTHS—BOATS FOR SALE, Etc., BOOKS, PUBLICATIONS, Etc.—BUILDING MATERIALS—BUILDERS AND REPAIRERS—BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS—BUSINESSES FOR SALE OR WANTED—CALLS AND DIVIDENDS ON SHARES, CARRIERS & REMOVALISTS—CASUAL WORK WANTED—CHURCH NOTICES—DANCING — DEATHS — DENTAL NOTICES, DOGS, ANIMALS—CATS—DRESS AND FASHION—EDUCATIONAL—ELECTIONS—ELECTRICAL, WIRELESS, Etc.,—FLORISTS, GARDEN & FARM—FOR EXCHANGE—FOR SALE—FUNERALS—FURNITURE FOR SALE — FURNITURE WANTED—GOVERNMENT NOTICES—GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS—HOUSES & LAND FOR SALE—HOUSES & LAND WANTED—HOTELS AND HOLIDAY RESORTS—HORSES, VEHICLES AND LIVE STOCK—HOSPITALS, REST HOMES, Etc.—IN MEMORIAM—LECTURES—LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS—LOST AND FOUND—MACHINERY—MARRIAGES—MEDICAL, CHEMICALS, Etc.—MEETINGS—MISCELLANEOUS—MONEY, STOCKS, SHARES—MOTOR CYCLES, BICYCLES Etc.—MOTOR TYRES—SUPPLIES—REPAIRS—MUNICIPAL COUNCIL NOTICES—MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—OFFICES TO LET OR WANTED—OPTOMETRICAL NOTICES—PARTNERSHIPS, AGENCIES Etc.—PERSONAL AND FRIENDS SOUGHT—POSITIONS VACANT—POSITIONS WANTED—POULTRY, BIRDS, Etc.—PROFESSIONS, TRADES, Etc.—PUBLIC NOTICES—REAL EST. AUCTION SALES—REFRIGERATION—RELIGIOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS — RESIDENTIAL FLATS — RETURN THANKS—ROLL OF HONOR—SHIPPING—SHOPPERS' NOTEBOOK — SITUATIONS VACANT — SITUATIONS WANTED—SPORT, SPORTING REQUISITES—STAMPS—STATIONS, FARMS & STOCK—TENDERS—TENNIS NOTICES, TO LET (HOUSES, Etc.), TOURIST TRIPS—MOTOR HIRE—TYPEWRITERS—WANTED TO PURCHASE.

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THIS AUTUMN WAISTS MUST BE TINY

Be glorified by Gossard in a "Bosom-High" Girdle . . .

The hourglass silhouette for Autumn . . . full skirts, high shoulders, tiny waists. Your waist must be ever so tiny! Gossard's bosom-high girdle extends three inches above the waist to give you a reed-like middle. It's of satin elastic and fine open-weave two-way stretch elastic. Model 535. The "Flair" bra is of rayon satin elastic and lace. Model 1056M.

★ ★ ★

Gossard Foundations are obtainable at most of the leading stores throughout the Commonwealth.

the GOSSARD Line of Beauty

Many may escape shadow of surgeon's knife with this doctor's remarkable internal remedy.

PILES DISAPPEAR

without Operation

Shrinks and Heals Piles, often in 5 days

THE primary cause of haemorrhoids is ***internal*** . . . stagnation of blood in the lower bowel. . . . Acting on this basis, Dr. J. S. Leonhardt, the specialist in rectal troubles, first tested his **internal** method of treatment on 1,000 patients with complete success in 980 cases! Now Dr. Leonhardt states that any pile sufferer may expect definite relief, beginning in 24 hours, simply by taking these pleasant tablets.

Vaculoid tablets, within 24 hours, begin to restore a normal, healthy, strong blood circulation through flabby, relaxed veins. Bleeding quickly stops — while broken, bloated blood vessels start to shrink and heal in about 4 or 5 days.

Many report that even in cases where an operation seemed the only hope, the use of **Vaculoid** *tablets has led to complete and lasting relief!*

Don't delay any longer. Relief comes so quickly, you will wonder why you did not resort to this simple, pleasant method long ago!

VACULOID

4/-..All Chemists

CLINTON-WILLIAMS PTY.,LTD

Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 46

"WELL, hello, hello! How's the world with you this morning Did you get the books?"

"Not yet, no. But thanks in advance."

"They haven't come? That's funny. I'll telephone—wait a minute, I want to make a note." She'd heard him talk to women at the telephone that way before; he'd probably forgotten to order the books. But oh, his voice was sweet!

"Paul," she said, "don't answer now, for I know you're tremendously in demand, and probably have a date, but I'd love to see you late this afternoon—five, say? I don't mean five, I mean four, for the others all come in around five. If you're free, will you come out?"

She tried to make it sound casual, confident. But she was stammering in her eagerness.

"My dear, let me take a look!" Paul said.

Was he really looking at his calendar? She didn't know. In the pause she made a face, hating herself.

"Listen," Paul said almost immediately, "she's got 'Madison' down here. 'Madison, four-thirty.' I don't know anything about it, but I'll find out and let you know. I think I can come—I'm sure of it. Expect me unless Miss Rose telephones. Miss Rose, yes. She's in here now; she's a nice girl. She's not Honor Brownell, but then there's only one Honor Brownell. She's just come in and she's looking right at me, so I'm not saying anything behind her back. I'll see you about four. I'm almost sure. Good luck!"

It was quarter to five when Miss Rose telephoned. Aunt Lucie, home a little early, took the message.

"Did you expect Mr. Cartwright this afternoon, Honor?"

"He said he might be out."

"Well, someone just telephoned from his office that he has an engagement he can't get out of so he can't come."

"Thanks," Honor said. She was silent after that for a long time. And in that silence something within her died.

KENT SUGGETT, who had a right to put seven or eight letters after his name, lived in a wild waste of mountain tops on the westward side of the long chain which ran southward from San Francisco to Monterey Bay. He was lord of some thousand acres, but all about these were other thousands of unclaimed acres that framed them in eternally rising hills and dark canyons filled with regiments of redwood trees, so that his boundaries were still unmapped.

For many years the Suggett place had been reached only by the winding obscure dirt roads which disappeared into the hills behind Mountain View; now the clean high cut of the skyline came much nearer, and there were only a few miles of the old road to cross before the ranch house and its surrounding litter of outbuildings came into view.

Honor had always loved the ranch, and loved Uncle Kent. She loved it still, even though her eyes on this visit saw it as a prospective prison. She must like it now; she had no choice. This was her refuge, and no matter how hard her life here, it could be no easier elsewhere.

It was a fine, sharp, clear winter day in early February. The sky was high and pale and brittle; leaves had fallen from all the orchard trees, and the sun threw their sharp, naked shadows across the turned earth. Tom jumped out to open wide shallow pasture gates; the ploughed hills where new shy green was sprouting through last year's brown matted grass were rounded in gentle curves against the rich background of the encroaching woods. Far off to the west there was a dazzling sheet of light that meant the ocean.

All the barns were spacious, their roofs sweeping down in gracious lines to the lower roofs of sheds and fences. Here and there in the bare yards a great oak was magnificently set, or a clump of sequoias had formed itself into a goose pen two hundred feet in diameter.

Everywhere was the confusion which blends itself into that disordered order that is a ranch; harness hung on a fence; water brimming over the worn, bitten edge of a trough; hens fluffing in chaff in a great dim cobwebbed doorway; doves wheeling and fluttering about the tiny entrances of a spattered cote.

Four great dapple-grey horses stood in a paddock, clattered in senseless panic towards the barn, stood watching again as the car came up. Mattie, in a grey percale, her stringy hair knotted into a tight ball on her grizzled neck, came out of the kitchen with a great pan of dog food on her hip, stared at them, nodded a welcome.

"Well, here you are, Honor," she said. "An' Tom an' Andy, too, an' Tom Borrow. Well, the professor expects you, but you'd better keep your coats on if you're goin' to eat outdoors. Give me a cup of hot tea in the kitchen—that's what I say."

A cold blast of spring wind swept the hilltop and rattled dry leaves in the yard. A hen gave a quick indignant squawk, scuttled away from the invaders; Uncle Kent's old liver-spotted white dog got up and moved nearer her puppies.

THEY went in the kitchen way; nobody ever used the other doors. Mattie had washrooms and storerooms and pantries all around her kitchen; in them all reigned a country smell of lard and soap and ammonia and apples. On the south side, jutting out under a tall pear tree was a bare, clean room into which a bed and a chair had been moved. Honor was to be down here in Grandma Suggett's old room; stairs—especially the deep stark stairs of this unlovely building—were impossible for Honor now. Adeline gasped a little as she saw the discolored old green and pink trellis paper on the walls, and the two twelve-paned windows looking out into the bare side-yard.

But Honor was serene. She spoke appreciatively to Mattie.

"Uncle Kent had the stove moved back"

"You'd never get up mornings if you didn't have that." Mattie surveyed the room in faint dissatisfaction, sure that all was not quite right. "I've given ye the old lady's pitcher an' basin that we haven't used for nine years," she said, "but you've got the wash-room right over here t'other side of the kitchen."

Adeline was unpacking. There was no closet, but there were hooks on a cleat nailed to the wall and a thin chocolate-flowered calico curtain to cover what clothes might hang there.

The windows were uncurtained, and the floor boards covered only with a coat of dark-red paint; there was a chest of drawers of old mahogany, beautifully, substantially made, with crystal knobs.

Well, she would have it comfortable again. The house was full of old treasure that would not appeal perhaps to Mattie but that she could gather by degrees. It did seem bleak and cheerless on a February day with a sharp wind blowing clouds across the sun and frost in the deep wheel tracks of the yard, but she was tired now and seeing it with discouraged eyes. It would be all right.

The girls kept on their coats, and went out across the yard to find Uncle Kent, Honor, supported by the two men. His long laboratories, looking odd enough in this countrified wilderness at the top of these uncharted seas of mountain crests, were up behind the barn, and beyond them again, was a great circular clump of redwoods in which he had built a long table and a square brick grill. Near were a table or two, benches, a thin sink through which a rill of cold water was always running, buckets, pails, pans, and a hinged box in which were knives and forks.

Here Uncle Kent cooked steaks for as many as would come for them, Sunday after Sunday, the year round. Sometimes in summer he had corn with them, or one of the girls made a big salad. In winter Mattie usually sent out a big wooden chopping bowl full of fresh-baked potatoes. Someone made coffee, someone else cut bread. That was the entire lunch.

The old man was busy with a long fork and three thick small steaks when the party arrived. He was a small, tight-knit person with grey hair and a trimly-cut grey beard; his eyes goggled amiably upon his guests, but the steaks had reached a critical moment and he did not speak.

Appetising smoke rose on the sly, chill winds that penetrated even the grove on this wild February day. There was a sharp smell of burning pepper, a delicious odor of coffee. The unfailing potatoes were waiting; there was no delay.

Please turn to Page 53

Keep Your Skin Free from Chafing or Irritation

Many women think that discomfort from chafing is unavoidable. To-day thousands are discovering the wonderful comfort to be obtained from using Cuticura Talcum.

Here is a powder that is like a balm to sensitive skin. Scientifically prepared by a special process, Cuticura Talcum is medicated with balsamic essential oils. It is one of the finest, purest powders it is possible to obtain, and has a far more cooling, soothing effect on the skin than ordinary powders. Dust it lightly on the skin where chafing has occurred—it is like a cool touch. It absorbs perspiration and makes you feel refreshed for hours afterwards. Its perfume, too, endears it to every woman. Delicate and refreshing, it gives the whole person a sweet, wholesome fragrance.

Buy a tin of Cuticura Talcum to-day. It is invaluable for every member of the family and is especially recommended for babies.

Cuticura TALCUM POWDER

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Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 52

ALMOST without greetings one of the Toms jerked down a thick carving board, laid a great knife beside it, and the other put on the grill a pile of battered tin plates. In less than two minutes everyone was ravenously eating, and the good food put strength and heart into Honor and she could play her part with no further fear of the weakness of tears.

He beamed about at them all through strong tinted glasses. They gave him the family news and he nodded his head thoughtfully as he listened.

After luncheon they helped her back to the kitchen, where she settled herself with Mattie and put her icy feet in the oven. Gradually blessed warmth enveloped her, and when her brother Tom returned after wandering about with the others for a time, she had him light a fire in her bedroom stove so that the glacial cold of afternoon might be broken there, too. Adeline, meanwhile, went upstairs and came back with an extra pillow and a heavy comforter, and Honor got out the book of the moment and was glad to snuggle down on her bed, cover herself warmly and rest.

The others went away at three o'clock; there was nothing to do at the ranch in winter. The parlor never was used, and sitting about in the kitchen had its limitations. Under other circumstances, in the past, they had sometimes got into old boots and sweaters and climbed a hillside or chopped logs. But nobody suggested that to-day, and when the last sounds of the motor engine had died away down the hill complete silence fell upon the ranch except for the occasional cluck of a fowl, the clatter of the horses' hoofs when they went lumpily into the stable, pounded out again, the click of dry branches moving in the wind, the purr of the fire.

Honor dozed. It was good to be warm, and to make no effort. She roused up to find red streaks of sunset light lying across the bare floor and Mattie's face in the doorway.

"Thought I'd build up your fire, Honor. I was goin' to lay down for a spell. Professor, he don't eat much for supper except soup, but I'll poach you an egg any time you say."

"Soup's plenty. I had three times of steak; I was ravenous. I'm all right."

Mattie crashed wood into the stove; the punctual flames roared in answer. Honor was alone again.

Far off somewhere she could hear Mattie singing. After a while she heard her uncle come into one of the sheds attached to the kitchen; heard him whistling, humming, the splashing of water. Then he scratched a match in the kitchen; two kerosene lamps with reflectors made the place homelike and bright. Honor limped out.

"How long are you going to walk like that?" he demanded. Honor told him all she knew; ended with the hope that she would not be too utterly useless while she was at the ranch.

It was pleasant in the kitchen. Honor, condemned to inactivity, cuddled an affectionate puppy while the Professor set plain kitchen ware on the red tablecloth, and Mattie, aroused from a nap and appearing in time to help them, dug a can-opener into tins. She poured two cans of soup into some liquid that was already bubbling darkly on the stove; Uncle Kent grated Parmesan cheese and toasted odds and ends of bread in the oven. Bowls appeared. Mattie presently placed two fresh eggs, to one of which a tender curl of feather still clung, on a saucer.

"I'll cook 'em any way you like, Honor, when you've had your soup," she said.

But when they had drawn up their chairs and attacked and eaten the rich hot potage in which the cheese-dusted browned crusts floated, Honor found that she was satisfied. Mattie produced cold steak and cookies and opened a jar of mellow apricot and pineapple preserve, but Honor had to shake her head at it all; she could eat no more.

Once again her fire was stoked, and he warned her that she must stay warm in bed in the morning until Mattie came in and fired her stove again. The room, into which the kitchen air had been flowing for hours, was warm now, and Mattie's last attention had been to fill the big china pitcher with hot water.

Honor's ablutions were short; she was speedily back in the blankets, with a hand stretched out to extinguish the lamp. No reading to-night. She would not think. She plunged her head deep into the pillow and was off almost instantly to such deep sleep as she had not known for many months.

The cold of a February night in the mountains seized the ranch-house in an iron grip; bare branches clicked in the dark like chains, and the thawed windmill and the wheel track ruts froze again. A fine frost pearled the dry grass and the fence rails; chairs upstairs and down cracked mysteriously in black dark and caused the cat's eyes to open and move about suspiciously, and the bitch to whine and cower more slowly above her puppies.

But Honor heard none of it. Deep in thick warm blankets, with only her nose exposed to the little knife blade of air that came in at the window, she slept hour after hour, sleeping away despair and doubt and discouragement in a long dream in which she was well again and laughing with wet eyes at the dream of waking pain.

Please turn to Page 54

Spanish Trend

DOROTHY LAMOUR, of Paramount, favors this black lace evening gown which stresses the importance of the strapless bodice. The effect is completed by a modern version of the mantilla draping about the head and shoulders.

Wins Twelve Thousand Pounds Follows Astrologer's Advice

Following the advice given by Pundit Asrah, the noted Astrologer, five people recently won £12,000.

Mrs. Mabel Murphy, of Ascot wrote to Pundit Asrah. Then after getting his advice, she said *"I can hardly afford to send for tickets, but if I don't try I cannot expect to win. You say my lucky number should be 4, so I am asking for that number in all my lottery tickets."*

The ticket in which she shared £12,000 was numbered 42545.

Mr. F. Smith, of Marrickville, Miss A. Smith, of Springwood, Mrs. T. Goodfellow, of Tooraweenah, and Mr. R. Martin, of Hawthorne, also acted on Pundit Asrah's advice and won.

Readers who want to know their lucky days and numbers, as the above winners did, are invited to write to Pundit Asrah, whose astrological knowledge has already helped thousands. Send a postal note for 1/- and a stamped addressed envelope, with this paragraph, and the date, month and year of birth to **Pundit Asrah, Desk N.A.W.8, Box 586E, G.P.O., Hobart, Tasmania.**

By return mail they will receive the days and numbers which according to the stars, are lucky, also ten simple rules on "How to be Lucky." Money will be refunded if you are not perfectly satisfied.***

BABY'S GRIPE PAINS

for INSTANT RELIEF GIVE ....

CALIFIG

NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE California Syrup of Figs

My Children DIDN'T WANT ME!

and so regularly at Bedtime

If you wake tired, feel depressed, get nervy . . . then you too are probably suffering from Night-Starvation. Tiredness and loss of energy are usually caused by Night-Starvation. You see, during sleep, energy is used up keeping the heart and lungs at work. Energy *must be* replaced—or you wake tired.

A cup of Horlicks regularly at bedtime creates the new energy you need. It helps you to wake refreshed—and guards you against Night-Starvation. Horlicks makes a delicious cold drink in summer—but remember to use the Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6; economy size 2/9; also the Horlicks Mixer 1/-.

HORLICKS guards against NIGHT-STARVATION

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Acid Stomach Is Dangerous

Sufferers from Indigestion READ THIS

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, food fermentation, etc., are caused nine times in ten by chronic acid stomach," says a well-known authority.

Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with pepsin or artificial digestants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the sour, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralise or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Salix Magnesia and not only will the pain vanish, but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Salix Magnesia to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. Your stomach acts and feels fine in just a few minutes. Salix Magnesia can be obtained from your nearest chemist or store. It is safe, reliable, easy, and pleasant to use, is not a laxative, and is not at all expensive.***

THE IDEAL LUBRICANT
for household appliances

Sewing Machines, Sweepers, Fans, Tools, etc.

LUBRICATES
CLEANS
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("Trade-Mark")

DEAF?
"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.
Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.
MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 53

So her exile began, and so it went on until the days merged themselves into weeks and the weeks into months, and still Honor limped about the ranch-house and still the three games of cribbage and the scent of wood smoke ended each evening.

She was up and in the kitchen every morning for breakfast with the others at eight o'clock. Afterwards, when her uncle had gone off to his workshop, she did what she could for Mattie, scraping and piling plates, sitting near the sink to wipe them, clearing the table with a damp cloth. Meanwhile they talked.

Mattie was Vermont-born; a California winter had no terrors for her.

"We'll have hot weather here in about two weeks," Mattie would say cheerfully when Honor came cramped and lame into the kitchen on a dark afternoon to find the place cold, scented with ammonia, pierced by draughts of wild air.

There was nothing for it then but to sit still, perhaps with a blanket wrapped about her, until at last the place was closed, the fire kindled and the slow heat blessedly penetrating through the icy heaviness of the air again. And then quite suddenly the room would be insufferably hot and Honor's stiff hands were softened and the ache in her bones gone, and she could placidly fall to scraping squash at the table and listen to some of Mattie's tales of a New England childhood made hard by weather, and by the sternness in the hearts of men and women whose natures matched the winter time.

After breakfast Honor commenced the slow process of dressing, which took more than an hour and completely exhausted her. Mattie carried a pail of hot water to the washroom, in which for perhaps an hour a blue-flame stove had been burning, and a smell of hot tin and kerosene. Honor followed with her clothes and carefully pumped enough cold water into the steaming contents of the tub to make a reasonably warm if scanty bath.

After luncheon she made herself take a walk in rain or in wind or in bitter, still cold.

Not easily, not quickly, did the vital, eager creature who had been Honor Brownell resign herself to this new sort of living, this quiet death in life. In the beginning she knew moods of wild rebellion, of a protest that was as real as physical suffocation would have been. She knew moments when she simply could not a moment longer bear the ranch and the loneliness and the sharp smell of the wet trees. Had there been an imaginable alternative, had she been able to think of any recourse, she must have accepted it then.

But there was no alternative. There was no refuge, no sanctuary to which she could fly. So Honor gritted her teeth and endured what she could not escape; she set iron hands upon herself, and would not loosen them even in her most difficult moment.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile spring came to the mountains; the reluctant spring that was three full weeks later than the glorious season of mustard tops and fruit blossoms, buttercups and lilac trees which flooded the valleys below. Before March was out the long arroyo of the Santa Clara turned itself into a river of white-and-pink fragrance, humming with bees and shot with the joyous cries of larks. But up on the mountain-top matters moved more slowly; there was time for Honor to feel a thrill over columbine and brown-spotted Mission Bells in the woods, to watch the hard buds on the prune trees turn white and the tiny nubbins of the bare apple boughs flush to pink, without being hurried by the garden flowers, and the wild lilac, and the great curtain of banksia roses that had tumbled to earth, bringing the green lattice fence with it, in the side-yard.

> ATTITUDE
>
> *Once, because I loved you,*
> *My heart was aflame,*
> *And soaring with the rapture*
> *Of a thousand singing birds.*
> *Now, if I remember,*
> *You are just a name*
> *Spoken in a crowded room*
> *Between light words.*
>
> —YVONNE WEBB.

The live oaks furred themselves in cream and coral; the buckeyes put forth their spears of scented fringed pink and white; the mountains were smoked with blue lilac and powdered with manzanita bloom. Birds were everywhere now, jays and larks and solemnly floating hawks which silhouetted themselves against the bluer and bluer skies.

NIGHTS were still sharp, but the owl hooted through them now, coyotes yapped on the far ridges, woodpeckers announced an earlier and earlier morning. On the redwood tips fans of pale green showed themselves, and robins shouted from the cherry trees. Honor sunned her chilled body and soul and mind in the gold and green of it; felt her forehead wet when she limped back from a good walk; found a thin gown or two and knew that summer had come.

Now the cousins began to come down for Sunday steaks again, and Adeline and Honor reviewed family affairs, talked of Tom's girl, Hugh's being sent to Norway, Grandma's fractured rib. Honor played hostess as best she could, experimenting with salad dressings, giving Adeline a list of seasonings to order from a city grocery. To her life was still but a troubled dream, but there was no purpose, she decided drearily, in hurting the others because of her hurt.

There was an Airedale puppy in her life now, a small creature whose wistful, hairy little face had appealed to her long before she had known that he was as lame as herself. Binns lived in her shadow, slept on her feet, loved her as only a puppy can love. Bred among supercilious kittens, he never annoyed them, and Honor's room, when she rested on a hot afternoon, was filled with the little living things, mysteriously coming and going, or lying drowsily hour after hour, content with the nearness of the beloved human god.

On a banner autumn day she had a little surprise for her brother and sister when they came down for one of the last of the season's outdoor luncheons.

The smoke of the broiling steaks drifted away into the trees; the lunchers fell silent; now and then a hand reached idly for a fig bursting its black thin coat with a show of white cotton, or a prune still powdered with a fine white bloom over a purple satin skin.

"Look," said Honor then, putting a slip of paper on the table between her brother and sister. There was a moment's silence, then Tom gave an exclamation of pleasure, and Adeline made a sound that was almost like a whimper. There were others at the table to look eagerly at the letter in their turn, while Honor explained.

"They've taken two of my poems—yes."

"They haven't, Honor! Oh, Honor! Oh, how wonderful!"

They were all so glad to rejoice with her, to be glad that something nice had come to her.

"Two scraps of poems," she deprecated it laughingly. "Nothing so wonderful to that."

"But the 'Companion,' Honor!"

"Well, I thought I might as well start at the top."

"And will they pay for them?"

"Oh, yes."

Everyone had to read the magic words of acceptance over again, and then the babel was repeated in exactly the same terms.

Then they had all gone, and the ranch-house was quiet again and the sun was slipping down into a wide bed of undulating fog. And Honor, going a little wearied to the house, turning to take a long look at the glory of the world, felt something new born within her, something that stirred deep down inside her. Rebirth. Something that made her more akin to this lonely mountain-top and these little lines of poetry and philosophy than to the Honor Brownell who had been tumbled out here, fevered and suffering and unreconciled, only a few months earlier. Pain and solitude were beginning to do their work. Alone in the gathering autumn sunset, looking down towards the west, with the great rise of the hills about her and the fog rolling in at her feet, she knew a moment of exquisite peace.

There were bad moments to come, but they were never so bad again as they had been, and between them were times when Honor knew that strange pleasure that is self-knowledge, the gods' most reluctant gift.

And always, every day, she set her papers out on the kitchen table and wrote a few lines—prose, verse, whatever came. It always came. The phrases wound themselves in and out like the slow streamers of the fog, and she wove them into the little webs that were catching her fame and fortune. And though both fame and fortune were along such modest lines that she could afford to share them with only her nearest and dearest, even this sharing was delicious to her wounded heart.

Gradually self-respect came back, and with it happiness. Honor was absorbed now in the most fascinating business in the world: the business to which all lonely hearts reach instinctively. She wrote steadily: poems and short stories, sketches and plays. She found her grandmother's Civil War diary and built about it the fabric of a novel. Day after day, hour after hour she searched through books and old magazines for details that would make it true, and when she was tired of reading she could sit dreaming now, building her castles of the brain.

The old diary was a treasure. The dim candlelight of the old South, the tartan dresses and wreaths of roses, the scent of magnolia and the galloping hoofs of beautiful horses lived again. Persis Dinamore was flirting with Northern officers in old Baton Rouge; she was running from a burning town in a wild rabble of weeping colored women and frightened children; she was in New Orleans, setting her lips, fighting back her tears as she took the oath of allegiance and signed for rations at the bitter end.

Honor pored over the artless history of a girl's heart, set forth gaily, fiercely, angrily, giddily on the little pages; she relived it herself, enlarging it, letting her imagination play over it, finding material was only too plentifully at hand. Bret Harte and Mark Twain and Stoddard contributed their share; she was steeped in the atmosphere of a day long dead, and tasted the joy of research for the first time in her life.

The novel, changed, unfinished, hung fire, but the short stories began shyly to sell; a month came when she was represented in two different magazines. She won a five-hundred-dollar prize; sold a sketch to the movies.

(To be Continued)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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HOMEMAKER

April 15, 1939 The Australian Women's Weekly First Page

When it's time to

TURN ON THE GLAMOR . . .

JUST A LITTLE CLEVER MANAGEMENT AND YOU CAN GO FROM OFFICE TO PARTY LOOKING AS FRESH AND LOVELY AS THE GIRL WHO STAYED HOME ALL DAY

By JANETTE

ABOVE: For a quick face-do at a moment's notice, Joan Fontaine, RKO player, carries a compact in her bag which holds powder, rouge and lipstick.

RIGHT: Pretty Mary Maguire, the Australian actress with Warner Bros., keeps a tiny bit of eye-shadow in her handbag.

YOU CAN DRESS in a neat, attractive style for business all day and still, with a little skill, manage to look as charming for a late afternoon party as Binnie Barnes, Paramount player, does here.

I WAS at one of those purely feminine tea-parties the other day when a beautiful girl arrived and instantly attracted great attention because of her impeccable grooming in dress, hair and make-up.

Everyone admired her enviously and said that they wished they had the leisure to go home, change their clothes and get organised before going to late afternoon parties.

A friend of hers overheard the conversation and laughingly said that the girl in question had come right from her office. She lived in the suburbs, and never had a chance to go home before her after-work engagements.

She carried her dressing-table right in her purse. This startling news caused us all to get our heads together. Everyone wanted to know how she could do it and still travel light.

The secret was so simple that it seemed strange that the rest of us had not thought of it. It's just this: the busy modern girl who wants to look well-groomed and glamorous, no matter how far afield she may go, has to carry the absolute essentials of make-up.

First of all, you must have a face powder compact. Get one, with either loose powder, or the cake sort. But be sure you have puffs that are washable. There is nothing harder on the skin than using a soiled puff day after day.

Powder rouge often comes in your compact, but if you're a cream rouge fan add that to the list. Most of the cream rouges can be had in very small sizes, so it won't really clutter up the bag.

In fact, our friend carried all her essential cosmetics in a little zippered cosmetic-holder which fitted neatly into her handbag and made quick bag-changing a simple matter.

For Day and Night

NEXT—lipsticks. Have one that won't dry your lips and is the right color for both daytime and evening.

If necessary, have several in different shades to tone with various ensembles.

You'll also want to get some of those little lipstick tissues. It will save wear and tear on your handkerchiefs, and make touching up your lips a cleaner job.

Here's the newest tip of all—include some of the new face cleansers. They come in a little box the size of a compact and are moistened with a skin lotion that cleans and refreshes your face.

You won't have to put on new make-up over old ever again.

With these little cleansing pads you can really cleanse your face and get it in a receptive mood for the new make-up. They are no bigger than a powder puff and the face washing is not at all a messy business. It's just as easy as powdering your nose.

Find a nook for a bit of mascara and some eye-shadow. Both will come in very handy if you want to give yourself that late-afternoon touch of glamor.

And, of course, don't forget your hands. In addition to soap and towel and nail polish remover and polish in your office drawer for quick repairs, keep in your bag an emery board and nail file.

A supply of hairpins and a small comb are necessary, too.

Indeed, you can't, unless you've tried it, imagine what a feeling of confidence it gives you to know you have all the makings of glamor ready to be applied in a few moments right with you in your handbag, no matter where you may be.

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MY PATIENTS ASK ME By A DOCTOR

CHILDREN'S MINOR ACCIDENTS . . .

Do not neglect them

OH, Doctor, Peter has had such a nasty accident. He was playing in the back yard after school this afternoon and fell over the garden fork. One of the prongs ran deeply into his foot.

Bring the boy into the surgery, Mrs. Dixon, and let's have a look at him. He's a big lad for a nine-year-old.

Do you think he'll need an injection, Doctor? I've often heard of people having some injection after bad cuts and wounds. That's really why I brought him to you.

The wound is a nasty one. Deep, not much skin broken, but it's been bleeding freely. Bleeding has a valuable part to play in the cleansing of a wound, Mrs. Dixon, because it washes the damaged tissues in the best manner—outwards. You were very wise to bring him to me.

Yes, I'm going to give Peter an injection of specially prepared serum to protect him from the effects of the tetanus bacillus.

One of the greatest dangers of a deep cut is the risk of tetanus. The germ is likely to be lurking anywhere, but is most often found in well-manured soil. Hence the risk with wounds inflicted by garden tools, or even the kick of a horse.

And the injection will give Peter complete protection, will it, Doctor?

Yes. Tetanus used to be one of the most dreaded diseases. Now modern medical science has shown us how to prevent its development. The big point is, however, that the injection must be given within a few hours after the accident.

WHEN THESE two little girls eat by themselves care is taken that no table implements such as knives are put on the table, as a precaution against any injury.

A cut between two fingers is most likely to cause lockjaw, isn't it, Doctor?

Well, no. I'm afraid you're wrong there, Mrs. Dixon. No part of the body is more susceptible to invasion by the tetanus bacillus than any other. The word "lockjaw" carries a rather false impression, too. In fact, such a symptom is hardly ever seen now, because preventive treatment does not allow it to develop.

Will this injection protect Peter from tetanus for life?

Unfortunately, no. But the protection lasts well over the danger period of the wound. Recent research has been developing an injection against tetanus which works on the same principle as immunisation against diphtheria, and gives protection for life, but it is still in the research stage.

I didn't know quite what to do this afternoon when he fell, so I simply bathed his foot in warm water and bandaged it with some clean rag. Was that right? I'd like to know, because there's no saying when one of the children may come home with a gravel-rash or something.

It all depends on what you mean by a "clean" rag, Mrs. Dixon. No matter how slight a cut or an abrasion may be, there is always danger of infection unless it is treated with care. The skin around the wound should be well washed with warm, soapy water in a clean basin, and should then be covered with a sterilised dressing.

Nowadays, we doctors don't work so much on the principle of killing any germs present with an antiseptic, because one which is strong enough to be effective destroys healthy tissues in the wound as well as any bacteria.

We aim rather at having no germs present. It is this antiseptic method which has made modern surgery possible. You can only be sure that your dressing is free from germs when it has been sterilised.

But, Doctor, how can I manage to get a sterilised dressing at a moment's notice?

That's something I'm just going to tell you, Mrs. Dixon. It's a good idea always to keep a first aid kit in the house in case of accident. And the sterilised dressings you're asking about are an important part of the outfit. Make some squares of soft old linen about three inches square, and bake them in a warm oven for an hour to sterilise them. Bake them in a tin with a tight-fitting lid, like a tea tin, a treacle tin or a biscuit tin, and they'll keep sterile indefinitely. Lable it with a red cross, and put it in a handy place and you've got the best and safest dressing you could wish for.

One of the most helpful of modern first aid accessories is elastic adhesive strapping. This stretches, and it makes a very neat and effective way of holding a sterilised dressing in place. Ordinary bandages, unless they are very well put on, and the patient stays quiet, tend to slip and get loose.

And while I'm on the subject of children's minor accidents I must emphasise the necessity for training the children along "Safety First" lines.

Matches, for instance, should not be left within the children's reach, and they should be taught from an early age never to touch them. The love of setting things alight to see the pretty flames is, unfortunately, part of a child's nature, so a wholesome fear of the consequences of striking matches may justifiably be imparted by suitable stories.

A child should also have some knowledge of the dangers of electricity. The child must learn that he is never to touch anything connected with the wireless set, the electric iron, electric wires, broken tram wires, etc.

Sharp objects—knives, skewers, needles, pins, etc.—must be kept well out of the children's reach. No child should be left in a house by himself or with other children only—one may think everything is quite safe, but there is no knowing what devices the children's imagination may be productive of.

Beware of poisonous medicines! These should be marked with a red band and be labelled "Poison!" Keep such bottles and packages high up or well hidden. It is best to keep poisons under lock and key.

In giving medicines be sure to read the label carefully, and do not take any medicine at night without putting on the light and making sure you have the right bottle.

For young wives and mothers

Effects of alcohol and smoking

MANY expectant mothers ask whether the drinking of alcohol and smoking have any effect on the unborn baby and if they should give up these practices.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau has prepared a leaflet on this subject. Those interested may obtain a copy free of cost by sending a request, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

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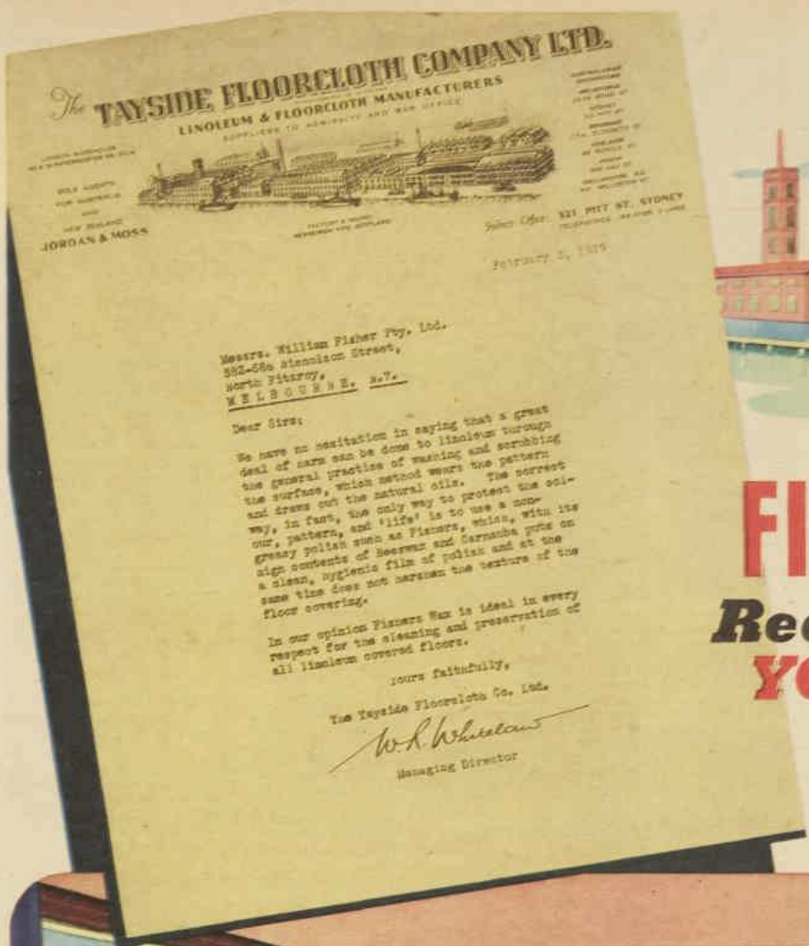
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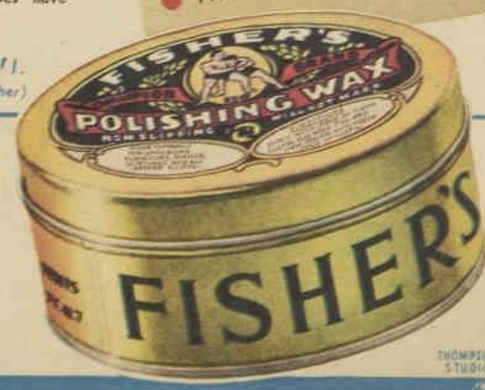

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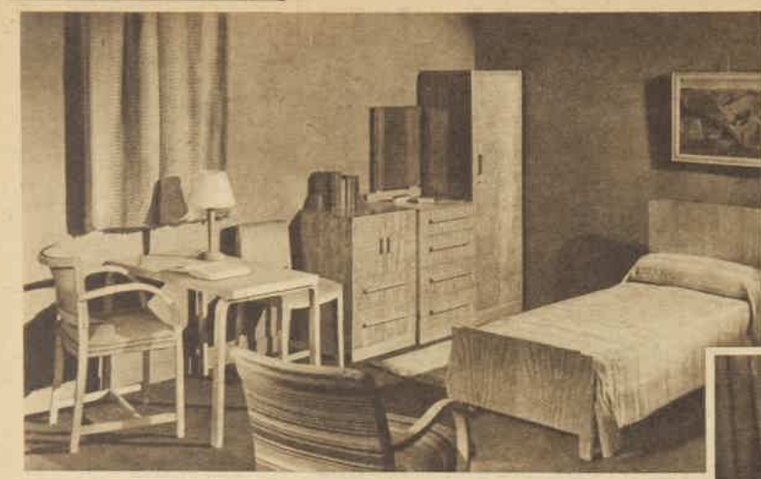
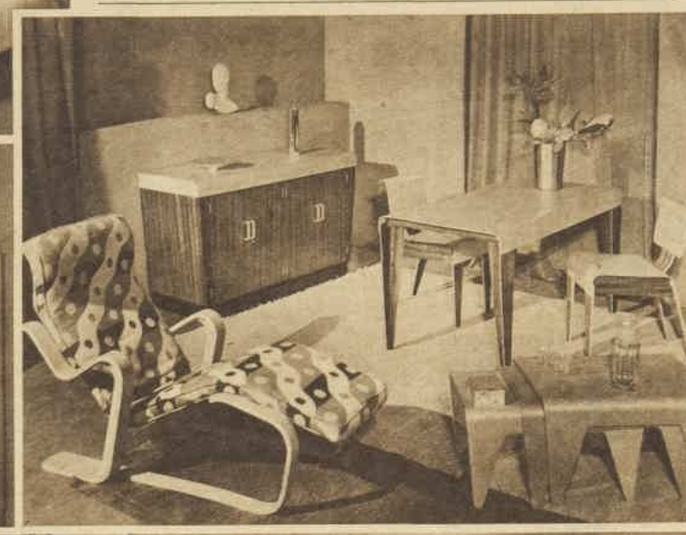
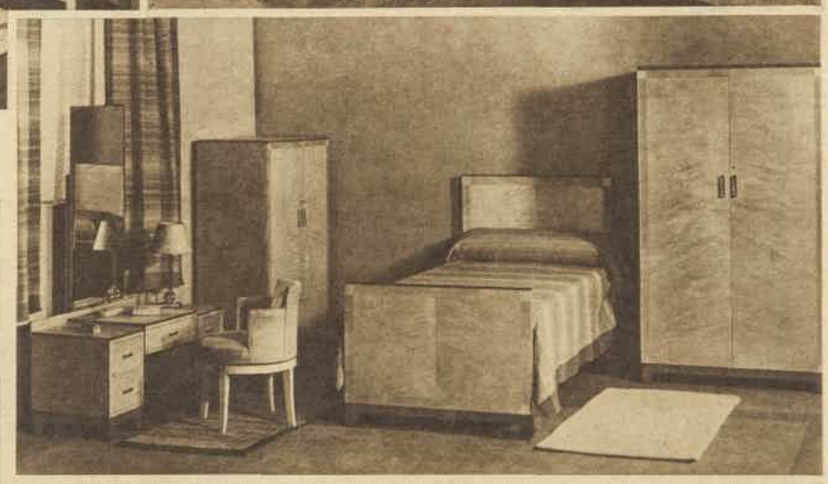




TOP: The spare room furnished for reading, writing or studying, as well as for sleeping. Green carpet, green and beige upholstery combine well with light-colored furniture. ABOVE: Night nursery in solidly constructed unpolished oak. Cork floor is sound-proof and hygienic.



TOP: Dining-room with light-colored birch furniture. Walls are sandstone, hangings rich henna and carpet off-white and brown. Lounge chair is upholstered in cream, henna and brown tweed. ABOVE: Bedroom with rich henna carpeting and off-white rugs, walls of pearly-grey, and furniture of walnut and sycamore.

LONDON, March 30.

THOUGH limited in floor space the modern family flat can be as dignified and comfortable as the largest and most luxurious home.

Careful planning of interior decoration, furniture chosen for its utility and comfort, as well as for its smart appearance, concealed lighting and soft colorings can triumph over the smallest apartment.

Simplicity in line, simplicity in color, simplicity in decoration, is the dominant factor in the scheme for a small family flat designed and executed by Heal's.

Take first the dining-room pictured. Walls are the color of sandstone; hangings a rich shade of henna, bringing out the warmth and richness of the walnut and birch sideboard. The carpet, in off-white and brown, continues the color note, while the birch furniture, extremely modern in design, is light, durable and very compact.

Piece-de-resistance is the long chair. Light and well-balanced, it can be arranged in the limited space in any number of ways. Of sound, useful design, it sets up a new standard of comfort, for it is shaped to give the natural reclining position with the knees slightly raised. The frame is in laminated wood, upholstered in cream, henna and brown tweed.

In much the same way as the nest of tables fit under each other, the chairs can be stacked, one on top of the other, when not in use, and the table will stand firmly on an uneven surface because of the flexibility of its birch top.

A copper vase with conventional arrangement of leaves, a plaster mask, and cylindrical vase and plate on the sideboard complete the decoration.

There are no pictures to break up the space on the walls.

The spare room, because of the limited space in the house, has a table and chair for reading, writing, or studying, as well as the bedroom furniture.

In Figured Birch

THIS room is furnished in figured birch in a cheerful sunny color, with dark green carpeting and green-and-beige upholstery and bed-spread.

Three pieces of "unit" furniture, wardrobe, dressing chest and cupboard, are all of the same depth, and placed side by side form a compact and attractive sequence.

Framework of the two chairs on either side of the table is of light birch, matching the table legs. The table has a linoleum top which no amount of scratching can deface.

Unpolished oak, simply but solidly constructed, makes pleasant and easily-cared-for furniture for the night nursery.

The corked floor is sound-proof and hygienic. Washable rugs in beige and blue match the light wood suite and restful blue of the walls.

Nurse's bed, like the cot, has carefully rounded ends to prevent nasty bumps, the blue gingham design on natural linen bedcover continuing a pleasant and definitely nightmare-discouraging color scheme.

Sycamore and walnut make an attractive combination of woods for the bedroom furniture.

Bases, margins and handles are in walnut, and the coppery line of color on the silver-grey sycamore is continued in curtains and bedspread of beige and grey stripes.

For color the bedroom depends on the rich henna carpeting with two rugs, an off-white and patterned. The walls are distempered in a shade of pearly-grey, warm yet subdued, against which the neutral shade of sycamore loses none of its clearness and dignity.

In each room light furniture is used, but a careful choice of distinctive woods gives every room an individuality of its own.

Dynamel that ICE Chest

See how the shabbiest rooms can become smart! Modern! Write at once for—
'THE COLORFUL HOME'
It's FREE!

To Taubmans Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters. Please send me free your enlarged and entirely new book, "The Colorful Home". I enclose 3d. in stamps, to cover postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

A.61.

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Skin Irritations

QUICKLY CLEARED with IODEX

For itchy, irritable, pimply skins Iodex has been used with remarkable success. Depending for its efficacy on its antiseptic iodine content, Iodex quickly relieves the itching and burning of eczema and other skin irritations. In stubborn cases you should see your doctor.

Skin Eruptions. Read this letter:—"I had some very bad pimples, and Iodex was recommended to me. I applied it to the sores, and the pimples vanished in three days and no trace was left."

Ringworm. A letter from West Wyalong says:—"I found Iodex ever so much better to use than iodine. My little boy had sores all over his face through handling a dog with ringworm. I smeared Iodex on the sores three or four times, and they quite healed up."

FREE! *Write for valuable Iodex First Aid Book. Every home should have one. The Iodex Co., Box 34, P.O., North Sydney.*

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/- *from all chemists*

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers*.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy*, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality *and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing*. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1532B, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Golden glory of daffodils

THERE'S still time to plant the bulbs of these flowers — ever graceful blooms that bring a sunny radiance to the garden.

—says THE OLD GARDENER

ALTHOUGH early planting ensures the best results with daffodils, they may be planted up to the end of April in most parts of Australia.

Plant-breeders and hybridists are constantly striving to obtain new varieties, although it is not everyone who can afford to pay up to £25 for a single bulb.

Unlike other countries, Australian daffodils produce flowers from seed in a very few years, therefore we get much quicker results from the efforts of those men who emulate Luther Burbank.

Some of the newer types that may be available here during next season are Dawson City, Golden Frilled, and Roxane.

Roxane is a white trumpet which makes a fine garden plant. It lasts well and the color does not fade.

Havelock, a superb yellow incomparabilis, is another new flower of good color and great substance.

Of the so-called "red and yellow" incomparabilis types, Garibaldi is a popular variety. It has a yellow perianth and solid cup of deep orange-red.

It holds its color in the garden better than many, and is considered the best value for the money of any of this richly-hued type.

ONE OF THE newer daffodils, the Golden Frilled. It is the best incomparabilis for growing in bowls for indoor decoration.

HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK

Cut out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

The Bread Box

Bread will keep much fresher if you strew the bottom of the bread box or crock with a thick layer of salt, then cover this with white paper. This will also keep the box itself much sweeter.

Children's Sandshoes

Thread the children's sandshoes with strong hat elastic instead of ordinary laces, cutting it off short and sewing the ends securely together. There will be no danger then of tripping over loose laces, and the shoes can be slipped on and off easily.

Cutting Flimsy Materials

Dip the scissors in very hot water before you begin cutting out flimsy materials such as georgette. This enables you to cut them far more easily and accurately.

Coffee Percolators

To keep a coffee pot or percolator sweet and clean boil it about once a week with a little borax added to the water.

Pests in Cabbages

To remove insects from cabbage or cauliflower, soak it in water to which a little vinegar has been added.

Slicing Tomatoes

Use a bread saw with a serrated edge instead of an ordinary knife for slicing tomatoes. It will cut them much more easily and evenly, and without any waste of fruit.

Marble Mantelpieces

If you have an old marble mantelpiece that is losing its lustre and becoming very shabby, you can improve its appearance considerably by the following method of cleaning. Rub some really good furniture cream over the whole surface of the marble; then polish thoroughly with an old piece of silk.

Stewed Prunes

A little vinegar added to stewed prunes will improve their flavor.

The A.B.C. of cookery

This glossary of the more unfamiliar terms used in cookery and on menus will be continued every week until complete. Cut them out and paste in your scrapbook.

Lait: Milk; white of egg.

Legumes: Vegetables (podded variety).

Liaison: Thickening (yolk of egg, etc.).

Lychee or Litchee: Small Chinese nut-like fruit with crinkly brown shell and close white centre.

Lace: To add a dash of this or that to a beverage.

Macaroni: Italian paste of white wheat flour made into long tubes.

Macaroon: Small crisp cake containing ground almonds.

So lovely

No need to ask what lipstick earth's loveliest creatures are wearing . . . Tattoo, wondrous Tattoo, has come to stay . . . and may we! Glorious, glamorous-making, seven shades . . . with Tattoo's transparent down-dewiness that lends the right accent of redness to sweet and lovely lips. Stain instead of greasy coating . . . stay-on-gorgeousness instead of fade-away dullness . . . Tattoo has that South Seas secret! Tattoo for you, madam, if you would be smart . . . if you'd look a little lovelier than you even are! With lips in tune with to-day!

are lips by TATTOO

CORAL-EXOTIC
NATURAL-PASTEL
HAWAIIAN-BLACK MAGIC

NIGHT NERVES-

Half awake, half asleep—alert but tired—sleep remote but wanted. Get Bromural sedative and soporific tablets . . . then sleep the night through—deeply, refreshingly. Non-Depressive, non-habit-forming.

BROMURAL [KNOLL]

ASK YOUR CHEMIST. (B K 39)

IT PAYS TO MARK YOUR LINEN WITH JOHN BOND'S MARKING INK

Special pen with 6d. size, also linen stretcher with the 1/- size. Of all Stationers, Stores, etc.

Yes—it cleans fast!
No—it doesn't scratch!

It's one thing to have a cleanser that works fast. It's another to have one that whisks away dirt *without* scratching your bath or kitchen sink. Bon Ami does both. For Bon Ami is *not* gritty. Actually, it gives a high polish to porcelain—makes it easier to clean the next time—keeps it new-looking year after year!

Bon Ami

polishes as it cleans

"hasn't scratched yet!"

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"He Cut His Teeth

without my knowing"—writes a mother. Keep baby regular during teething and at other times by using Steedman's Powders—they keep baby's bloodstream cool. Give this gentle aperient to children up to 14 years of age.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Contributors and Artists: Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

Michel

The King of Lipsticks

KNITTED CHARM *for the small daughter*

DAINTY cardigan in attractive cable-stitch design and made in white shrinkproof wool.

YOUR small daughter would love this cosy winter-time garment. It is knitted in white shrinkproof wool in a pretty cable design, and buttons up the front to the neck.

A little collar and long sleeves are further cosy features.

Here are the instructions:

Materials Required: 5oz. "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white). 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11. 6 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 15 inches; chest, 24 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 14 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; tog., together; st., stitch; sl., slip; wl. fwd., wool forward.

Tension: 6 stitches, 1 inch; 8 rows, 1 inch.

THIS attractive cardigan is knitted in shrinkproof wool in a new cable-stitch design. It buttons up the front and is finished with a little collar. Instructions for knitting on this page.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, decrease 1 st.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, sl. 1 (as if to k), k 3, sl. 1 (as if to k), p 2, repeat from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 2, wl. fwd., sl. 1 (as if to p), p 3, sl. 1 (as if to p), k 2, repeat from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

Repeat last 2 rows.

5th Row: * K 2, p 2, sl. the 1st sl.-st. off the needle, sl. the next 3 sts. on to spare needle and leave at back of work, k the next sl.-st., k the 3 sts. from spare needle, pick up and k the drop-st., p 2, repeat from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

6th Row: * P 2, k 2, p 5, k 2, repeat from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

Repeat last 6 rows, and when work measures 9½in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 5in. shape shoulders by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 52 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

Next Row: Work 46 sts. in pattern, k 6.

Next Row: K 6, work 46 sts. in pattern.

Continue in pattern keeping 6 sts. in garter-st., and when work measures 9½in. cast off 8 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row 6 times. When armhole measures 3in. cast off 10 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 15 sts. When armhole measures 5in. shape shoulder by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working garter-st. border at opposite end and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being ½in. from lower edge and 5 more 2½in. apart.

1st Row: K 2, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 2 sts., cast on 3 sts., k 2.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 46 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 68 sts. Work 4 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 10 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Join shoulder seams. With wrong side of work towards you, using No. 9 needles, pick up and k 56 sts. around neck. K twice into every st. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in., increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew buttons on left front.

New *Air-Floated* Face Powder

Amazing Discovery of Paris Beauty Chemist

Face powder ten times finer and lighter than ever before thought possible! Only powder that floats on air is collected for use. This is the amazing new process of a Paris chemist—now adopted by Tokalon.

FREE 100,000 SPECIAL BOXES

That is why Poudre Tokalon spreads so smoothly and evenly covering the skin with a thin almost invisible film of beauty. The result is a perfectly *natural looking* loveliness. So different from the old-fashioned heavy powders which only give a "made-up" look. And Poudre Tokalon still contains Mousse of Cream, which makes it cling to the skin for 8 hours. In the hottest restaurant your face will never need "touching-up" if you use Poudre Tokalon. At the end of a long evening's dancing your complexion will still be fresh and free from shine. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

FREE: By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon for both day and night use. Send 6d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 239.T.), 108/172, Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

WHEN EUSTACE FIRST SAW ANNABELLE HIS THOUGHTS TURNED STRAIGHT TO MARRIAGE

SO TALL, SO SLIM, SO PINK-AND-WHITE AND SUCH A LOVELY CARRIAGE

THE DAY HE SAW HER HANDS ALL GRIMED HIS HEART DROPPED LIKE A ROCKET

BUT ALL WAS WELL, FOR ANNABELLE HAD SOLVOL IN HER POCKET

SOLVOL CLEANS HANDS IN 30 SECONDS!

SOLVOL IS JUST AS PLEASANT TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP—YET, IN JUST HALF A MINUTE, ITS RICH, PENETRATING LATHER REMOVES THE MOST OBSTINATE GARDENING AND HOUSEWORK STAINS... LEAVES YOUR HANDS SMOOTH AND WHITE.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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BOOK THROUGH YOUR OWN TRAVEL BUREAU FOR ALL

HOLIDAYS

A Few Examples

FROM SYDNEY

S.A. Gulfs Cruise .. £19 10 0 (Twenty-one days)

Coolangatta .. .. .. £10 0 0 (Fifteen days)

Lord Howe .. .. .. £16 15 0 (Eighteen days)

Burragorang .. .. .. £3 15 0 (Seven days and car to & fro)

Barrier Reef .. .. .. £20 10 0 (Three weeks' trip)

To Canberra .. .. .. £6 17 6 (Four-day car tour)

Tasmanian Specials from £15 5 6

Orange .. .. £5 5 0 (8 days and car to & fro)

ALL ABOVE HOLIDAYS INCLUDE FARES & ACCOMMODATION.

Free Friendly Advice.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney.

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A new craze . . .

LUCKY DOG CUSHIONS

IT'S the latest and most popular idea to have a picture of your favorite canine friend on your lounge-room cushions.

FIRST a craze overseas, the idea of having cushions about the home printed with one of your favorite dogs is now becoming the popular notion here.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

So why not join in the craze, too, and make up one of the cushion-covers pictured here for your lounge-room?

You can obtain this lucky dog cushion-cover all ready for making up from our Needlework Department, and as you will see from the illustration, it is printed with a picture of a friendly little Scotch gentleman.

The cute little Scotch terrier is a popular favorite everywhere, and he makes his appearance on these cushion-covers, printed in black silhouette style, on Cesarine or satin.

The finished cushion will add a delightful and novel touch to any room.

The covers are obtainable from our Needlework Department, completed ready to make up. They measure 18 x 18 inches, and can be had in blue and green Cesarine, and blue and gold satin.

The price is 2/11 each, postage included.

Remember, there's next to nothing for you to do— no embroidery— just the actual making-up of the cushion-cover, and if you have several cushions already in your lounge-room all you will have to do will be to slip the cover over one of them.

HERE YOU SEE a lucky dog cushion-cover made up. Isn't it attractive?

Romper suit *for the little tot*

Easy-to-make garment suitable for the little boy or girl.

TINY children can do with a number of romper suits—the sort that are simple and quick to make and easy to launder.

The romper suit illustrated below is one of this type. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on cream or blue linora in sizes to fit 6 to 18 months.

The design for the embroidery is traced with the pattern for cutting out the material, so all you have to do is to cut and make up the garment and then do the embroidery.

The suit will launder beautifully and prove hard-wearing.

Price of romper suit 1/11, postage free.

ROMPER SUIT in blue or cream linora traced with pattern and design ready for cutting out, making up and embroidering.

How to Overcome Fear of

FALSE TEETH

that "refuse to stay put"

The illustration shows how receding gums cause a dental plate to become loose. Have your dentist re-adapt your plate to gum tissue changes so that it will again rest on a good, firm foundation, feel tighter and more comfortable. And until your dentist does this, daily sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plate to help safeguard your eating and talking from the annoyance and embarrassment of a loose, wabbly, slipping plate. Thousands overcome loose plate worry in this simple way. This pleasant powder forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gum ridge, so you eat and talk in greater comfort. Being mildly **alkaline** (non-acid), FASTEETH soothes tissue made tender by chafing of a loose plate and allays inflammation due to excessive acid mouth. Does not sour. Checks bad plate odor (denture breath). No pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH from any chemist.

Any dental plate held tighter by FASTEETH (made in Kremer cutting enjoyment and social pleasure.

ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER

Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are even just a little hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it 4 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone losing hearing or who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.***

Send to This Address!

ADELAIDE: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4299YY, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

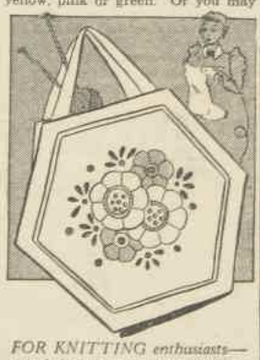
Make one of these useful knitting bags

It's just what you need to slip your knitting into so you can make the most of every minute's travelling on tram, train, or bus.

YOU can obtain one of these knitting bags from our Needlework Department all ready for making up, and finishing with a little embroidery which can be done with odd scraps of wool.

The bag, which measures 11 by 11 inches, is traced on pure quality Irish linen in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green. Or you may prefer to have it in blue or green Cesarine or crash.

Prices are: In linen, 1/9 each, In Cesarine or crash, 1/6 each. Postage free.



FOR KNITTING enthusiasts— a knitting bag that will hold your wools, needles and knitting. Obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Useful sauce-bottle cover

A BARE bottle of sauce may be useful, but it's—oh, so far from beautiful! Dressed up in this attractive cover, however, the sauce bottle will be an ornament to the table.

The cover can be obtained from our Needlework Department in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green pure quality Irish linen.

The design is smart, but simple to work, and the edge is spoke-stitched ready for crochet finish.

The price is 1/1 each, postage included. Cottons for working, price 6d. extra.

NO NEED for you to put the sauce bottle on the table just as it comes from the grocer. Dress it up with one of these attractive linen covers obtainable from our Needlework Department.

SAUCE BOAT GEORGE II 1748

A perfect hostess

leaves nothing to chance. Every detail must be 'just right.' Above all, her Silver must be speckless, and polished to dazzling perfection. To be certain of that, she sees that only SILVO is used to clean it — because nothing can outshine Silver cleaned with SILVO. It brings out its full beauty easily and quickly and contains neither acid nor mercury.

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

A RECKITT'S PRODUCT. MADE IN AUSTRALIA.

Weak Kidneys

Cause Crippling Rheumatism

You need a Special Kidney Remedy NOW!

All day and all night healthy kidneys are constantly at work, purifying, cleansing, getting out of the system waste products and impurities. Directly they fail, poisons start to accumulate in your system and cause pains in your joints, which become stiff, swollen and very painful to move. In many cases bladder trouble starts and urinary disorders may cause you severe pain.

All your suffering is due to sluggish kidneys! You cannot get well until you put your kidneys right! The best way to do this is by taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. This famous remedy is specially made to cleanse and strengthen *your kidneys*. Within one day of taking your first dose you will have *visible proof* of the cleansing action of De Witt's Pills. Within a very short time your pain will start to disappear. As De Witt's Pills restore your kidneys to normal, healthy functioning, the poisons that cause your pain and weakness will be swept away and you will be active and happy once more.

Don't let Kidney Trouble wreck your life! Go to your nearest chemist and get a bottle of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills to-day, and start to get better from to-morrow morning. Whilst you sleep your kidneys are being cleansed and strengthened. There is no long waiting to see results. Twenty-four hours prove that these pills are true kidney pills, quick in action, certain in result. For nearly 50 years they have served the health needs of the world. Let them help you to regain health and vigour.

DE WITT'S

KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

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. . . More winners in our

GREAT RECIPE CONTEST

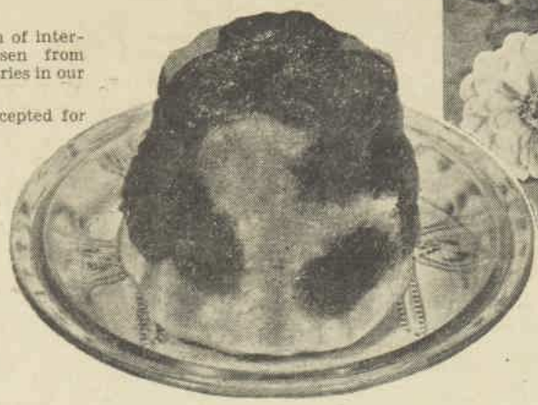
THESE ENTRIES WERE SELECTED AS THIS WEEK'S BEST IN OUR £1000 COMPETITION, AND EACH WINS ONE OF THE WEEKLY PRIZES.

HERE is another batch of interesting recipes chosen from the thousands of entries in our big £1000 cookery contest.

No more entries are being accepted for the competition as the contest is now closed.

However, until the winners of the major prizes are announced very shortly the competition committee will continue to select recipes for weekly prizes.

After the major prize-winners have been announced, our weekly best recipe competition will be resumed as usual.



APRICOT BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING, another prize-winner. This is an easily-made steamed pudding. Recipe given on this page.

VARIETY SANDWICH, winner of this week's first prize. Preserved ginger, coffee essence, and chocolate are used to flavor both cake mixture and icing.

Cake Section

VARIETY SANDWICH

Eight ounces butter, 8oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon honey, ½ cup milk, 8oz. plain flour, 3oz. arrowroot, 2 level teaspoons cream tartar, 1 level teaspoon carb. soda, vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, milk, essence, honey, sifted flour and arrowroot. Divide into two parts. To one portion add 2 tablespoons blended cocoa, and ½ cup chopped walnuts; to other portion add 11 tablespoons cocoa, 2 tablespoons coffee essence, 2 tablespoons chopped ginger and sprinkle of cinnamon. Bake in 2 9-inch well-greased sandwich tins 30 to 35 minutes. When cold join together with mock cream and cover with chocolate coffee icing and decorate accordingly.

Mock Cream: 3 tablespoons butter and 3 tablespoons sugar, well creamed. Work in 2 tablespoons boiling water. Add very gradually a small ½ cup milk, essence. Beat well and use.

Icing: 1lb. sifted icing sugar, 4lb. butter, 1 tablespoon blended cocoa and 1 tablespoon coffee essence. Cream butter and sugar well, add other ingredients and spread over cake.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. Platt, 141 Cambridge St., Stanmore, N.S.W.

BUTTERFLIES

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, juice of a lemon.

Cream butter and sugar well, add eggs well-beaten, juice of lemon. Sift pinch of salt into flour, and add with the milk gradually. Bake in patties in a moderate oven until cooked. Cut off tops and fill with raspberry jam and cream. Mixture should not be stiff.

This mixture doubled and then divided for varieties such as lamingtons, chocolate, walnut and coconut, is very dependable.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. G. Badman, Gnowangerup, W.A.

Dessert Section

APRICOT BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

Butterscotch: 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup brown sugar.

Melt butter in a saucepan, add sugar and stir until melted. Pour mixture into greased pudding basin, turning round to coat bottom and sides.

Arrange one large cup of cooked dried apricots on bottom and sides of basin over butterscotch.

Cake Mixture: 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs.

Cream butter. Sift together flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Add this to well-creamed butter. When mixed add well-beaten eggs, and mix all together for 5 minutes. Pour mixture into basin. Cover and steam 1 hour. Turn out and serve with whipped cream or boiled custard. Serves 4 or 5 persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. R. Underwood, 28 Salisbury St., North Unley, S.A.

SPANISH PUDDING

Line a greased basin with the following short pastry: 4lb. butter, 2oz. sugar, 6oz. plain flour, 2oz. self-raising flour. Mix with ¼ teacup milk or 1 egg. Mix the softened butter, sugar and milk together until creamy, then stir in flours and make into dough.

After lining greased basin fill with the following mixture: 2oz. brown sugar, 4oz. cake crumbs, 2 teaspoons rum, 4oz. sultanas or currants, 2oz. candied peel, 2oz. stoned dates, 2oz. crystallised cherries, pinch of nutmeg, 2oz. melted butter.

Chop fruit finely and rub all ingredients together to a doughy consistency.

Place in basin and cover with a thin layer of pastry and boil one hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. L. Plowman, Rowcliffe St., Bendigo, Vic.

TOASTED ALMOND MERINGUE

One and a half cups dry toast (crumbled), 1 quart milk, 2 egg-yolks, 1 whole egg, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1 tablespoon toasted or devilled almonds, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons shredded coconut, 3 macaroons.

Almond Meringues: 2 egg-whites, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup blanched toasted almonds, ½ teaspoon almond essence.

Soak the ground toast in milk, add beaten egg-yolk, mix in sugar and cinnamon. Beat well, add whole egg, well-beaten, almond essence, shredded almonds, coconut and crumbled macaroons.

Pour mixture into a buttered shallow dish. Bake in a moderate oven 40 minutes. Remove and cover with almond meringue. Lightly brown top in cool oven.

Whip egg-whites stiff, fold in sugar and essence and ground almonds. Mix well and spread on pudding.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Ree de Helland, 70 Queen St., West Coburg, Vic.

Jam Section

MULBERRY JAM

Four pounds mulberries, 3lb. sugar, 1 pint water or rhubarb juice, 2 lemons.

Choose mulberries not too ripe. Remove stalks. Wash if necessary.

Put into preserving pan with water or juice and stew until soft and clear looking. Then add sugar with strained lemon juice and bring to the boil, stirring gently all the time. Boil until jam will set, removing scum as it rises. Put into jars while warm, and when cold cover.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. David Watts, Ora Banda, W.A.

TOMATO AND PAPAW JAM

Six pounds tomatoes, ripe but not too ripe, 3lb. ripe papaw, 9lb. sugar.

Slice tomatoes thinly into preserving pan. Sprinkle with 3lb. sugar, and allow to stand 3 hours.

Mince papaw after skin and seeds have been removed, add to tomato, and boil for 1 hour. Add 4lb. of sugar and boil for 2 hours. Then add the last 2lb. of sugar and boil until the jam is as thick as honey. To test, set a little in a saucer in a cool place. Bottle in airtight jars.

This jam will keep well.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Eric McPherson, Reid River, via Townsville, Qld.

RASPBERRY JELLY

Barely cover raspberries with water. Boil well for an hour till all the good is out of them. Strain through a jelly bag, and put a cupful of juice to a cupful of sugar. Boil till it jells, which will be about ¾ of an hour.

This makes a lovely jelly, especially as many people dislike the seeds in raspberry jam.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Clyde Lovegrove, Barrack St., Deloraine, Tas.

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Here's what they eat . . . "OUT EAST"

SOME unusual savory dishes from China that you'll find not only lots of fun to cook, but delicious to eat.

By MARY FORBES
• Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

EATING in Chinese style can be great fun. Even if you can't manage chopsticks like these people, you will find some Eastern dishes truly delicious.

A FEW days ago, a friend of mine who recently returned to Australia after living for some years in China invited me to lunch.

She mentioned that she would introduce me to some real Eastern cooking, so I accepted with some misgiving. I had visions of being expected to eat such extraordinary mysteries as seaweed soup or birds' nest stew.

Instead, I had a most interesting and delicious meal, after which out came notebook and pencil. I jotted down some of the recipes from my hostess so that I could pass them on to you.

FOO YUNG OMELETTE, made with peas, onion, ham and celery. We topped ours with a garnishing of grated cheese. See recipe this page.

LA SI CLU

One chicken, large onion, 2 green peppers, ½lb. mushrooms, ½ teaspoon brown sugar, large piece ginger, Soya bean sauce, salt, cayenne, fat for frying, flour.

Cut chicken into joints, dice onions, cut mushrooms and peppers into small pieces, sprinkle chicken with flour, and fry in fat or oil till tender. Drain, add more fat if necessary, and fry the vegetables. When cooked, add chicken, ginger, sugar, salt and cayenne. Add sauce (tomato would do) and little water if necessary. Heat to boiling point. Serve on large dish, garnished with rice.

CHOP SUEY

Fry 3 sliced onions and one bunch chives in a little fat till golden brown, add 1 cup broth, or stock, and 1 tablespoon Soya or tomato sauce. Cook for 2 minutes. Add ½ cup sliced celery, 1lb. minced beefsteak, 1 cup chopped mushrooms. Cook gently till tender, season if necessary. Serve very hot with rice.

CHAWAN MUSHIE

This is really a savory custard made with stock instead of milk. Allow 2 eggs to ½ pint seasoned stock. Put sliced cooked chicken in the bottom of fire-proof dish. Cover with diced mushrooms and cooked peas. Beat eggs well, add stock and pour over chicken, etc. Bake in a slow oven till set, or steam. This recipe can be varied by using veal, fish, prawns, small balls of sausage meat, with chopped onion and celery, or any cold cooked vegetable.

CHO LOW YU
(Fish with sour sweet sauce)

One and a half pounds fish fillets, finely-sliced cucumber, 2oz. pickled onions, ½oz. ginger, clove garlic, 1 teacup vinegar, ½oz. sliced lemon peel, ¼ cup sugar, salt, cayenne, cornflours to thicken, Worcester sauce.

Prepare the sauce. Put the crushed garlic into an oiled pan and cook for 2 or 3 minutes. Remove and put in vinegar, sugar, few drops of Worcester sauce. Boil, add little cornflour, salt, cayenne, and boil again. Skin the fish. Put into boiling water for 2 or 3 minutes till soft. Drain and lay on hot dish. Heat the sauce, add the sliced ginger, lemon peel, cucumber, onion. Boil 5 minutes. Pour over the fish. Garnish with parsley and serve very hot.

TIN SUIN PAI KWE
(Pork with sour sweet sauce)

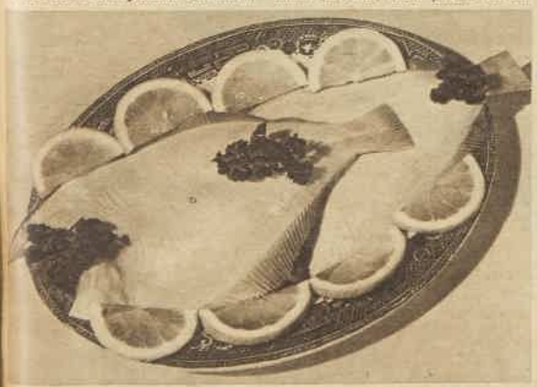
Make sour sweet sauce by crushing 2 cloves garlic. Put into oiled pan with salt. Cook 3 minutes. Remove and pour in 2 teacups vinegar, ½ cup sugar, little Worcester sauce. Boil, thicken with little cornflour. Boil again. Cut the pork fillets into 1½-inch lengths, ½-inch wide. Coat with flour, dip in beaten egg. Fry in boiling fat. Drain well. Heat the sauce, add pork, and ½lb. mustard pickle. Thoroughly heat. Serve very hot.

TEMPURA

This is a dish of fish and vegetables fried in batter. Make batter in usual way. Cut up carrots, celery and other vegetables liked into chips about as big as 4 matches tied together, also onions and beans sliced and kept separate. Dip all in batter and fry, then the fish (prawns, whitebait, thin strips of fish). Drain all well on white paper. Serve fish in centre with vegetable bundles around, with any suitable sauce.

FOO YONG HY
(Crab Omelette)

Beat 3 eggs well. Put the crab meat into hot oiled pan with salt and cayenne, fry for 1 minute, then add the beaten eggs and stir continuously till set. Heap on hot dish and serve at once.



NEXT TIME you have fish and want to cook it in some new way, try one of the Chinese fish recipes on this page. You will find them unusually appetising.

FOO YUNG OMELETTE

Beat 3 eggs thoroughly, melt 2 tablespoons butter in frying pan. When hot, add ½ cup cooked peas, an onion thinly sliced, 2oz. chopped ham, 1oz. chopped celery, and when well beaten add 3 tablespoons milk to the eggs and add to pan. Mix well. Then cook slowly till set. Place in oven or under a griller to brown top. Turn on to hot dish. Spread with tomato sauce or puree and fold in halves. Serve at once. Garnish with grated cheese, if liked.

TO COOK RICE (CHINESE WAY)

Wash 2 cups rice five or six times. Put into saucepan and cover well with water. Bring to boil, turn heat very low until rice is cooked, and keep covered with a tightly fitting lid. The rice will take almost 20 minutes to cook.

BOO-LOO-GAI

Remove the flesh from a chicken (or several if large quantity is required). Slice into convenient size pieces for serving. Heat some butter in deep frying pan, and cook gently until cooked through and slightly browned. Add 2 tablespoons Worcester sauce and small tin of pineapple cut into cubes. Cover with lid and cook about 20 minutes.

Remove chicken and pineapple into deep serving dish, and keep hot. Thicken gravy and add seasoning to taste. When boiling pour over the chicken and serve with hot boiled rice.

HONG MAN HO SI

Wash 2 dozen oysters well and drain. Soak 2 dozen mushrooms in warm water for 15 minutes, and remove the stalks. Cut slices of cooked pork 1 inch long by ½ inch wide. Crush a clove of garlic with a knife, put into a hot oiled pan for 2 or 3 minutes. Remove, put in the mushrooms and cook for 5 minutes. Add oysters and pork and some pieces of ginger, fry for ½ minute. Remove from pan into a saucepan, cover with stock. Bring to boil, thicken with flour, add any seasoning to taste with Worcester and tomato sauce if liked. Serve very hot with boiled rice.

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The ADVENTURES *of* EDWARD

Australian Women's Weekly NOVEL, April 15, 1939

SUPPLEMENT — MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

By . . . J. JEFFERSON FARJEON

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The Adventures of Edward

By J. JEFFERSON FARJEON

EDWARD uttered a colored word and sat up suddenly.

A moment earlier he had been in a punt, drifting down a path of moonbeams with the loveliest girl he had ever dreamt of. And he had dreamt of some wonders. Now the punt had become a bed again, the moonbeams had turned into the flash of an electric torch, and in the lovely girl's place was a burglar.

A soft creak on the stairs sounded. That settled it. He glanced towards the window. Up the water-pipe, in through the window, across the room with one swift flash of burglarious torch, out of the door, down the stairs, and straight for the silver! That, clearly, had been the burglar's route and plan.

Edward did not waste any time. Already he was in the passage, peering down the stairs. Now he was on the stairs. Now he was down the stairs. And now he was in the lounge-hall, and his startled eyes were glued on the burglar's back. A chic little back. A chic pair of legs. Just the sort of legs that could shinny up a water-pipe. A something about the hair. A something about the figure. A something about the pose. Suddenly the burglar became abruptly rigid, and swung round with a gasp.

"Put them up!" she cried. Something bright gleamed in her hand.

"Don't be silly!" retorted Edward. "Put your own up!" Something bright gleamed in his hand.

"Idiot! I'll fire!" fumed the burglar.

"Idiot! You won't!" smiled Edward. "You can't fire with a silver spoon any more than I can with a silver candlestick."

With a sudden dart he was across the floor and by the girl's side. He heard her breathing hard as she stared at him, apparently paralysed by the swiftness of his movement and the suddenness of the unexpected situation.

"Well, now what?" whispered Edward. "Do we fight—or talk?"

He gripped her arm. The arm had stirred, but whether for attack or defence he did not know.

"Why not talk?" he suggested. "I'm frightfully nice. And you don't seem too bad."

The arm, which had been tense—plenty of strength in it—began to grow limp.

"Don't!" she muttered, weakly.

The next instant she wriggled violently. Then she flopped in his arms, and he carried her away from the door to a comfortable armchair.

Her attention was divided between him, the front door, and her physical needs. She was trying hard not to cry.

"It's all right, Felice. I'm not shouting burglar, police or fire. Question is, do you accept me?"

For an instant her attention came away from the front door.

"Felice?" she repeated.

"Girl I was dreaming of when you interrupted me," he explained. "We were punting together. I thought you might be her. Of course, it should be 'she,' but it's rather late for grammar."

She jumped up. She was a bundle of nerves. Her eyes flashed towards the front door again. Had she heard something?

"Yes, now—about that door?" queried Edward, slowly.

She swung round to him, and seized his shoulders. It occurred to him, forcibly, that he would have to watch himself closely during the next few moments. In a dream, it's all right. Just as the girl is getting close, she melts away. But, in reality—well, you have to watch yourself, that's all. This girl was real. Tremendously real. Her face was very close to his. Her breath touched his cheek. No, that wouldn't do!

"Will you help me?" she whispered.

"My dear Felice," he replied, amiably, "you've no notion how I'm helping you!"

He paused. Two cold spots were chilling his shoulders. She had whipped her hands away.

"Oh, stop laughing!" she muttered, in despair.

"Laughing's the best philosophy for a sad world," he said. "Still, go ahead. You want me to do something. What is it?"

She hesitated, then plunged.

"I want you to get me away from the person who's outside," she answered in a low voice.

"Oh—then there is someone outside, eh?" he asked, his eyes narrowing for an instant.

"Yes," she nodded.

"I see. And you're more afraid of him than you are of me?"

"Yes. I—don't seem afraid of you at all, somehow."

"Did you come in here to get away from him?"

"No. Yes. I don't know. But I've wanted to get away from him for a long while."

"And why haven't you?"

"Opportunity's a good thing!" she flashed.

"I see. And I'm the opportunity," smiled Edward, grimly. "The Angel of Deliverance in blue pyjamas! I suppose he sent you in through the window so that you could let him in through the door?"

"Yes."

"Oh—that sort, is he?" frowned Edward.

"Yes, that sort."

"I see." The frown grew. She watched him anxiously. Did he believe her? He seemed to.

"Look!" she whispered, suddenly.

She advanced a step towards him, raised her hand to her shoulder, and slipped the shoulder out of her dress. He blinked down at the dull mark on the pretty, gleaming flesh. The next moment the shoulder was back in the dress, and the owner's eyes bored into his.

He walked to the front door and threw it open.

"What are you doing?" she gasped.

A breath of cool air came into the lounge hall. Something else came with it. A large, bulky form.

"Thought you were never coming!" breathed the bulky form.

"Well, I've come," replied Edward.

It was a beautiful blow. Just the kind of crack a boxer loves to hear. The bulky form lay on the ground.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" bawled Edward, at the top of his voice.

Things began to happen on the floor above, but Edward did not wait to investigate them. Instead, he seized the girl, shoved her out into the garden, and banged the door behind them.

"AND that's that," observed Edward. "I have given your friend a bruise considerably worse, I hope, than the one he gave you. Now bunk!"

"Where?" she murmured.

Where? That was a poser! It occurred to Edward that the question was not strictly cricket. How was he to know where?

Then something else occurred to him. They were standing close together, and her shoulder—the bruised shoulder—was pressing rather heavily against him. Her breath came and went in little gasps. She was obviously weak and dizzy. Neither mind nor body appeared to be functioning efficiently.

"Where?" he repeated, vaguely. "Haven't you got somewhere?"

She tried to straighten up, but it was rather a feeble effort. He slipped an arm protectively round her waist.

"Let's work this out," he said, speaking softly and swiftly, and with one eye on the front-door. He wondered what was happening on the other side of it. Of course, that was where he ought to be! On the other side of it. "I suppose you came here from somewhere?"

She nodded.

"Then isn't that the somewhere you must get back to?"

"He'll find me."

"No! He'll be in the hands of the police!"

"Then the police will find me."

"You do think the police are clever!"

"He'll tell them."

Yes, of course. That was true! Failure of plan. Punch on the jaw. Of course, he'd tell them!

But wasn't it also true that the police ought to be told? This naughty child had climbed up a water-pipe that didn't belong to her and had entered a bedroom by a window through which she had no legal right. If Edward had not been such a light sleeper, she would be filling her lap with silver spoons and forks at this moment!

The naughty child's bruised shoulder was

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very warm against his. Dash it! How could he go back on her now?

"Then you must go somewhere else," he remarked, unhelpfully.

"Why is all this happening to me?" reflected Edward.

Instinctively he had drawn her a little way from the front-door.

"What on earth does one do in a situation like this?" he asked himself.

And then, all at once, a solution occurred to him, suggested by an object he had suddenly spied leaning against a shed. The object was a motor-bicycle, over the saddle of which lay an overcoat.

"Can you ride?" he demanded, brusquely.

"Pillion," came the rather mechanical answer.

"That settles it!" he sighed, as he slipped into the coat. "Jump on!"

"It makes an awful row," she added, and suggested he should wheel it a little way along the road before starting it.

"Oh—you know this old bike?" grunted Edward, grimly. "And all the tricks!"

She did not reply. But he took her advice, and a few seconds later they were speeding along the lane.

"Where are we going?" she asked, as he veered abruptly to the right.

"At the instant, away from a police-station," he answered. "We've got a silly telephone at my house. We need it for company, as we live in a rather lonely road."

"You mean—they'll telephone to the police?"

"Obviously. They are probably 'phoning at this moment for all the constables in North London. My house is disgustingly efficient when it's roused!"

He slackened slightly. Ahead a little lamp shimmered, held by a portly figure.

"London's last policeman," he murmured, "guarding the metropolitan outposts. Watch how I deal with him!"

The policeman grew bigger as they drew nearer.

"Good night, Clark Gable!" shouted Edward.

The policeman blinked with good-humored indignation. Three-quarter size, life-size, three-quarter size, half-size—gone!

"I say!"

"What?"

"Are you ever serious?"

"Always! It's a sort of permanent mixture. You know—gas and air. You don't suppose I've deserted my nice warm bed for a motor-bike at this hour merely to be comic, do you?"

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, Lord, please don't start that! It isn't a bit necessary to be sorry. I'm perfectly happy!"

"I don't see how you can be."

"Well, just take it from me that I am. You see, you broke the dream you woke me out of."

"What's that mean?"

"Thought I told you, Felice. I was dreaming of a girl I'd never seen, and now I've seen her. By the way, don't take that as a proposal of marriage. It's just a one-a.m.-ish remark. And now, if you don't mind, I won't talk for a bit. I want to put on speed."

He began to do so, but all at once the voice behind him called out "Stop!"

The voice startled him. There was determination in it, almost command. Suddenly he missed the two hands that had been gripping him. He slackened immediately and came to a halt. Turning round, he saw the girl standing a few feet away. She had slipped from her seat with extraordinary nimbleness.

"Why did you pull the communication cord?" demanded Edward. "The penalty for improper use is five pounds!"

"Because you've got to go back," she answered. "I can't let you take me any further."

"Why not?"

"It's wrong. It's—ridiculous!"

"Many things are ridiculous, my dear child," said Edward, after a pause.

"I wish you'd talk sense——"

"All right. I will. Is it less ridiculous for me to see you to safety than to leave you to throw yourself in a river."

"I am not the kind of girl to throw myself in a river," she frowned.

But he caught her in two seconds, and held her tight as a car came suddenly round a corner and sped by.

"Don't blame me if we look like a couple of lovers," he whispered. "What's come over you, Felice?"

"Sense," she gasped. "Let me go! Don't you see—I can't let you go on with it!"

"But——"

"No, listen! I've been weak! It's not like me, really. I'm not at all weak, as a rule. But to-night things got on top of me, I expect. I've been—a bit ill——"

A policeman approached. Edward turned to him engagingly as his features glowed in the bright official light.

"Hooray, sergeant!" he exclaimed. "You've been the devil of a time. Are we right for Plymouth?"

The policeman stared at Edward, then flashed his lamp at the girl and stared at her. He stared at her so long and so closely that Edward began to lose a little of his light-heartedness.

"It must be wonderful to be a bobby," he observed. "You can stare at a person as long as you like, and make it official."

"What's that," jerked the policeman.

"My sister, Mary. Age, twenty-two. Engaged," replied Edward. "And now you know each other, do tell me the way to St. Albans. We've been to a dance, and were frightfully tired."

"A pyjama dance?" queried the policeman, looking at Edward's feet.

"Fancy dress," smiled Edward. "I went as Pyjama Percy, and my sister as a Lady with a Toothache, and we had two bottles of champagne, hence the lovely night. Now, are you going to arrest us or tell us the way to St. Albans?"

"You want the North Road," said the policeman. "You're coming away from it."

"No!" cried Edward, rushing to the machine and turning it round.

The policeman directed them. "Jump on, Mary!" commanded Edward. The girl obeyed mechanically. They chugged away.

"Now see me loop the loop," chuckled Edward, after a minute's riding. "We don't want the Great North Road. We want the Great East Road. Hold tight!"

She obeyed, and gripped him hard as the machine swung round a corner and then lurched forward at a greater pace. She had ridden pillion before that night, but never at such speed. Used as she was to risks, she held her breath, and wondered where he was taking her.

"Are we going much farther" she demanded abruptly, after many miles.

"About forty miles farther."

"Forty miles! . . . Where will that take us to?"

"The coast, if it's still there."

"What part of the coast?"

"Somewhere in Essex."

"Where in Essex?"

"Do you like the sound of Mersea Island?"

"An island!"

"No, not strictly. It used to be an island, but now it's almost an island. It ought to be called Mersea Peninsula. A road runs across to it."

"I see."

The breathless journey continued. They ran through several small places, and one large one. "Colchester," he informed her.

Faster and faster. In a very few minutes they smelt the salt of the sea, then found its gleaming arms on either side, then knew it everywhere. Afterwards, twists and turns. Black blotches that were cottages in slumber, and a bigger one that might have been an inn. More water, now ahead of them. An oddly pleasant fragrance of mud. And a long, narrow plank, jutting out across the mud towards the sea that sluggishly lapped the mud's extremity and oozed long fingers of indefinite moisture landwards.

"Here we are," murmured Edward, as he stopped.

He stowed the machine away by a hedge, then began to lead her along the plank.

"It's some distance," he warned her, "as we have to go by a few other palaces before we reach my own. You'll see 'em on your right. Mind you don't slip. French chalk can't hold a candle to Mersea mud."

They advanced gingerly, guided by the girl's torch. Every now and then a black shape loomed abruptly, marking the final resting-place of some dead hulk, and also its final utility. The hulks had been wedged in the mud, and scooped out, so that people with queer ideas could live in them.

At last they reached the end of the long irregular plank-street. Another dark shape reared up beside them, this time on their left. Then, all at once, Edward whistled softly.

"I thought you said no one was living there?" whispered the girl.

"Yes—I did say so," Edward whispered back, and stared unbelievingly at the little light that glimmered from the starboard porthole.

"THE situation has changed," muttered Edward, as he gazed at the surprising and unwelcome glow. "Let us retreat a few planks, and work things out!"

The girl looked at him anxiously. He noted her hesitation, and understood it.

"You are a perfectly free agent, Felice," he whispered.

Her answer was to retreat with him a dozen paces. Then she whispered back, half-defiantly: "You needn't think I'm not quick, as a rule! But somehow this has got me all muddled up!"

She waited. There was nothing else for her to do. He cast his eyes up and down the plankway, and continued:

"This is the position. I own that defunct boat. Its name is the Mudderies, and it has two beds, one sitt., and very unusual offices. Actually it's quite a comfortable old tub. So it occurred to me that, since you had nowhere to go and needed somewhere, my old Mudderies might do for a bit. Idiotic thought, eh? If you like. But don't blame me, blame my pyjamas. It's a well-known fact that no man can think fully unless he's dressed fully."

"It isn't likely I'd blame you!" she exclaimed.

"Now, that's what I call sporting," smiled Edward, "only don't sport quite so loudly next time, will you? Meanwhile, we've got to deal with old portlight." He shook his head gloomily. "What's he doing in my house? What's he doing in my bunk?"

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"Perhaps it's not a 'he'?" she suggested.

As he left her she put out her hand impulsively and touched his sleeve, and he carried with him along the planks the warmth of that little touch.

He reached the narrow plank that turned left and led direct to the Mudderies. Cautiously he negotiated it. Below him the mud seemed to recede abruptly and to drop down to bottomless ooze. "The trouble with mud," he reflected, "is that when you drop into it you don't bounce up again."

On his right, fore, was the well, a pleasant enough place in the sunlight when an awning was over it. On his left, aft, was the cabin accommodation. A big black hole led down to the cabins, and by all the rules this hole should have been completely black. It was perforated, however, as Edward gazed into it, by a little yellow slit.

He descended into the hole. At the bottom he paused and took a breath. Then he opened a door.

If you had asked him afterwards what he had expected to find in that little cabin he could not have told you, but he certainly did not expect the odd creature he did discover there.

At first he thought it was a worn-out broom that had tumbled into bed after a hard day's sweeping. The lower broom turned out to be beard, the upper broom hair. Between, vaguely envisaged in the dim light of a flickering candle, were portions of face.

"Well, I'm darned," said Edward, and poked the portion of the face that looked most vulnerable.

The effect was instantaneous. Edward's poke must have been harder than he had imagined, or the portion must have been more vulnerable. The human broom came up on its joint, two eyes embedded in tangle like those of a sheep-dog emerged to blink at Edward, and the little cabin that a moment previously had been a small haven of peace in a storm-swept world became filled with galvanic emotion.

Edward had a right to be angry, yet he found no room for anger in his soul. Instead he discovered himself pitying this queer bit of human flotsam.

"Who are you?" asked Edward.

"The Devil!" muttered the awakened sleeper.

"I don't suppose you mean me to take that remark literally," observed Edward. "What's your name?"

The scarecrow blinked.

"I asked your name?" proceeded Edward. "I know your present address. What's your name?"

Then the scarecrow behaved in a most unsatisfactory manner. If he had blustered or shown fight, if he had suddenly sprung from the bunk and seized Edward by the throat, he would have been very easy to deal with. He just slithered out of the bed and picked himself up from the floor.

"What are you doing?" frowned Edward.

"I'm goin', guv'nor," mumbled the scarecrow.

"Who said you were to go?" rasped Edward. He hardly knew he said it. The words just came. "I haven't turned you out yet, have I?"

The scarecrow blinked over this.

"Wot? Stay for the night?" he asked.

It was what Edward meant, but it occurred to him that he had better not commit himself just yet. He thought rapidly.

"Now, listen," he said, fixing the scarecrow with his eye. "You're in a scrape, but it may not be too bad if you are ready to answer a few questions I'm going to ask you quickly, crisply, and truthfully. This is my boat. As you see, I'm not foaming at the mouth. Disobey me, hinder me, play any sort of trick with me, or lie to me, and the foam will appear. Have you got that?"

The scarecrow nodded earnestly. He hadn't got a quarter of it.

"Right! Then quick fire! What's your name?"

"Fergot."

"Don't be ridiculous!"

"Orl right, 'Arry."

"Heavens!" thought Edward. "This is going to be difficult." Aloud he went on: "Right. I'll call you 'Arry. Next—what are you?"

"Sailor. Out of a job!"

"I see. And how did you come here? The homing instinct?"

"Oh. Along them planks."

"Splendid! When did you come here?"

"Oh. Lars' night."

"Well. Now that I know how you came and when you came, tell me why you came?"

"Well—there wasn't nowhere helse," replied the scarecrow. "Ain't got a ship, yer see."

"So you took mine," mused Edward. "I wonder how that reason would stand in law? When did you have your last meal?"

"Yesterday morning."

"I say—is that true?" Edward's voice was a little searching.

"Wish it wasn't," answered the sailor.

"By Jove, I believe you," murmured Edward. "And to think you've been sleeping on tins and tins of food!"

'Arry's eyes opened wide. Food? Here?

"One more question, old chap," said Edward. "That candle. You were asleep when I came along, but it was still burning. Why?"

The sailor hesitated. He couldn't make Edward out. No, not at all! But there was something about him that seemed to help a feller. And if 'Arry didn't speak the truth, Edward had promised to foam.

"Afraid o' the dark," muttered 'Arry.

And in that statement, delivered with almost childlike simplicity from the lips of an elderly man who had had his experience of life, Edward felt that he had learned more about 'Arry's character and potentialities than he had learned from all his other replies put together. So Edward explained Felice.

"She'd be orl right 'ere," said 'Arry. "I 'ad a little gal once."

Something warm entered the Mudderies.

"What's your plan when you leave here?" Edward demanded.

"I thort I might try 'Arridge."

"Well, if you care to postpone trying 'Arridge for a bit, there's no need for you to leave here yet awhile, unless you want to. We won't trouble about the rent-book. Stay here and look after the girl, eh? That is, if she's agreeable. Do what she asks you to do. Don't do what she asks you not to do. Don't worry her with questions, or answer any questions other people may ask you about her. In fact, let me engage you to be her servant for just as long as she stays here. And, though I've no money on me at the moment, I'll see you get your full wages in due course. Meanwhile, here's the start of them."

He went to a little drawer, pulled it out, felt in the recess at the back of it, and produced a key. Replacing the drawer, he opened the locker beneath 'Arry's bunk. The larder was revealed.

"Well—what do you say?" inquired Edward.

But 'Arry hadn't anything to say.

A minute later Edward was on the plankway, and the shadowy form of the slip of a girl for whom he was doing all this stood before him.

"Well?" she whispered.

He told her. And, when he had told her, he asked her what she thought.

"What will you do?" came the tremulous question.

"Me? Oh, I shall go back, Felice," he answered. "Simply got to, you know. Haven't I?"

"Why do you keep on calling me Felice?"

"You've not told me anything else," he reminded her. "What shall I alter it to?"

"Nothing," she smiled. "Let's stick to Felice." Then the smile vanished. "Yes, of course, you must go back. And—that's the end."

As Edward walked landwards along the plankway some twenty minutes later, having effected the strangest introduction of his career, he wondered whether he were indeed ceasing to be sane and whither all this was leading. Wherefore he put all thought out of his mind—until, leaving the plankway and reaching the road and the motor-bike, he suddenly found himself staring into a bull's-eye lantern.

"This your motor-bike?" queried a policemanly voice.

"Er—yes," answered Edward.

"I see," said the policeman. "And do you gen'rally go out riding in your pyjamas?"

FOR ten seconds Edward smiled at the policeman without replying. By this time the policeman's patience began to show signs of snapping, and Edward realised that his ten seconds were up.

"Have a cigarette?" he suggested.

"I'm waiting for something else," answered the policeman.

Edward's eyebrows rose. He looked the picture of innocence.

"Waiting?" he inquired. "What for?"

"I asked a question," said the policeman, "about them pyjamas."

"Oh, I see," beamed Edward. "Under what particular Police Regulations are you entitled to challenge my night attire? Last Saturday I wore pink socks. Could I have been imprisoned?"

The policeman was not quite the fool Edward hoped he was. Utterly out of his depth in a conversation of this kind, he waded back blatantly to the simpler shallows.

"I don't know anything about that, sir," he said grimly, "but I do know my duty, and that's to look into anything suspicious. You must see yourself, sir, that this looks a bit—well, unusual like."

"It looks very unusual like," agreed Edward. The policeman also looked very unfriendly like. "Well, let me begin with a little confession, constable. I said just now that this was my bicycle. Strictly speaking, it isn't. It belongs to a friend of mine. Last night, on my way to London from Cromer, I got out at Colchester to buy a bun, met Charlie on the platform, and the train went on without me. And as there wasn't another train, Charlie invited me back to his place for the night."

"And you 'ad a drink?" suggested the constable.

"Just a little one," smiled Edward. "Just a little one."

The drink was a good idea of the constable's! Edward wondered why he had not

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thought of it himself. A drink and its aftermath of merriment! What better to explain a nocturnal ride in pyjamas?

"Now, listen," said Edward, with a solemn wink, "he bet me I would not visit the coast in my pyjamas and bring him back a flask of sea-water. The filled flask is in my pocket. I went along these planks to fill it. And now I must go back at once, or I will lose my crown."

He dived past the constable and seized his bicycle.

"Here, wait a minute!" cried the policeman.

"No, no, I've waited long enough," retorted Edward. "I've got to rush back with my sea-water before it loses its salt!"

He tapped his pocket, jumped on the machine, and was off.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" muttered the policeman, "talk about lightnin'!"

He was disconcerted. But duty was duty, and promotion was promotion. And a girl who made butter at Brightlingsea would be more willing to accept the embraces of an arm if it had a stripe or two upon it.

"Well—'ere goes," grunted the policeman, and started along the planks.

Blissfully unconscious of the Mersea policeman's tenacity, and all too ready to bank on the assumed idiocy of an over-blamed police-force, Edward raced through the blackness, congratulating himself on his wit and his luck. The idea of concluding the episode, of leaving the girl he had befriended to fend for herself, did not even occur to him. And then there was that other odd creature, that out-of-work sailor whose hunger had made Edward almost ashamed of his own sufficiency.

Just the same, he reflected, as the coast receded behind him, and he raced towards the still slumbering west, it wasn't going to be all milk and honey. When he reached home he would have to pacify a she-dragon. A she-dragon in the form of an aunt with aspirations. One aspiration was that a portion of Edward's good fortune should be diverted to her via an over-obedient daughter, and Edward recalled with sudden dismay, that a trip to Virginia Water had been planned for the day about to dawn. Amid the romantic setting of liquid and leaves, it was hoped by the she-dragon that a proposal would be forthcoming.

* * * * * * *

The door opened, after much shooting of bolts, and his aunt admitted him. Regarding her, Edward was soothed by the reflection that he was not the only odd-looking individual abroad that morning. Over a white nightgown, she appeared to be wearing countless wraps. Behind her, in the vague light of the lounge-hall Miriam hovered, Miriam, too, looked tired, but not forbiddingly.

"Edward!" she exclaimed, in that tone which challenged one's right to exist.

"Aunt!" he replied, "why aren't you in bed?"

"Why aren't we in bed!" cried his aunt, indignantly. "There's a question! Why aren't you in bed?"

"Oh, I've been chasing a burglar," he answered, "and you can't do that while you're all tucked up. We made seventeen circles round St. Albans, and then I got giddy and came home."

He had no intention of giving the correct geography of his trip.

"I told mother as soon as he got away, that I knew you'd chase him," said Miriam.

"So! The burglar had got away?

"We've been horribly anxious, Edward. We didn't know what had happened to you! After the burglar escaped we rang up the police, and their theory is that the burglar got in through your window——"

"What!" exclaimed Edward.

"Yes. The water-pipe's been scratched, and they found a little bit of cloth that had got caught on a vine."

"Well, I'm blest!" murmured Edward, as his heart missed a beat.

"But they couldn't find the burglar," Miriam went on, "and they're still looking for him——"

"And for you!" interposed his aunt. "A pretty night it's been! How do you expect I could settle down to sleep with all this going on? I tell you, my poor nerves are all to bits! Every time that telephone goes, I jump. You ought to have left the chasing to the police, Edward! That's what they're paid for. Your place was here, with us!"

Miriam sent him a look of warning and sympathy. It said, "She's tired. I'm tired. You're tired. We're all tired. Don't let's bicker." And while her eyes said all this, her lips were equally practical: "Don't you think you'd better phone to the police again and let them know you're alive?"

Edward nodded. Sensible girl, Miriam! What a pity he wasn't in love with her!

He telephoned to the police. He told them Version No. 3. Then, having fixed the police, he set about fixing his people.

"Nothing to keep you up any longer now, Aunt Julia," he said. "Take my advice, and go to bed till lunch."

"That's a jolly good idea," answered Miriam. "I vote we all do it. And then, in the afternoon, we can go to Virginia Water."

With eyes watching him, he played his cards badly.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I'd thought of taking an early train down to—er—Mersea, to have a squint at that funny old boat of mine."

"Why to-day, Edward?" asked Miriam, disappointedly. "When we'd arranged on Virginia Water?"

"Well—I've not seen the old tub for months," he responded, lamely. "Thought it about time I looked it up, just to see it's still there."

There was a depressed silence. Aunt Julia solved the situation.

"I know!" she cried, suddenly. "We'll all go to Mersea! I've always wanted to see your boat, and it'll just make the break we all need,—for I declare I won't sleep a wink if I stay here to-night. There are two cabins, Edward, aren't there?"

"WHAT you need, Edward," said Aunt Julia, as the car turned southwards, "is stability! I've said so before, and I say so again. Until you settle down and get some form into your life, you'll just go on—jerking from one thing to another, and will wear yourself—not to mention other people who've got to live with you—to a rag."

"Do I jerk?" murmured Edward, while he thought, "Have they got to live with me?"

"You've been jerking all the morning," retorted his aunt. "You jerked just now—from Mersea to Elmstead, and then from Elmstead back to Mersea again! Why did you do that? For all one can say, in another minute you'll be telling the driver to turn round and go to Axminster!"

Edward sighed pensively.

"Well, from now onwards, I take the reins," declared his aunt, grimly. "I mean to see that we have a quiet and peaceful week-end, and one that will do us all good."

This time Edward found it less easy to share Aunt Julia's prediction.

"I'm sure we all want a quiet and peaceful week-end," remarked Miriam, "but we won't get it if we begin by squabbling."

"Squabbling?" cried her mother. "Who's squabbling?"

"Nobody," interposed Edward, quickly. "We're just hungry, that's all. When we've got three or four dozen oysters inside us and five or six hundred winkles we'll be all bright and bubbling."An idea flashed into his mind—his second brain-wave that morning. "Oysters and winkles!" he exclaimed. "Yes, and I know where to get the best! There's a wonderful hotel here—the Nelson—and we'll make a beeline for it, eh?"

The road dropped down to the flats. They crossed the Strood, which held the Isle of Mersea to the mainland with disconcerting flimsiness when the tide was high and the flats on either side were covered with tidal waters lapping the very edges of the road as though seeking to drink it. Now they were on the island. They bore to the right, and twisted. Roofs appeared, picturesque, low, and unpretentious. Tall trees looked down on the roofs, bushes were on speaking terms.

Through the sleepy centre of the village, its rustic Piccadilly Circus, round a church wall and a corner, and now the sea gleamed flatly on their left. Its glowing edge was distant, drawn irregularly along the scarred and formless mud, but soon the line would advance, like an undisciplined army, and would flow around the countless boats, most of which were now high and dry—or as high and dry as boats can be in mud-moist country. A few of the boats, the bravest outposts of Mersea's unique navy, joined issue with the watery enemy's front line even at low tide; and suddenly, while Edward tried to pick out one of these, he turned his eyes away again, realising the folly of his search.

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Miriam. "Edward, I never dreamt it was anything like this!"

"It is certainly rather extraordinary," agreed Aunt Julia, perhaps a little less enthusiastically. She would not have admitted it to you, but she had reached an age when adventure beckons more sweetly in theory than in fact. "Which one is the Mudderies?"

"Can't make her out," replied Edward. "Time enough to find her after lunch."

"Yes, but can't we see her from here?" asked Miriam.

"We might if we had a telescope," answered Edward. "Did you ever see such a network of things like ships? Rule Britannia!"

The road ran along the coast. Aunt Julia and Miriam stared seawards with disturbing persistence. Edward strove hard to divert their attention to the land side.

"What are all those funny planks?" enquired Aunt Julia.

"Of course, this Mersea's spelt with an 'a'," said Edward. "Not with a 'y' like the river."

"Mother asked what those planks were," Miriam reminded him.

"Oh, those planks? Ah — you'll both know soon enough," smiled Edward, fatuously. "Eyes front, now! I believe we'll spot our hotel round that bend."

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They looked ahead, and so did Edward. They were just passing the particular plankway he wished them to avoid. But, out of the corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of the sea-end of the plankway, and also of a figure silhouetted against the sun-mottled sea beyond. The figure was too small and too blackened to identify with certainty, but Edward's heart gave a bound as he glimpsed it. Thoughts were now being translated into facts, and he realised that from this moment he was bang in the middle of the battle.

A minute or two later, round another bend, the hotel appeared, and the car drew up and stopped.

"At last!" exclaimed Aunt Julia. "I do hope the cooking's good!"

They paid the driver of the car and entered the hotel. The proprietor welcomed them affably, and conducted them to a large room on the sea-view side of which were several smaller tributary-rooms.

Edward did not notice a guest being ushered into the adjoining tributary-room, or that he now stood outside the room gazing at the newcomers with quiet interest.

"Delightful!" beamed Aunt Julia, as she sank into the most comfortable chair in the manner of one not lightly to be moved out of it again. "And a sea-view, too."

"Do you know, I think I'd like to toddle down to the boat while you're ordering the lunch," Edward said later.

"Why?" frowned Aunt Julia. "It'll be much nicer for us all to go together."

"We will all go together," responded Edward, "but I'm a bit worried about the garden path. Otherwise, the plank that leads on to the boat. As likely as not it's missing—little boys love to play pranks with planks—and if so I must arrange to have another one brought along. It'll all save time."

"Well, you know best," answered Aunt Julia. "Miriam, you go with him."

"Yes. Id love to," exclaimed Miriam, rising.

But Edward put his hand on her shoulder and pressed her firmly and resolutely back into her seat.

"I don't think you would love to," he retorted. "It's a bit of a walk. Save your strength, my dear. You'll need it when you're brooming the boat out this afternoon."

"There he goes—jerking again!" complained Aunt Julia, as Edward darted away. "Miriam, if ever a man needed a wife, that man does!"

"I'm sure he does, mother," answered Miriam. "The trouble is, men will choose for themselves, won't they?"

While his matrimonial necessities were being discussed over the menu, Edward himself was speeding back along the lane.

But suddenly he stopped running. Walking slowly towards him was a policeman. Probably, the policeman, since was it likely that a village of Mersea's dimensions possesses more than one? He dived through a gate, and nearly knocked a small boy over in the process.

But the scene ahead of him was more important than the scene behind him, and he did not pause. In a few second he had reached the plankway to the Mudderies, and was racing along that none too secure road at perilous speed. Most of the hulks he passed en route were unoccupied. Possibly all of them. But the hulk at the end contained two people for whom fresh quarters would have to be found immediately. He stared ahead of him as he ran. He sought the silhouette when passing the plank-road in the car. There was no sign of it.

He he was on the little plank that turned off into the Mudderies, and the Mudderies itself bulged statically out of its muddy bed. "Hey, there!" he called, softly. "Come out! Quick!"

There was no response. He leapt on to the boat, calling again. And again there was no answer.

He peered down the hatchway. He saw no sign of movement. He listened, and heard none. Now he was down the little flight of stairs, and had passed into the first cabin. It was empty. The second. Empty, too. But on the ground of the second cabin lay a little handkerchief.

He picked the handkerchief up. A new depression began to settle upon him. The Mudderies was now quite safe for the impending visit of Aunt Julia and Miriam, and was in the tenantless condition he had been playing for. But where were the late tenants of the Mudderies?

Slowly he left the boat, and retraced his way back along the planks. The last time he had retraced his way along these planks he had received a small shock at the end in the form of a policeman. Now he received a bigger shock, in the form of the gentleman with the sore jaw.

"Hallo," said the burglar.

"Hallo," replied Edward. "How are you feeling?"

"I owe you something," said the burglar.

"Good," answered Edward. "Like another?"

They watched each other guardedly.

"Where is she?" demanded the burglar.

"By Jove—he doesn't know!" thought Edward, almost sick with relief.

"She" queried Edward. "Who?"

"You know," said the burglar.

"When you tell me, I may," returned Edward. "Do you refer to your mother, your cook, or Queen Elizabeth"

The burglar frowned.

"That sort of talk don't go down with me," he remarked. "Why not cut it out? You know who I'm talking of!"

"I don't even know whom I'm talking to," declared Edward.

"See here, let's get down to business. You don't suppose I've tracked you here just for a little polite conversation! I know you went off with her somewhere last night. That's why I'm shadowing you. That's why I'm going to continue shadowing you. And if you don't tell me where she is before sunset, you'll get something you never dreamt this world possessed."

"Very prettily put," nodded Edward. "Your conversation's not half bad for a housebreaker."

"Then I'll give you a little more of it, young Bluesocks," said the man self-described as Smith.

"Purple," corrected Edward.

"You think you're clever, don't you?"

"Suppose I put the local bobby on the scent" suggested Edward. "He's not far off."

"Do that, my young friend——"

"Young, by all means."

"—— and the bobby'll ask questions. And I'll answer them. And then there'll be not only me looking for the girl."

This was a shrewd thrust. It touched the weakness of Edward's position—a weakness he dared not admit. For the admission would prove his knowledge and his interest.

"I haven't much more time to waste on you," said Edward. "Make a suggestion."

"Right! I will! You've come off that end boat there."

"Have I?"

"Yes. Any objection to showing me over the boat?"

"Every objection. But you can go and look over it yourself, by all means. Meanwhile, I'll wait here, and get the bobby to join you if he toddles by."

Smith hesitated. He glanced up and down the road. There was no immediate sign of the bobby. The next instant he had taken Edward at his word, and had slipped by him. With no less speed than Edward himself had shown, the burglar raced along the planks. "What a joke," reflected Edward, mirthlessly, "if Miriam and Aunt Julia came along at this moment!"

In two minutes the burglar was back again.

"Satisfied," asked Edward.

"No," barked Smith.

"Nor am I," said Edward. "I can spot the policeman in the distance. If you're still here when he arrives, you'll spend tonight in a cell." He added in his thoughts "And where would I spend the night?"

"All right—we'll call it a draw for the moment—on one condition," said the burglar quickly.

The burglar controlled himself with an effort. The policeman in the distance grew less and less distant.

Suddenly the burglar took a step forward and muttered.

"We'll let the girl rip for a bit, if you'll let me have my coat back!"

Edward stared at him.

"Your coat?" he exclaimed. "Are you cold?"

"Where is it?" demanded the burglar. "You took it last night. I want it back!"

"Now, why on earth is Mr. Smith so anxious about his coat?" wondered Edward to himself, "yet apparently doesn't mind a bit about his motor-bike?"

"Quick! I'm serious!" threatened the burglar.

"So am I," replied Edward, watching the policeman. "You're the one that's got to be quick."

"Blast!" growled the burglar. "But you'll see me again, don't you worry!"

He vanished. It was the one thing in life he could do perfectly.

"Of course, what is worrying me," thought Edward, "is—do I want to meet a policeman or don't I?"

EDWARD decided that he did not want to meet a policeman, and having come to this decision he proved that in the gentle art of disappearing the burglar could teach him nothing. He disappeared by the simple process of dropping off the planks on which he had been standing and concealing himself beneath them.

He crept out of his concealment. His beautiful suit had lost its morning splendor. But what was a little thing like that?

Cautiously Edward raised himself on to the planks and completed the final stretch to the road. Turning leftwards, he began to retrace his route to the hotel. Then, all at once, he paused. A figure reared itself slowly from a ditch and began shuffling towards him.

"Got a penny for a cup o' tea?" wheedled the figure.

Edward felt in his pocket. It was his boast that nobody had ever asked him for a cup of tea in vain.

"Mike it sixpence, and I could get a bit o' bread and cheese at the 'otel," suggested the figure.

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Then Edward grinned, and life became a little brighter. This wayside rascal was dissembling. He was the scarecrow!

"Fancy my not knowing you!" said Edward.

"Well, it was like this, see," said the scarecrow, in a low mumble. A passer-by would have imagined he was pouring out the usual tale of woe. "We waits on the boat, like you see, and we sees you comin' along with a cuple o' ladies——"

"Oh, you saw us go by," interposed Edward. "You were on the boat then, eh?"

"Yus, sir. I'm tellin' yer. We sees you comin' along, and jest a bit arter we sees some 'un helse comin' along—the party wot the gal's runnin' away from."

"Oh, you know that, then," queried Edward.

"It's about orl I does know," returned the sailor. "She's a close 'un, she is. Tells me nex' ter nothin', and I don't ax no questions, 'cos them was my instruckshuns."

"But she told you about this chap who's after her?"

"Yus. See, I 'ad ter look out fer 'im, case 'e come along afore you did. But 'e come jest arter."

"He must have been on that motor-bus we were going to catch," reflected Edward, grimly.

"And when I sees 'im, I sez, 'Allo!' "

"That was jolly useful," nodded Edward. "And then?"

"We 'as a quick tork about wot's best ter be done, and orl we can think of is that there little boat wot was tied on ter the big 'un. 'S'pose that there bloke comes nosin' up 'ere?' I sez, 'and when it's safe ter come back I'll wave a red 'ankerchiff,' I sez, meanin' this 'un, which you'd better keep, p'r'aps, as you're more likely ter do the wavin', 'but don't you come back till it's waved,' I sez, 'cos if yer does there's no knowin' wot'll 'appen, and if things get too 'ot fer you out there, and p'r'aps some'un can put out ter yer, but on'y if things is really bad,' I sez, 'and you 'as ter, 'cos hotherwise you gotter stay out there quiet like and attrack no attenshun,' I sez, 'and pertend yer fishin.' "

He stopped and turned towards the sea.

"No, carry on a few yards farther, old chap," ordered Edward.

The sailor obeyed. Then he stopped again, and pointed.

"That boat out there," he said. "That's 'er."

"Good Lord, what a way out!" grunted Edward.

"Well, I tole 'er not ter 'ang about close," replied the sailor, "but it ain't quite so fur as it looks."

Edward stared at the little speck. Vaguely he could make out a tiny dot in the speck. The tiny dot that was responsible for all these queer happenings and disturbances!

"And what did you do?" asked Edward, as they continued their way.

"I comes ashore, and 'angs around, quiet like," answered the sailor. "No good stayin' there, was it? And when I can I comes up to yer—and that's orl."

"Well, you've done splendidly," pronounced Edward, "and one day I'll give you a medal, with your name on it. By the way, I seem to remember you had a name. What was it?"

"'Arry."

"So it was. Well, the medal shall be inscribed, 'Ooray for 'Arry.' Meanwhile, now you've finished talking, do a bit of listening. It hasn't been all jam and honey my end. After I left you last night I bumped into a policeman——"

"Yus, I fergot ter menshun 'im," interposed 'Arry. "We seen 'im."

"Good Lord!" blinked Edward. "You don't mean to say he poked around the place?"

"Not 'arf, 'e didn't!" replied 'Arry.

The hotel loomed in front of them. In a few hurried words Edward told his second-in-command as much of the situation as was necessary, and instructed him to try and get into touch with the girl somehow or other during the next hour, to pass the situation on to her.

"But I'm afraid she may have to stay out for a bit," said Edward, frowning, "and I only hope it will keep calm for her. She can't come near me till I've settled things with my people, or till I know that the rascal who is chasing her is well out of the way, confound the brute! Of course, you must see he doesn't spot you while you do your signalling! Yes, your job's going to be tricky, too. But do the best you can, and if it's too risky then leave it, and I'll have to think of something else."

They passed into the view of the hotel windows, and separated. 'Arry went in at the back, Edward at the front. His aunt greeted him with definite indignation.

"We thought you were never coming!" she exclaimed, with a snort. "Who was the ragamuffin I saw you talking to just now?"

"Let us be happy, Aunt," urged Edward. "He was only one of the unemployed, and I gave him a current coin for a currant bun."

"Well done," approved Miriam. "The poor chap looked as though he hadn't had a square meal for months."

"Thank you for your kind words," murmured Edward, and wiped his brow. But the brow grew moister instead of dryer when he found Miriam's eyes fastened on his forehead. He was using the little handkerchief he had picked up from the floor of the inner cabin.

"I've been thinking," said Edward. "It seems to me that it will be the height of folly to spend the night on a poky boat, when there's a comfortable hotel hard by."

"Miriam and I don't agree," replied his aunt. "We've come down to spend the night on your boat, and we're going to spend the night on your boat, and for goodness' sake, Edward, do stop arguing and eat your oysters. Oh, by the way," she went on, dropping her voice slightly, "a most extraordinary thing has happened. The man in the next room—he came in here for the pepper—he says he caught sight of you just before you went off and left us, and that he thinks he knows you."

"Knows me?" exclaimed Edward. "What—d'you mean that rather stoutish chap?"

"Yes, that's the man," nodded Aunt Julia, "but you shouldn't always judge people by their figures. He's got quite a nice face, hasn't he, Miriam?"

"Not at all bad," agreed Miriam, "if he'd shave off the little moustache."

"I think I'm more interested in his name than his face, since I'm supposed to know him," said Edward, patiently. "Who is he?"

"He lives in Colchester," replied Aunt Julia. "Mr. Charles Dale."

THE world, and the oysters with it, turned upside down.

"Excuse me," said Edward, earnestly, "but did you say Charles Dale?"

"I did say Charles Dale," repeated Aunt Julia, "and he's in the next room at this moment hoping to see you when you've got through your lunch. Where did you meet him, Edward? I've never heard you mention him."

"I expect Edward has got plenty of friends he doesn't mention," observed Miriam, looking at Edward rather curiously. "Have you, Edward?"

"Is that a challenge?" asked Edward, returning her gaze.

"If it was, I retract," replied Miriam, after a tiny pause. "I'm not quite early Victorian, and I expect every man needs a few secrets."

"Don't talk nonsense!" exclaimed Aunt Julia, frowning. "There's no need to keep Mr. Dale secret, anyhow. Who is he?"

"Well, I expect there are dozens of Charlie Dales in the world," responded Edward, "but if he's the Charlie Dale I know he's a member of the Ninety-Nine Club, plays an admirable game of billiards, and has a little dog called Gyp. His grandfather fought at Delhi. His mother knits at Harrogate. And Charlie himself lives at Colchester, and writes bad poems."

Of course, it was ridiculous of him. He should have sketched Charlie Dale with vagueness and caution. But Fate was dealing him so many unkind blows that a wave of indignant defiance swept through him, urging him to show Fate that he wasn't afraid! "Let 'em all come!" he thought. Nevertheless, his forehead was slightly damp.

He contrived to steer the conversation away from Charlie Dale and to devote the rest of the lunch to Abyssinia and crosswords. Then the subject of Charlie loomed up again, and Aunt Julia suggested that they should have him in for a cup of coffee.

"No, if you don't mind, I'd rather pop in and see Charlie first alone," replied Edward. "You see, if we're too social we'll have him hanging round our boat all the blessed time, and we want to be by ourselves, don't we?"

It was a subtle move, and an effective one.

Rehearsing a little speech and praying to heaven that it would melt a justly-indignant heart, Edward entered the room where Charlie Dale was waiting for him. The little speech comprised eight words, and it ran, "Mr. Dale, I throw myself upon your mercy." But it was never delivered, Mr. Dale got in his little speech first.

"Would you like to see one of my bad poems?" he asked. "Sorry the walls here are so thin."

He held out a leaf from a notebook. On it was written:

"In my time I've met plenty of liars,
But the record for lying expires
When a chap takes my name
For some darn silly game.
I've a very good gun, and it fires."

Edward read the verse twice through. Then he commented:

"Can one rhyme 'liars' with 'expires'?"

"Surely one can," replied Charlie Dale, staring at Edward blandly through his gold-rimmed glasses. "However, you can take it for granted that I have brought my little gun with me, and that it won't be too inconsistent if I use it, since I am evidently a drunkard and a receiver of stolen goods——"

"I beg your pardon?" interposed Edward.

"TB 09532."

"Is it a riddle?"

"No. A motor-bike."

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Mr. Dale paused again. If he expected his companion to blanch, he was disappointed. His companion did look blank for a moment, but after the moment he smiled.

The tale was told in a convincing manner, and Mr. Dale said: "I haven't the least idea how to take you at all. In fact, why I didn't tell the policeman at once that you'd told him a pack of lies is a mystery!"

"What!" cried Edward. "Do you mean to say that—he doesn't know?"

"He doesn't know yet! He believes that we bumped into each other yesterday at Colchester station, as you told him, that I took you back to my house, that we—ahem—got merry—and that you rode to Mersea for a bet. Up to this point, I was willing to corroborate you. I had no notion who you were."

"I suppose the bobby looked you up in the Directory?" queried Edward.

"Obviously. And that bobby and I got on famously together — until I began to wonder why he had taken all this trouble, and what something that was beginning to dawn in his eye meant. And when he shot out the question, 'It was your motor-bike, sir, wasn't it, that our young friend was riding?' I began to think."

"Oh, yes, that's quite clear," murmured Edward. He reflected that his one bit of good fortune so far was that he had been able to avoid the bobby. But how long would the good fortune continue? "What I don't understand, Mr. Dale, is your own attitude?"

"You don't know my attitude."

"True. But I divine you are something of a sportsman."

"You divine it with surprise, eh? It does not tally with a somewhat round frame and gold-rimmed glasses? Well, let that pass. Let me explain my attitude. I could have retracted, and I could have denied your story absolutely. But two things deterred me. The first was I would have had to admit myself a liar, if a well-meaning one, to the police. Second, I wanted to meet you, privately and unofficially."

"And—are you still my Good Samaritan?"

Mr. Charles Dale did not reply at once. He took off his glasses, and as he took off his glasses he also took off five years. Not a day over twenty-six, reflected Edward. Then he replaced his glasses and became thirty-one again.

"I'm not certain, Mr——?" By the way, may one know your — alias?" asked Mr. Dale.

"Friends call me Edward, and foes Mr. Railsford," responded Edward. "Which do you care to call me?"

Mr. Dale permitted himself to smile. When he smiled he took off another five years.

"Again, I'm not certain," he said. "I am good-natured at one end, and violent at the other. I cannot stand being made a fool of. Saving, perhaps, by a lady. And—talking of ladies — if I may put another question to you, is the young lady of your party a relative?"

And now an entirely new angle of Mr. Charlie Dale presented itself to Edward, an angle that introduced definite sentiment into his rotundity.

"Edward! How much longer are we supposed to wait?"

A voice called from the grounds.

"Mr. Dale," he said, "hear my dying speech. How you will act after it depends upon whether the good-natured end of you or the violent end of you wins. The young lady you refer to is my cousin. The other lady whom you did not refer to is my aunt. If matters go badly with me it is possible that a little of the discomfort will pass on to them, but I will not urge that in my favor. I will merely urge that I did not steal the motor-bike. That I am a thoroughly nice person. That I am surrounded by difficulties. And that if you decide to become a further difficulty, you will be, roughly speaking, No. 372. Good morning. I hope, when I go to bed tonight, I may feel glad to have met you."

"One moment, Mr. Railsford," exclaimed Mr. Dale, rising also.

"When my aunt calls a second time," Edward warned him, "it is as thunder from heaven."

"Risking that," answered Mr. Dale, "I still insist on the moment. You have kindly suggested that I am a sportsman. Well, that is yet to be proved. For, if I am a sportsman, I am also a strict believer in legal sport. You understand me?"

"Not quite."

"You assure me that you did not steal that motor-bike?"

"On my honor."

"Who did?"

"I can't say."

"Meaning—you don't know?"

"Good-bye."

But Mr. Dale, with remarkable agility, slipped round to the door and stood before it.

"Are you shielding the thief, Mr. Railsford?" he asked, frowning.

Then Edward did an audacious thing.

"My cousin Miriam, concerning whom you have so courteously inquired, will enter heaven without a single blemish on her character. But, if she were a thief—would you shield her?"

Mr. Dale stood motionless for a second. It was a deft blow, right on the heart. Then he stood aside, and opened the door.

"Without prejudice, Mr. Railsford," he said.

"Without any prejudice at all, Mr. Dale," responded Edward. "One day, you and I will be Charlie and Edward to each other yet!"

Mr. Dale stared after him. He wasn't at all sure. But he wondered.

"FRIGHTFULLY sorry, Aunt," sang out Edward, as he emerged into the sunlight of the grounds, "but Charlie and I were indulging in old memories."

A figure joined them from nowhere.

"Could I give yer a 'and with the luggage, guv'nor?" suggested the voice of 'Arry.

"By Jove, it's Apollo!" cried Edward, admiring the sailor more and more. Always on the spot when he was wanted! Admirable fellow! "Catch hold of a couple of these, will you, and earn a bob."

"Thank 'e, sir," said 'Arry, and the procession started.

But it was soon evident that 'Arry was having some trouble. He fell behindhand, puffing prodigiously, and all at once he stopped, put his two suit-cases down on the road, and stared at his boot.

"What's the matter with the chap?" muttered Edward. "I'd better pop back and see, eh? Keep curling on, Aunt. I'll catch you up in a second."

He returned to the sailor.

"Couldn't get that messidge to 'er. Bloke was bobbin' abart. But 'e's gorn off for a drink now, so you can give 'im the slip if yer quick."

"Good man!" muttered Edward. "Then pick up those bags and help us do a speed record!"

'Arry winked gravely, and Edward hurried back to the others.

There was no further pausing until they reached the plankway that forked seawards from the road and led over the incoming tide to the Mudderies.

"Here we are," said Edward.

"What? This place?" exclaimed Aunt Julia.

But a moment later she smiled. A hasty examination of the geography of the neighborhood reassured her. A certain amount of creature discomfort there was bound to be. That she had already reckoned on. But all the isolation she so devoutly desired was here. At the end of these planks they would be cut off from the world entirely. Just the three of them, and the lapping tide, and the approaching evening.

"Isn't it quaint," she beamed.

"The real quaintness is to come," promised Edward.

Followed by the faithful 'Arry, they negotiated the street of planks. The women were immensely interested in the defunct vessels, wondering which one would prove to be theirs.

"Is it this one?" asked Aunt Julia hopefully, as they reached the largest.

"Rather not," replied Edward. "That's a palace."

"Well, then, what about this one?" she inquired, a few moments later. "This is very much smaller."

"And very much whiter, Aunt," said Edward. "You forget, ours is named The Mudderies."

They passed on, over the moist grasses, over the brown ooze, over the filling pools, over the sea itself. The tide-mark had advanced considerably since they had first noted it from the car, and when they at last reached their destination the water flowed freely under them. Aunt Julia remarked, with rather forced gaiety, that it was quite like being on an island. She supposed there was no possibility that the island would float away?

"Not the slightest," Edward assured her.

To his disappointment, though not to his surprise, Aunt Julia successfully covered her secret qualms and pronounced The Mudderies delightful.

"You like it, Aunt?" he murmured.

"It's going to be most cosy," she replied.

"And you, Miriam?" he queried, turning to his cousin. "You like it, too?"

"No one could call it a home from home," answered Miriam, gazing round the diminutive deck, "but I like it immensely. Let's go down and look at the cabins."

. . . . . .

The murmuring on the other side of the door grew momentarily louder, in Edward's ears.

"Yes, I think it would be a delightful idea," came Aunt Julia's voice. "I love the water. Now, would you put these over there, or would you keep them in the bag and just take them out when you wanted them?"

"It seems hardly worth while laying them out, Mother," replied Miriam's voice. "I shan't mine."

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"Oh, but you must! They're so pretty ——"

The discussion threatened to become intimate. Edward slipped out on deck. He stared seawards. A few boats were moving slowly along. Sails glided languidly. But one boat, some way out, was stationary. He fixed his eyes on it intently, anxiously, hungrily.

"By Jove!" he muttered suddenly. "That's an idea! Yes—that is an idea!"

He returned quickly to his cabin, rummaged around, and was back on deck again in sixty seconds. During the next sixty seconds he was busy with pencil and paper. During the next, with string and paper. Then, slipping the results of his labor into his pocket, he stood erect and stared once more towards the little boat that remained so still while others moved around it.

He glanced round. It was a satisfactory glance. He received the impression that, just for a moment, there were only two things in all the world—himself and that little boat. He snatched his handkerchief from his pocket. It was a yellow handkerchief. Had it been red, he would not have waved it. A red handkerchief was a signal for the boat to return! But the yellow handkerchief was safe. He raised it, and held it high. Did something respond from the little black speck in the big blue sea?

"Edward, whatever are you doing?" exclaimed a voice behind him.

"Testing the wind, Aunt," replied Edward, "and seeing how it blows. I think you suggested a little row?"

YES, Aunt Julia had suggested a little row. As a matter of fact she had come on deck with the definite intention of projecting the little row. But Aunt Julia rarely did things in the precise manner desired by other people, and sailed through life with friction in her wake. Thus, the contented smile on Edward's face was not destined to last.

"What I thought," said Aunt Julia, "was that it would be so nice if you and Miriam went together."

"It would be tremendously nice," replied Edward, grinning hard to conceal his qualms, "but it would be tremendously nicer if you would come, too."

"I think you'd better come, mother," Miriam went on, transferring her rather disconcerting gaze to Aunt Julia. "Quite apart from the danger to our morals, what would you do if we left you all alone and the Murderer of Mersea came along with a hatchet?"

"My darling!" protested Aunt Julia, with a shiver. "Don't talk nonsense!"

It was effective nonsense, nevertheless. Aunt Julia glanced shorewards, while Edward seized the opportunity and heightened the effectiveness.

"Where's the boat?" asked Miriam.

"Come along, Aunt. There's a boat just across Regent Street, and we'll borrow it."

"We can't, without permission," replied Aunt Julia, legally.

"Oh, yes, we can," retorted Edward, already on the move, "and we're going to. Hurry up."

The dinghy was moored to a post. Edward gave the rope a tug, and the boat glided unwillingly towards them.

"Quick!" he cried.

"Why all this fluster?" demanded Aunt Julia.

The reason was Charlie Dale, who had just reached the shore end of the plankway.

"Easy to see you don't know anything about tides," replied Edward, barefacedly, for the tide was rising, and facilities for escaping mud-banks were improving every minute. "One, two, three, jump! Bravo! And now, you, Miriam!"

Miriam hesitated. Her eyes were turning shorewards. He gave her a shove, and she landed in her mother's lap.

In the distance, Charlie Dale began to gesticulate. But no one paid any attention to him.

The dinghy, called Slowcoach after its stationary parent, proceeded to defy its name. And Charlie frowned as he watched it grow smaller and smaller in the liquid distance.

"Well," he reflected, with a little shrug, "one can wait." He took a cigarette-case from his pocket. "In fact, one will wait."

Meanwhile, the amiable Edward was rowing lustily towards another speck on the ocean. As he grew smaller to Charlie Dale, this other speck grew larger to him. From a little dot it became a big dot. From a big dot, a shape. Color entered. Warmth, intelligibility. Now it was clearly a boat, and in the boat, clearly, was a girl . . .

"Edward!" exclaimed his aunt, suddenly breaking a long silence. "I feel sick!"

"Oh, nonsense, Aunt," replied Edward, incredulously. "It's impossible!"

"What do you mean by 'impossible'?" bridled his aunt. "I know how I feel, don't I?"

"But look how calm it is!" he protested.

He rowed on resolutely. Oh, yes . . . very clearly, a girl. His heart raced his oars.

"I tell you, I'm going to be ill!" exclaimed Aunt Julia, indignantly. "Turn back at once! The horizon's going up and down."

"You'd better, Edward," said Miriam warningly.

"Yes, why doesn't he?" demanded Aunt Julia.

Edward had been asked that day a question to which he could give no true answer. The untrue answer he gave was:

"He doesn't turn back because he know that the first feeling of sea-sickness always passes if you keep straight on, but develops the moment a turn is attempted."

"If you keep straight on," Miriam warned him, "there'll be an accident and you'll bump into that boat!"

"Eh? Boat? What boat?"

He turned his head. There was the boat, now only a few yards away. The next instant he was making rather perilously towards her boat.

"Hallo—frightfully sorry!" he called out, pulling hard on his right oar.

"All right!" a voice sang back. Again his heart thumped as he heard it.

"Hope I didn't give you a fright," he shouted, now clear of the danger of collision. "Are you catching any fish?"

As he spoke, with oars at rest, one hand went significantly towards a pocket. She saw the movement, and responded to it.

"I've no more bait," she answered.

"Here's some!" he responded. "Catch!"

A little packet sailed through the air. She caught it neatly, and as she sent him her thanks he marvelled at her quickness. "By Jove, she's as clever as I am!" he reflected. "And no one can say that's not a compliment!"

"Edward!" said his aunt, sharply. "Put back this instant!"

There was no mistaking her tone this time, or Miriam's look. Dipping his oars again, he swung round the boat, and rowed lustily towards land.

The boat grew smaller and smaller again. It lost its distinct outline. It lost its color and its significance. It became a little dot, a speck. Had that little black speck really and truly been—Felice? Thus joy resolves and dissolves in our lives; thus reality and memory play hide-and-seek with each other. Alone, you cannot believe in the warm kiss of yesterday. When you kiss again, is there such a thing as loneliness? . . .

Edward rowed back with his thoughts in the clouds. Miriam's thoughts were contrastingly practical.

"That girl," she said to herself, "has got our tail!"

Even more practical were the thoughts of Aunt Julia. They ran:

"I should think I could last about two minute more. No, one minute. That is, if I think very hard of, say, the Eiffel Tower. No, not the Eiffel Tower. It's going over! A desert. A nice, flat desert. Nice and flat. Perfectly still. Nice and flat. Yes, that's it, a nice flat desert . . ."

The desert jumped up and hit her.

"Edward!" she gasped.

But it wasn't the desert that had lurched. It was the Slowcoach. Miraculously, through a strange uncharted void of time, they had reached home.

"May I help you out, Madam?" inquired a polite voice from the shore.

Charlie Dale, like the girl in the little black speck, could wait patiently.

With inscrutable composure, he assisted the ladies from the boat, and formed a momentary Rock of Gibraltar for the elder one. Against him, Aunt Julia recovered. She recovered somewhat abruptly, in fact, when she realised the somewhat intimate mode of her convalescence.

"Come along, Miriam!" she exclaimed, in a fluster. "You know where you put my smelling-salts!"

Miriam herself showed the Rock of Gibraltar a little more gratitude.

"Mother isn't too good on the sea," she explained, with a smile. "Perhaps Edward will bring you on board to see her in a minute or two, when she is more herself."

"Delighted," murmured Charlie Dale.

Then, as the women hurried on ahead to the doubtful security of The Mudderies, he turned to Edward, and blinked at him.

"Well?" demanded Edward.

"No, not too well," replied Mr. Dale.

"Am I to interpret that as a threat?" asked Edward.

"Rather, as a regret," answered Mr. Dale, and then added, non-committally, "For the moment."

"Then what is your momentary regret, please?"

"That you did not respond to my gesticulations when you saw me make them."

"How do you know I saw you make them?"

"My sight is as good as yours."

"I see!"

"Yes—now, as then."

Mr. Dale rubbed his chin, frowned, glanced towards The Mudderies, frowned again, and rubbed his chin again.

"Yes, that's all very interesting," said Edward. "But it might be even more interesting if you would tell me what would have happened if I had responded to your gesticulations. Were you gesticulating 'Toodly-oo,' and did you want me to reply 'Tonkerty-honk'?"

"It would not have edified me," answered Mr. Dale, soberly. "I enjoy my life, I hope, but am not strictly of the Cheerio fraternity. No, Mr. Railsford—if you had been polite and had responded to my obvious attempts

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to delay your departure, I would have told you—" Once more he paused, and glanced towards The Mudderies.

"Handsome craft, isn't it?" said Edward.

Mr. Dale shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly.

"There is someone not unhandsome upon it," observed Mr. Dale, his eyes on Edward again.

"Isn't that irrelevant?" suggested Edward.

"No, not entirely," returned Mr. Dale. "It may explain—to be quite candid—why I went to the trouble, on a hot afternoon, of following a rather queer-looking individual through the village to see what he was up to."

Edward's interest increased.

"Will you tell me," he asked, "how it could help someone not unhandsome to have a queer-looking individual followed through a village?"

"Certainly," smiled Mr. Dale. "You see, the queer-looking individual seemed to have come from the boat."

"I see. And what happened when you followed the individual?"

"I made a rather curious discovery."

"Expound."

"Why, I discovered the individual I was tracking was himself tracking another individual."

"How amazing!" exclaimed Edward. "Now what on earth can he have been doing that for?"

"That I cannot tell you," responded Mr. Dale, frankly. "My knowledge is more limited at present than I hope it will be before long."

"What occurred when Individual No. Two spotted Individual No. Three?"

"A considerable increase in the caution of Individual No. Two. He stopped. He slithered behind a hut. I should have mentioned that we had by now reached the bathing beach. I slithered behind another hut. When I poked my head round my hut, I discovered that Individual No. Two was poking his head round his hut, and Individual No. Three was poking his head out of his hut watching the approach of Individual No. Four."

"What!" exclaimed Edward. "Was there a No. Four?"

"There was distinctly a No. Four," answered Mr. Dale.

"'What's it all about?' I asked. 'Wot's wot?' he whispered back. 'You can tell me,' I said, 'because I am a friend of Mr. Railsford.'"

"You said that?"

"There is no proof yet that I meant it," Mr Dale pointed out, blandly. "I had to get my information, and I thought your name might help."

"I see. And did it?"

"Not a bit. He replied, 'Oo's that?' But I described you, and then he knew. And, knowing, he said, 'You go and tell 'im as 'ow I've found the bloke and as 'ow I'm goin' ter stick ter the bloke, and there's more blokes, and this is where we are, but if we ain't I'll leave a note in this 'ere 'ut; no I can't do that. I can't write, fer heaven's sake 'urry.'" He took a large handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his forehead. "And so I hurried. But you wouldn't wait to hear my news. You went for a row in a boat."

"How did I know that you were on my side?" exclaimed Edward.

"How did you know I was on your side?" mused Charlie Dale. "How do you know?" He paused an instant and glanced shorewards along the plankway. Then he added, "Believe me, Mr. Railsford—you don't know!"

Edward also glanced shorewards along the plankway. A policeman was approaching.

THE next moment, a surprising thing happened. Something splashed in the water on the other side of the plankway.

Charlie Dale twisted his head round abruptly to investigate the cause, but he saw nothing beyond a series of widening rings.

Had the body appeared, he was quite ready to roll in after it. Frankly, however, he hated the prospect of rolling in after it. Charlie Dale had been designed to float but not to swim.

The policeman drew up.

"What's 'appened?" he demanded.

"Isn't it your job to find out" retorted Charlie Dale, tartly. "I don't know!"

Policemen never lose their tempers.

The policeman advanced a few paces up the plankway and peered over.

"If it 'ad been a body, now, it 'd 'ave come up," stated the policeman.

People who are not policemen do sometimes lose their tempers. Charlie Dale, to his annoyance, discovered he was on the verge of losing his.

"Where's that feller who was talkin' to you just now?" came the policeman's next question.

"You must ask Mr. Maskelyne."

"'Oo's 'e?"

"A man who brings rabbits out of a hat."

The policeman frowned slightly.

"Well, where is 'e, anyhow?" asked the policeman.

"If you mean Mr. Maskelyne, probably at home," replied Charlie Dale, "but if you mean the fellow who was talking to me just now, I haven't the slightest idea where he is. We have met once or twice before, constable, you and I, and you ought to know by now that I am just an ordinary mortal without any supernatural powers."

"That's all very well, sir," responded the policeman, stolidly returning to first principles, "but I see you talkin' to 'im as I come along."

"Tell me, constable," said Mr. Dale, after a short pause, during which the policeman began to poke vaguely about, "are you certain that—that all the men you are looking for are the same man?"

"Pretty certain, sir, as far as the descriptions go," answered the policeman. "Was the feller you was talkin' to just now your man?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Ay, and now we've got to find 'im! Know what 'e was doin' 'ere, sir?" Mr. Dale hesitated. "Think 'e was tryin' to 'ide in one of these 'ere boats?"

"Quite a possible theory, Constable."

"Well, I'll 'ave to search 'em. You see, sir——" The policeman paused, and his eyes grew very solemn. "Well, from the way e's behavin', which you must say is queer like, I'm thinkin' 'e may be someone else we've been reported to look out for, as well—an escaped lunatic!"

The next moment, the policeman gave a yelp. Two hands had ascended from below the planks, at the edge of which he had been standing, and had firmly gripped his two size-ten boots.

Mr. Dale never clearly sorted out in his mind what occurred during the ensuing few seconds. He saw the policeman's expression of official indignation. He heard the policeman's gasp of unofficial terror. Then the policeman was no more, even as Edward had some minutes earlier been no more, but in the policeman's place—or, more correctly speaking, half-filling it—was Edward, waist-high, grasping the plankway with his hands, and assumedly kicking violently with his legs. Mr. Dale gathered that it was not good just then to be the policeman.

There was no doubt about it. Edward looked at that moment like a thief, a murderer, and a lunatic all rolled into one. He was moist and muddy. His eye was filled with fiery, or watery, purpose. His collar was crushed, and his hair literally shrieked for a comb.

And before Mr. Dale could gather his wits and collect his thoughts, this apparition had given a final kick, swung himself up on the boards, and started a mad race shorewards.

Then a second apparition followed. Never say that policemen are not game. Purple with anger and brown with mud, the constable hoisted himself on to the plank, and sped after the fugitive. The fugitive had a generous start, however, and was thrice as fleet.

"And what, precisely, do I do?" reflected Mr. Dale.

A voice from The Mudderies hailed him.

"What's happening?" cried Miriam, emerging from the dark interior.

The voice pointed to Mr. Dale's solution. He turned to answer it . . .

It has been implied that Edward was a past-master in the art of dodging and ducking. When a hare, at school, no hound had ever caught him. Laying a false trail now, along which the law lumbered, he suddenly doubled back round a by-way and headed towards the bathing beach.

He felt apprehensive and depressed. The information Charlie Dale had brought him was peculiarly disturbing, as shall shortly be shown, and it does not increase one's self-regard to run away from a policeman in damp clothes. In order to combat his inferiority complex, he told himself how clever he was.

"Why, a fellow like me can get out of any difficulty!" he reflected, as he raced along. "I see a policeman whom I don't want to meet while I am conversing with a man I want to get away from. I stoop and seize a large stone, and throw it into the sea. While attention is devoted to the ensuing splash, I drop quickly beneath a plankway and conceal myself. The policeman arrives. I am waist-deep in water. I remain waist-deep in water till I think I can raise myself and bunk. True, I misjudge my spot, and get hold of the policeman's legs by mistake. But does my resource leave me? No! I pull the policeman into the water, while I climb out of it. And then, having outwitted the law, I outpace it. Cheer up, Edward! You're all right! No one's beaten you yet!"

Yet! Rather an ominous word, that! He had been congratulating himself on the immediate past. What of the immediate future?

The packet he had thrown into Felice's boat contained, instead of bait, ten pounds in notes and a message. The message had run: "Impossible to return to boat. Aunt and cousin on it. Try beach well away from village. To your right, facing the shore. Make for line of bathing-huts. Hide in one till I can meet you. If we miss, note at Victory Hotel will find me. Harry will be looking out for you. As last resource you know my home address, and I'll expect to hear from you. Sign yourself 'Felice,' and accept enclosed with Edward's love."

Make for the line of bathing-huts! The

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very spot where the fellow who was searching for her was in hiding! No wonder Edward was himself making for the line of bathing-huts, praying to heaven that he would reach there in time.

The sands were deserted. Approaching the first hut, he hesitated.

The contents of the hut decided for him.

"O!!" they hailed him softly.

Only one man in the world could "O!" like that. In a trice Edward was inside, and Captain and Second-in-Command had met.

"Quick!" muttered Edward. "What's the position?"

"Bit cramped, like," replied 'Arry.

"Not in here! Out there!"

"Oh!"

"Has she come ashore?"

"'Oo"

"The girl! Do be useful!"

"She ain't come."

"Thank the Lord!"

"But 'e's 'ere."

"Life is dull without its risks," Edward reminded him.

"Yus, but s'pose you're popped orf?"

"Don't get sentimental."

"Wot'd 'appen to hus?"

"I misjudged you. I see now you were practical, not sentimental."

'Arry was not to be put off. He knew what he meant.

"We gotter think o' that there gal," he said.

"Believe me, I am thinking of nothing else," replied Edward. "And I'm glad to feel you're thinking of her, too."

"She's ori right!"

"You bet she is. So just continue your service to her and trot back to my funny old boat, will you?"

"But ain't I comin' with yer to the 'ut?"

"Certainly not."

"Manidge 'im by yerself, eh?"

"All I need, I think. Anyway, yours not to question why! Cut back to the boat. No, don't do that. Here's a better plan. Clear away from here, and hover about between this beach and the boat. And if you see a policeman who's very wet inquiring for another chap who's just as wet, tell him you've seen him on a bike making for London."

For the first time in the dim interior of the bathing hut, 'Arry became aware of Edward's condition.

"Bin 'avin' a swim yerself, ain't yer?" he inquired.

"Can't keep anything from you, Sherlock Holmes," smiled Edward. "I am the other chap. So pop off quickly, before the bobby comes!"

'Arry nodded, and prepared to leave. But, just before doing so, he turned and asked,

"Wotcher goin' ter do, guv'nor, when yer meets that there Smith feller?"

"That, 'Arry, will depend to some extent upon that there Smith feller," replied Edward. "But this much I can say. Before I leave him he is either going to love me like acid-drops or hate me like poison. Here, how much longer are you going to stand there gaping?

LIGHTING a cigarette, Edward strolled along the beach counting the huts as he went. It was early in the season and latish in the afternoon, otherwise the huts would not have presented such a dead appearance. They were silent and tenantless—all, at least, save one towards which his steps were leading.

He halted and knocked politely on the door.

The knock was quite unnecessary. The hut had a little window, and the door was ajar. Less than a second after Edward's announcement of his presence, the door opened wide and the burly form of a man with the sore jaw, alias Smith, filled the aperture.

"How do you do, Mr. Smith," said Edward pleasantly. "Have you heard there's a war on?"

Smith did not reply immediately. He regarded Edward steadily, as though sizing him up, and then lowered his gaze from Edward's face to his frame.

"Yes, I'm looking for bulges, too," smiled Edward. "I don't carry mine in my hip-pocket. That's so terribly obvious, isn't it? As a matter of fact, it's in the tip of my boot. I just point my toe at you, press a brace-button, and you're dead. Where's yours?"

Smith now raised his eyes again.

"Is that funny?" he enquired.

"Nothing that is effective can be described as tomfoolery," remarked Edward.

Smith moved his right hand as though it itched. Edward watched it with interest. He discovered that his own right hand was itching, too.

"Cut any more of that," growled Smith. "Where's the girl?"

"How on earth do I know?"

"You know more about her than you say."

"Come to that, old chap, you know more about her than you say. Who is she?"

"Would you believe me if I told you she was my daughter?"

"I would believe you just as earnestly," replied Edward, "as if you told me that Stanley Baldwin's next suit was going to have pink buttons."

"See here, don't you ever talk straight?"

"Yes. To straight people."

"Well, I'm straight when I tell you that girl's mine."

"Just as straight as the letter S."

"And since she's my daughter, I've a right to her. Do you hear that? She's got to go where I tell her, and to do what I tell her——"

"Even if it's climbing up other people's waterpipes?"

"That's our affair."

"I happen to be making it my affair."

"How much is the girl worth to you?" asked Smith, bluntly.

"That's a nasty way of putting it," answered Edward. "I am interested in her safety."

"Well, use your own words. How much is her safety worth to you?"

"Does that mean you'll clear off, if I pay you to?"

"If you pay me enough, p'r'aps."

"Oh, there mustn't be any p'r'aps."

"There won't be, if the sum's good."

"I say, you are a little darling! Does twenty pounds interest you?"

Smith laughed.

Smith misread his opponent's silence, and ran on:

"You know, I've a notion you and I can settle this little matter amicably if we really try. Twenty pounds was another of your little jokes. Like that bullet in your toe! But if you'll make it—well—two hundred——"

"Two hundred?" mused Edward, icily.

"——and will also throw in my old coat—I must have my coat, and I reckon that's mine, anyhow!—you can have the girl and do what you like with her."

"Two hundred, eh?" repeated Edward.

"And the coat," nodded Smith. "Don't forget that's part of the bargain."

"And the coat," said Edward. "Two hundred and the coat. Yes, but have you forgotten what I said a moment ago about your nose?"

And then it came. Full on the nose. Followed by another. Full on the chin. Edward stared down at the recumbent form of Smith, and felt at that moment that life was very good.

Edward turned his eyes seaward. Hedges now hid the water. He was retracing his way by the circuitous inland route—the longer route but the safer.

When at last he came to the final stretch of his journey, and the sea was once more in view, he gazed anxiously towards the spot where he had last seen and definitely identified Felice's little dinghy. His anxiety increased as he gazed. The boat was no longer there. Either it had altered it position, or it had come ashore.

"Blazes!" he muttered. "Now what?"

Of course, she might merely have changed her location. There were three or four little dots farther out to sea, and one of these might be Felice. Hurrying on again, he reached the plankway, and as he did so a figure shifted from the concealment of a hedge.

"Cave!" muttered the figure. "Bobby's about!"

It was the ever-faithful 'Arry, and "Cave" was the one Latin word he knew—only he didn't know it was Latin. Edward scooted along the planks, urged by the warning. When he reached The Mudderies he was impressed by the stillness of the atmosphere. He had wondered whether he would receive a friendly or a hostile welcome, but it had never occurred to him that he would receive no welcome at all. He hastened on board. The boat was as empty as a sucked egg. More mystery. More uncertainty. Hades!

In the security of his cabin he waited for three minutes. This was to give the policeman time to pass the plankway and trudge a comfortable distance beyond it. At the end of the three minutes Edward emerged on deck again, and stared seawards at the distracting little dots. Which one, if any, was Felice? And aloud he muttered the sentimental burden of his mind.

He paused. A little sound somewhere below him had fallen upon his ear. A little crunching sound, as of wood softly touching wood. He changed the direction of his eyes, which had been staring towards the horizon, and gazed downwards, over the boat's side. From her dinghy, Felice gazed up at him.

She was very red. In the circumstances, this was not surprising. "Do you think I was listening" she challenged, suddenly. "How did I know you were going to say all those things?"

"Of course you weren't listening," answered Edward, "but how did I know you were going to hear all those things It's fifty-fifty, Felice, and we continue all square."

"I've been watching."

"Of course. Did you by chance see me scoot away from a policeman?"

"No! Why did you do that?"

"It's a long story, Felice. I'll have to tell you later. Meanwhile—what did you see? What happened to you after I sent you that—that packet of bait?"

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"Just gratitude," she said. "That's what happened. Why are you so decent to me?"

"Well—you ought to have gathered that from my little soliloquy just now, Felice. If I weren't decent to you, I wouldn't be decent to anybody! Did you try to get ashore?"

"Yes. But I chose a bad spot."

"I know. The line of bathing huts. That was my fault. I say, it's a good thing that chap hasn't got any field-glasses, isn't it? By the way, does his equipment include a revolver?"

She looked anxious at the question, and admitted that he usually carried one.

"But I'm sure he wouldn't use it unless he were absolutely cornered," she added.

"Well, p'r'aps we'll put that to the test before we've done with him," murmured Edward, "because absolutely cornered he has got to be!"

She turned her head away, and stared hard in front of her. Then, all at once, she looked up at him again, and this time her lips were firmly set.

"I haven't got a safe place to go to," she exclaimed, "but that's my responsibility, not yours. You've done a lot for me—more than I can ever repay you for. But it can't go on. I'm going to end it. And you must, too!"

"Yes—but how are you going to end it, Felice?" he asked gravely.

"That's my business."

There were figures upon the road. "Wait a second, Felice!" he whispered, without turning his head. "Shan't be a jiffy!"

He slipped across the deck to get a better view of the figures. They had just come round a corner, and were indistinct against a background of foliage, but in another they had become plainly visible. Too plainly visible. They were Miriam and Aunt Julia. Charlie Dale was not with them, but whether this was a matter for rejoicing or not, Edward could not determine.

"Confound it!" he muttered, as he slipped back again across the deck. "Wonder if I hadn't better get Felice on board, and just trust to the mercy of women?"

When he looked over the side of the boat Felice was no longer there. A dozen yards separated them, and she was pulling resolutely out to sea.

That, in itself, was distracting. But more distracting still was the sight of a second boat which was being propelled just as resolutely from the direction of the bathing beach. The man who was propelling the second boat was Smith.

If Edward had acted upon every mad impulse that assailed him he would have jumped there and then into the water and swum to Felice's assistance.

And in the space of that one-third of a second, something else happened as well. Another little boat came into view, a boat that had left the shore at a nearer point, and this new little boat was being rowed by 'Arry.

Gratitude now mingled with Edward's anxiety, but the anxiety still remained uppermost, for what could 'Arry do? He was some distance behind, and the chase would be over, one way or another, before 'Arry could become a vital factor in it.

With a sickening heart he watched the boats heading for the horizon, the distance fast decreasing between the leading two.

All at once Felice did a bold thing. She altered her course. Smith altered his, taking full advantage of the changed direction, and for an instant Edward's heart sank to zero. Then it rose again, as he realised how astute Felice's policy had been, and how accurately she had judged the stuff that sailors are made of. For 'Arry had also altered his course, and although the point at which Felice and Smith would meet was shortened, she had so contrived her zigzagging that the journey was shortened also for 'Arry . . .

"Whatever are you staring at?" demanded a voice behind Edward. "Have you forgotten our existence altogether?"

Wrenching his eyes with difficulty from the sea, Edward turned to greet his aunt.

Even at the risk of inviting too much attention to it, he turned his gaze again seawards and stared at the three little boats, drawing closer together every moment.

Miriam's voice fell upon his ears.

"Don't we know what Edward has been up to?" she asked in a distinctly unfriendly tone. "Didn't Mr. Dale tell us?

"He told us," continued Miriam, "that the mysterious personage who is haunting this place, and who appears now to be an escaped lunatic, had been dodging around here, and that you and the policeman were chasing him. But you don't seem very interested, Edward?"

"Eh? Oh, I am! Go on!" he said. "Did he really tell you all that?"

"Well, my dear, he was sticking to us rather like a leech!" retorted Aunt Julia, without turning her head. "One can have too much even of Mr. Dale. There, they have bumped!"

"My heaven!" muttered Edward.

"There's no need to worry as much as all that!" retorted Aunt Julia. "Only two of the boats have bumped—and nobody's fallen in . . . The third boat—what's it doing? It seems to be rowing away as fast as it can!" Edward rejoiced—exceedingly.

"REALLY, now I'm beginning to enjoy myself at last!" exclaimed Aunt Julia, as Edward deposited the kettles on a copy of the Daily Express especially laid out on the deck to receive them. And she added, misguided woman, "I do believe our troubles are over at last!"

"I hope so, Aunt," murmured Edward, with less optimism in his soul.

At half-past six, Charlie Dale entered, laden with little parcels. He looked not unlike Father Christmas, minus the beard and the snow. He apologised for being so long, but there seemed to be a dearth of apricot jam in the village.

Edward drew him aside.

"You know, I like you," said Edward.

"And whatever happens, you may remember that I am anxious to like you," replied Mr. Dale.

Mr. Dale proved an astonishing expert in the art of scrambling eggs. His culinary skill, and the enthusiasm it evoked, released Edward for occasional surveys of the ocean and the land. They were fruitless surveys. On the ocean he identified no friend, while on the land he spotted no foe. Whatever grave matters were happening beyond his vision cast no shadows before.

"I suppose you are going back to Colchester, Mr. Dale," Aunt Julia said, when she began her first definite attack on his presence.

"I'm not sure. I may sleep at the hotel," replied Mr. Dale. "It's quite a good hotel."

Five minutes later:

"If Mr. Dale is going back to Colchester," observed Aunt Julia, "we mustn't make him lose his train."

"There are no trains to Colchester," frowned Miriam. "Look! The sea's getting rougher, isn't it?"

"You are quite right, Miriam," nodded Edward. "It seems to be getting very rough."

A few moments later, Mr. Dale rose from the portion of boat he had been sitting on. Dignity, as well as desire, had prevented him from taking immediate hints, but when these hints were repeated, and threatened to become positively rude, he decided that for everybody concerned, and for one in particular, it was desirable to avert a scene.

He said good day to Edward without any revealing inflexion. He said good evening to Aunt Julia without any animosity. He said good night to Miriam without any emotion. But he mentioned, as he held Miriam's hand one fraction of a second over-time, that he had now made up his mind and that he would put up at the hotel, so perhaps, before they left Mersea, he might see them all again.

"I hope so," answered Miriam, emphatically.

"So do I," responded Mr. Dale. "If it gets—very rough, eh?—I shall be at hand."

Edward accompanied the departing guest a few paces along the plankway. When they were out of earshot, he asked.

"Well, Mr. Dale, and what is your own opinion of the weather?"

Mr. Dale paused for a moment before responding:

"From all indications, Mr. Railsford—stormy. Distinctly stormy."

Was Mr. Dale a good prophet? Edward wondered, as he walked back to the boat.

For a few moments Edward and Miriam remained silent. He took out a cigarette and offered her one. She accepted it, and puffed smoke into the gloaming.

"It's time you and I came to an understanding, Edward," she remarked.

"I know it is," he responded. "But—somehow—I feel rather a beast about it."

"Because you won't ask me to marry you, you mean?"

"Something of the sort, I expect," he nodded.

"How could you want to marry me," she observed, placidly, "when I am being thrust at your head morning, noon, and night? "You don't want to marry me—and you don't suppose I want to marry you, either, do you?"

He had been gazing moodily at the darkening sea. Now he swung round and stared at her. She returned his scrutiny with composure.

"Do you think you're so irresistibly attractive?" she inquired.

"I say, Miriam—do you really and truly mean this?" he exclaimed.

"Of course, I really and truly mean it," she answered. "What amazing creatures men are."

He continued to stare at her for a few seconds, then suddenly seized her hand and pressed it.

"By Jove!" he cried. "Now we can be real friends!"

This happened to be the moment when Aunt Julia opened the cabin door a crack to gather how matters were progressing. She smiled contentedly, closed the door again softly and returned to the dim recess in which she was to spend the night.

The very steadiness of the room was unnatural and unnerving. It was difficult to adjust one's mind in a rough sea to a boat that refused to rock.

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Above, Edward was no less anxious about the sea. Having established his friendship with Miriam, he suddenly began thinking about another friendship. Somewhere out there might be Felice! Alone, in a little dinghy! Suppose she were—and the storm increased . . .

"If silence spells friendship, we're getting along famously," said Miriam.

"Eh? I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Edward. "How are you?"

"Less worried than you are, judging by expressions," answered Miriam. "Troubled about the weather?"

He did not answer. He was staring ahead of him again. Presently he exclaimed:

"I say, Miriam! Do you see anything out there? Isn't that dark thing a boat or something?"

Receiving no reply he turned his head. He was alone. Miriam had slipped from his side and had gone below.

Rather to his surprise, he missed her. She had been in a friendly mood, and it occurred to him that he ought to have developed her friendliness. Well, it was too late now. He scanned the water again. On its heaving surface bobbed the dark thing. Above, in the sky, scudded other dark things, while on shore yet other dark things were collecting together, whispering and watching, and waiting for their hour.

As the evening advanced and the light faded, the sky grew stormier, the wind blew harder, and the sea became rougher. Far more comfortable in the little cabins below than out here on the windy deck! But Edward had no thought of seeking his cabin. Let the women enjoy their snugness! His place was above, to watch, to think, and to hope.

He was watching for the little black thing. He was thinking Felice might be in it. He was hoping she was not.

He looked at his watch. He would give 'Arry half-an-hour more. If he did not turn up by then . . .

'Arry did not turn up by then. Edward's anxiety grew. He looked along the plankway, now scarcely visible, for signs of life. There were no signs anywhere. Felice might have landed, and she might be waiting for him now.

He had his flash-torch with him, but he only used it spasmodically. Caution prevented him from keeping it on continuously. This meant slow progress. He reached the road at last, however, and here he risked another flash. In the momentary glow a figure stood revealed.

"Oi! Git back!" hoarsed the figure.

The voice was as unmistakable as the command. The faithful 'Arry was on guard.

"What's happening?" whispered Edward.

"Didn't yer 'ear me?" retorted 'Arry, thickly. Git back! Quick!"

Disgusted but obedient, Edward turned. He got back to The Mudderies breathless. He was not in a condition for further shocks, but he received one. A figure stood on deck.

"Good Lord!" he thought. "Who is it this time?"

The next instant he knew. He was on the deck beside the figure in a trice, and he caught it just as it tottered towards him. It was the one person in all the world he wanted to meet.

"Felice!" he whispered.

She was close against him.

"Are you all right?" he asked, at last.

"Yes—now," she replied, not moving. "It was just awful out there!".

Suddenly his forehead began perspiring.

"I say, Felice!" he muttered. "Was that really and truly you, out there?"

"Yes, it was really and truly me," she said.

He helped her into the well of the boat. Then he stole into the outer cabin, and emerged with a shawl. She gave him a grateful glance as he placed it round her.

"Don't worry!" he whispered.

"No," she retorted, jumping up suddenly.

"What are you doing?" he exclaimed.

"I'm going. I'll get to the road somehow, and then——"

"And then that will be the finish!" interrupted Edward, seizing her arm.

She tried to wriggle out of his grasp, but the more she wriggled the harder he held.

"Please!" she begged, almost tearfully.

"Nothing doing!" he answered. "Do you think I've done all I've done just to watch you vanish into thin air? It's no good, Felice. You'd much better promise not to try and run away from me any more. Because if you don't I shall go on holding you, and if I go on holding you and if you go on looking exactly as you are looking at this moment, heaven knows what will happen. So don't say I haven't warned you!"

Forgetfully, they had raised their voices. Caution had gone to the winds. As they stared at each other, their faces close, they did not hear the cabin door open or see a figure coming towards them. At that instant, they were all alone in the middle of the universe.

"Am I interrupting?" asked the figure.

They turned. If life had been complicated before, it was doubly complicated now.

"Miriam!" muttered Edward.

His grip on Felice relaxed, but now it was unnecessary. Felice sat down weakly on the wooden seat, too weak to run. Possibly she could not have run very far even if Miriam had not appeared and Edward had not held her. She had passed through some stormy hours, and her meals had not been too regular.

Miriam looked towards the cabin she had just left, then turned back to them. She was wearing the attractive and thoroughly inappropriate negligee her mother had designed for Edward's capture.

"What about some explanations?" suggested Miriam, composedly. "They seem to be rather necessary."

The explanations, given jointly, did not surprise Miriam, who advanced to Felice and held out her hand. Felice rose, trying to express the thanks that struggled incoherently to her lips. Miriam had been right in saying she was near the end of her tether. Just an hour's rest . . . that was what she wanted . . . then she would be all right . . .

But rest was not for Felice just yet, or for any of them.

"Oi!" came hoarsely through the darkness.

"Good Lord!" muttered Edward, and turned swiftly. "What's up, 'Arry?"

"The 'ole bloomin' gime!" whispered 'Arry from the plankway. "They're comin'!"

. . . . .

Miriam was the first to find words.

"Who are coming?" she asked.

Edward stared along the dark plankway, straining his eyes for signs of the enemy. 'Arry, removing his own gaze from Miriam, transferred it to Edward.

"Yer won't see nuffink," he observed.

"But you said they were coming!" retorted Edward.

"That's right," nodded 'Arry. "In 'arf a hour."

Half an hour! It was eternity!

The conspirators gathered together. 'Arry dug his elbow surreptitiously into Edward's ribs.

"Wot abart 'er?" he whispered, with a glance towards Miriam. "Is she O.K.?"

"I think so," answered Edward, and referred the question on. "Miriam," he called, softly, "my second-in-command wants to know whether you're O.K.? Are you?"

"Don't be nonsensical," retorted Miriam. "You don't suppose I leave my own sex in the lurch, do you?"

"Even if she's a thief?" asked Felice.

"You don't look like a thief to me," replied Miriam. "I expect it wouldn't sound quite so bad as all that, if we knew the truth."

Edward shot her a grateful glance, and turned again to his second-in-command.

"'Arry," he stated. "She is O.K."

Meanwhile, Felice was murmuring, "The truth? I wonder. Even the truth is confusion. Perhaps—after all—I'm not quite as bad as all that." She paused, then added suddenly, "Last night, you know, was—the first time——"

"And the last time," interposed Edward. "I don't think I told you, Miriam, that when I came upon her, last night, she begged me to get her away from the man she was with?"

"I dare say there's a lot you haven't told me," answered Miriam, "but there certainly isn't time for it all now—or the necessity. Two minutes of our half-hour have gone already."

. . . . .

This, as has been said before, is Edward's story, and before long we shall return to him and, with Felice, shall accompany him on the amazing journey that was to crown his amazing adventure—a journey as yet undreamt of in his philosophy. But it was 'Arry, the humble sailor, who made this journey possible, and we offer no excuse therefore for accompanying the lesser man first and recording his experiences after he left The Mudderies and began to creep, with a palpitating heart, shorewards along the plankway.

As a matter of fact, we do not desert Edward immediately, for Edward himself followed 'Arry along the plankway and kept close behind him, according to plan. During the first part of this journey neither spoke, but as they neared the road 'Arry began to mutter.

"Darned skinflint!" he growled.

"What's that?" replied Edward, sharply.

"Wot I sas," repeated 'Arry. "Darned skinflint! Bally Scot!"

"I have not the least objection to being called a Scot," said Edward. "I have a great admiration for both Scotland and its inhabitants. But if you are referring to the alleged stinginess of Scotsmen, stinginess being the envious man's name for thrift, I detect an insult in your remark, my man, and I have had quite enough of your insults. Get on, will you? I dare say I could think of a few choice names for you if I tried."

'Arry proceeded for a few seconds in silence. In his heart he considered that he

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was playing his part better than Edward was, for despite Edward's stern tone, his words were rather highbrow for the comprehension of 'Enery on shore. For that matter, they were rather highbrow for 'Arry, as well.

"Shurrup!" snapped 'Arry, becoming as lowbrow as he could to maintain the balance.

"Be off!" exclaimed Edward, grinning secretly into the darkness.

"Well, I'm gettin' orf, ain't I?" answered 'Arry. "Think I'm a bloomin' grey'ound?"

"You might resemble a greyhound if I were to assist your departure, as I am tempted to do, with a kick in the pants."

'Arry lurched forward. It occurred to him that, in his zeal, Edward might become a little too realistic. They were now very near the road, and it was obvious that they must work up their quarrel, so that 'Enery might be convinced.

An unpleasant thought suddenly come to 'Arry. Suppose the enemy's plans had been changed, and 'Enery was no longer watching the road? Couple of mugs they'd look!

"Sixpence!" barked 'Arry. "Wot's that?"

A soft whisper tickled his ear. Edward had drawn up close behind him.

"Put some beef into it, old sport!" whispered Edward. "You're supposed to be thirsting for my blood!"

"Wot the blinkin' bloomin' blink is sixpence?" roared 'Arry, obediently.

"That's better" whispered Edward. "Keep it going!"

"Sixpence for orl the work I done orl day!" shouted 'Arry. "Call yerself a gent?"

"Oh, fine!" murmured Edward, poking 'Arry onward. "Now let's have a few choice names, straight from the Navy!"

"Yer a—a bit o' mouldy cheese, that's wot you are!" proceeded 'Arry, struggling to be inventive. Of course, he knew a lot of names, but even under the necessities of the occasion he could not use his best ones on Edward. "That's it. Mouldy cheese! A worm. A worm wot comes up out of the hearth and——" But as he could not think of any sin committed by worms when they came up out of the earth, apart from that of uglifying lawns, he tried something else. "Yer a rat wot orter to be poisoned. Yus. That's wot you are. You'd put yer mother's last crust in yer money-box."

"Oh, lovely!" whispered Edward. "Just one more! There's the road right ahead of you. Just one final burst as you spring ashore."

"Yer—yer the kind o' chap—yer the kind o' chap—if yer was hoffered Buckingham Palace for a farthing yer'd want ter pay fer it in instalments!"

"Simply divine!" whispered Edward, and then raised his voice indignantly. "Here, I've had enough of that!" he cried. "Be off, and never let me see your fungus face again!"

"Wot's that?" blinked 'Arry.

"Do you know what you are?" stormed Edward, now shoving 'Arry off the plankway into the road with rather more realism, 'Arry considered, than was necessary.

"'Ere—wotcher doin'?" demanded 'Arry.

"You called me a worm. Then you are a slug. You are a foul-mouthed oaf. A snotty-toothed woof. A chip-eared muff. A bibulous, bulbulous, bolbulous boob! And, listen! If I ever see you again—if you ever come back to this spot—I'll tie you up and I'll thrash you till you have only one breath left, and that your last one. Understand me? Right. Then scoot!"

'Arry stared. A chip-eared muff? A bolbulous boob? These were new experiences!

"I'll get even with yer!" he roared.

"Take my advice, and don't try!" Edward roared in return, and suddenly turning back he disappeared into the darkness.

'Arry wiped his brow. He felt a little emotional. But he was not given time to collect himself. A form approached, and something was pressed against him rather hard. It felt rather like the cold nose of a dog, only it wasn't so pleasant.

"Not 'avin' much of a time, are you, mate?" smiled 'Enery.

'Arry stiffened. He wasn't having much of a time, and it occurred to him forcibly that, unless he continued to play his part, he would have even less of a time before long. For an instant he stood stock still. Then he replied, hoarsely:

"Give me that! I'd like ter git 'im one in the back!"

"Would you?" enquired 'Enery, sarcastically. "Well, p'r'aps I'd like to get you one in the front first!"

"You'd be a mug," retorted 'Arry.

"Why?" replied 'Enery. "It'd make one less to deal with, wouldn't it, you worm of a spy?"

"It'd mike one less of you, you mean!" retorted 'Arry. "Pop me orf, and yer've lorst yer best friend."

'Enery regarded him curiously.

"Oh, so you're a friend, now, are you?" he queried.

"Wotchoo think—arter the way 'e's treated me?" demanded 'Arry.

"He's treated you bad, eh?"

"Yus, the blinkin' fool. Give me sixpence 'e did—that's orl, sixpence!—fer spendin' the 'ole bloomin' day watchin' yer!"

"So you admit watching us?"

"Corse I hadmits it! Wat's the 'arm of hadmittin' wat yer already knows? And 'ere's somethin' helse I hadmit! I'm goin' ter git back on 'im, or my name ain't Hadmiral Beatty!"

"Hallo! What's all this?" exclaimed a new voice. "Admiral Beatty? Say, where did you pick him up?"

'Enery turned, but 'Arry noticed that he kept the pistol still pointing in his direction.

The newcomer regarded 'Arry for a moment, then bent towards 'Enery and whispered something. 'Enery whispered back. More whispers followed. 'Arry began to grow nervy.

"It's rude ter whisper," he reminded them, "When yer in company."

"And the company of Hadmiral Beatty, too," answered 'Enery, swinging round with a grin. "Shockin' manners! What are we goin' to do about it, George?"

"Wait till the others come along?" suggested George. "They'll be here in ten minutes. That's what I came to tell you."

"Why not take 'im back, and let them deal with 'im?" 'asked 'Enery.

"Well, I could do that," answered George, thoughtfully. "Apart from him, everything else is clear, ain't it?"

"Clear as rain."

"The rest still on the boat?"

"Must be. No one else 'as come ashore."

"If you ain't mugs!" barked 'Arry, interposing scornfully. "'Ow are yer goin' ter do wot yer wanter do, with them hother two women on the boat, as well?"

"Oh, I don't suppose they'll worry us, Beatty," responded George, but 'Arry noticed his worried frown, and played up to it.

"Won't they?" he exclaimed. "Lot you know! They'll scream and they'll yell, and they'll 'ave the 'ole place awake afore yer knows it. They'll scratch an' they'll bite! Gimme four men sooner'n one woman, when it comes ter a scrap!"

"You seem to know a lot about it," snapped 'Enery. "Shut your mouth!"

"No, let him go on," said George. "I find him rather int'restin'."

"Ah! 'e's got more sense'n you 'ave," remarked Arry, with a scornful glance at 'Enery. "'Ee knows that a sailor knows a lot abart it, when it comes ter wimmen! Yer can't kill 'em, like yer can a man. They ain't got the sense ter stay quiet when yer pokes yer pistols at 'em. They makes more noise'n ever. And these two is orl nerves, as it is. They'll see yer, and try ter stop yer, and if they can't they'll tell the police about yer arterwards and describe yer. I tell yer, couple o' mugs, there's on'y one way ter—ter do wot yer wanter do, and that's ter git the hother wimmen orl fust."

"Yes, but how are we going to get the other women off first?" demanded George, frowning.

"I could tell yer," replied 'Arry, "If yer'd promise ter let me go agine arterwards."

George stared at him. Then there was another short whispered consultation. Then George approached 'Arry, and stared at him again. 'Arry noticed that George had a nasty scar on his cheek. He longed to give him a nasty scar on the other cheek, but he did not mention his ambition.

"I hear you've quarrelled with your boss, Beatty," said George. "Is that true?"

"True as ink," answered 'Arry.

"You want to get even with him?"

"I'm goin' ter!"

"Treated you bad?"

'Arry spat.

"Well, then—what's your little plan?"

"It's the only plan!"

"How do you know?"

"I knows more'n you do. I bin on both sides, ain't I?"

"That's true. But—we may have a little plan, too."

"Yus. I knows that, too."

"And you think yours is better?"

"If I didn't, wot'd be the good of it? Orl I wants is ter see that blinkin' wot-ever-'e-is git wot 'e deserves."

"So do we."

"And yer goin' the wrong way abart it."

For the first time George seemed exasperated.

"You know, we're going round and round the bush," he exclaimed. "Do get to the point, my man. What is your idea?"

But 'Arry winked, and shook his head.

"I'm on'y tellin' it ter yer boss," he replied. "I don't deal not with hunderlings!"

"The underlings may deal with you."

"They ain't sich mugs. 'Cos why? If this is bungled, they don't git nothin'. Not 'Enery or George or Carnera or nobody. They've followed the boss from Colchester and not a cent for the trouble. 'Paymint by results, boys,' ses yer boss in the bathin'-'ut. I 'ears 'im. Oh, I'm orl right, I tells yer, once I'm workin' fer anybody. 'Paymint by results, boys,' 'e says, 'and if yer orl see me through this and 'ave a bit of pashients, you'll orl be in on a good thing. On'y we gotter git that gal,' 'e says, 'or there's nothin' doin' fer henny of us.'

"Gal fust, coat afterwards! 'Ave I got it right, George, or ain't I?"

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"I say," murmured George, visibly impressed, "Beatty's the goods." He turned to 'Enery. "I'm going to take him along."

"P'r'aps it's as well," frowned 'Enery, "but it means delay."

"Better wait a little and get it right than rush things and get 'em wrong," observed George. "This chap knows a bit more than we do—well, he's in a position to, ain't he?—and mebbe that little bit extra will just do the trick. And—we've got to pull this off, ain't we?"

"You betcher life!" nodded 'Enery. "Well, get moving. I'll stay on 'ere. But don't keep me waiting too long. I'm getting lonely!"

If 'Enery felt lonely, 'Arry felt no less so as he departed with his new gaoler to explain his plan at headquarters. So far everything had gone surprisingly well, but 'Arry wondered how long he would be able to maintain his present Beatty-like efficiency, and when he would make his first bad blunder. He seemed to have established his new relationship fairly firmly, and his desire for revenge had been accepted by both 'Enery and George. This was due, 'Arry conceded, less to his own ingenuity than to the picturesque quarrel Edward had engineered on the plankway. Yes, the quarrel had been immensely useful. It had started the ball rolling beautifully. But the ball had a long way to roll yet.

The walk to headquarters lasted five minutes. A new spot had been found for official conference, and the bathing beach had now been deserted. 'Arry was conveyed to a small building which he subsequently described as Carnera's cottage. He did not know where it was, and actually the cottage did not belong to the individual nicknamed Carnera. It was empty, and belonged to an absent owner. But Carnera, full of biceps and triceps, was the first person he saw standing outside it, and first impressions always stick.

Then followed the queerest conference 'Arry had ever attended. He was himself the prime factor. By the light of a single candle, and in the presence of four forbidding people 'Arry had overstated the enemy's forces, which, all told, numbered only five—the four in the cottage and the one on duty in the road), the sailor outlined his scheme, and as he outlined it he noted its effect.

The effect was good. It seemed undeniable that the two superfluous women would be in the way unless they were first driven from the boat by some ruse. It seemed undeniable that 'Arry's ruse would drive them from the boat. It seemed undeniable that 'Arry was in a ripe mood to carry out his scheme. It seemed undeniable that success was now ensured.

"But, if things go wrong you know what'll happen to you?" said Smith, before the conference broke up.

'Arry looked round the assembly, and the candle-lit features suggested very clearly what would happen to him.

"Yus," he answered with conviction.

"You'll be flayed alive?"

"And deserve it," agreed 'Arry, wishing his knees would stop hitting the insides of his trousers.

"That's all right then," grinned Smith. "Then let's get to it, eh?"

There was a chorus of assent. Four hearts beat as one.

Meanwhile, the absent fifth heart of the gang was still beating, in sullen patience, by the entrance to the plankway. 'Enery was the most patient man of the company, which was one reason why he had been selected for the lonely vigil. Another reason was that he was the only member who, in addition to Smith himself possessed a pistol. Strictly speaking, it wasn't his. But then that applied to most of his property. Possession was his law, and the pistol was certainly in his hand at this moment . . .

"Excuse me, sir," said a bland voice. "Might I have a light?"

'Enery slipped the pistol away hastily, and brought out a box of matches. As he struck one, the light glowed for an instant on the large and rather boyish features of the newcomer.

"Thanks," murmured the newcomer. "Thanks very much. Nice quiet night, isn't it?"

And, puffing complacent into the nice quiet night, Charlie Dale passed on.

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"Miriam!"

Aunt Julia sat up suddenly. She discovered that Miriam was sitting up, too.

A shriek sounded.

"Miriam!" gasped Aunt Julia. "What is it?"

"I don't know," muttered Miriam. "I've been listening to it for ages!"

For a few moments, silence reigned. Comparative silence, at least. The sea still boomed through the night outside, and the waves still slapped the walls of The Mudderies.

"Imagination!" snorted Aunt Julia. "We'll go to sleep again!"

But the next instant the shriek wailed forth again. Miriam clutched her mother.

"I can't stand any more of this!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I can't say I like it," agreed Aunt Julia. "But we've got to stand it, haven't we?"

"No, we haven't got to," retorted Miriam, springing out of bed, and hitting her head, "and what's more, mother, we're not going to!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean we're going to the hotel!"

Already she was slipping into her clothes.

Aunt Julia regarded her, undecided. Then she jumped. Somebody was knocking on the door.

"Anything wrong?" came Edward's sleepy voice.

"Yes—we're going to the hotel," Miriam called back. "There's a ghost got loose or something!"

"It certainly sounds like one," replied Edward's voice. "I wonder if it's old Noodle?"

"Old Noodle?" snapped Aunt Julia. "Who's old Noodle?"

"A farm laborer who was murdered here about forty years ago," answered Edward. "His body was thrown into the sea, and they say it tries to swim ashore on stormy nights."

Aunt Julia now began slipping into her clothes and was soon ready to start.

The journey was punctuated by certain little incidents worth recording. For instance, they had hardly proceeded more than a few yards along the plankway before Edward suddenly realised that he had forgotten something.

"My torch!" he exclaimed. "Just wait here a moment, will you?"

He ran back to the boat. In the outer cabin he found 'Arry sitting on the bunk, according to plan. Beside him was a rope, also according to plan. Swiftly, and under 'Arry's instruction (for tying knots was one thing the sailor did know about), Edward bound his friend, and left him fastened flat to the bunk.

"Want a gag?" he asked.

"No, thanks," murmured 'Arry. "No need to be as pertick'ler as orl that."

"Then good luck!" whispered Edward, and left him.

He rejoined his aunt and Miriam.

And then a new procession formed. It issued from the bush, and it was two stronger than the procession that had preceded it. The procession that had come off the plankway had numbered three. The procession that now went on it numbered five. With equal care and caution, it straggled forward over the oozing mud.

Its five members did not speak a word. Their plans, like those of the first procession, were carefully arranged and fixed, and each man knew his part.

They reached the little gangway that led to the deck. They crossed it, and gathered on deck. Then, with cat-like stealth, they descended into the cabin.

An exclamation came from the leader. On the bunk was a figure, tightly bound. It was not the figure they had expected.

"What's this?" cried Smith.

"Well, that's rather what I'd like to know, too," came a bland voice from above. "However, the police will be along in a minute or two, and p'r'aps they'll be able to tell us?"

The speaker turned to the man nearest him.

"Thanks awfully for your light, 'Enery," he said. "This little thing flashes, too."

And he tapped his revolver.

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While Procession Number Two was receiving its unwelcome information, Procession Number One was proceeding more placidly through the dark, curling lane to the hotel.

They entered the welcome hall. But suddenly Edward paused, and glanced at Miriam. With an intelligence Edward swore to remember till his dying day, Miriam exclaimed:

"Oh, dear, I've lost my handkerchief! Edward, would you mind just seeing if I dropped it outside?"

"Yes, certainly," answered Edward, and slipped out of the hotel again.

He did not find the handkerchief, but he found something else. Felice, unfamiliar in outline, was standing at the side of the hotel, waiting for orders.

"Here's the garage key," whispered Edward drawing up to her. "Wait for me there."

She evaporated with a smile, and Edward turned back to the hotel. "Do you know, my boy," he told himself, "I've a sneaking notion that you're in love with someone."

He rejoined his party on the upper floor. Miriam held out her hand to him.

"Found it?" she asked, casually.

"Yes," he replied. "I mean, no."

The by-play was entirely lost on Aunt Julia, who was approving a bedroom into which she was being shown. In her present mood, she would have approved any bedroom.

The inn-keeper departed to his room. And, a minute later, his three nocturnal guests separated into theirs.

Edward sat on the edge of his bed. He had no intention of getting into it. He smoked for three minutes. Then, just as he was about to rise, there came a tap at his door.

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"Who is it?" he called. It was Miriam.

"This is rather awful, isn't it?" she exclaimed, as she closed the door. "Do you think he's safe?"

Now Edward knew! Miriam was referring to Mr. Dale.

"I'm sure he's all right," answered Edward. "Charlie Dale is the sort of man who can always look after himself."

"No man can always look after himself," replied Miriam, anxiously, "but every man always thinks he can. I wonder what happened at the boat after we left!"

"Have a cigarette?"

"No, thanks."

"Why not?"

"Mother!" Miriam paused, then suddenly added, with a touch of venom, "I'm smoking too much. I'm lipsticking too much. I'm thinking too much! Ugh!"

"By Jove, Miriam!" murmured Edward, reverently. "You're quite human!"

"Thanks frightfully," she retorted. "I might almost say the same about you! Where are you going?" added Miriam.

"Don't be so innocent," retorted Edward. "You know perfectly well where I'm going!"

"To Felice?"

"I can't leave her to wander about all night, can I—with half a dozen desperadoes loose? Lord, I hope they were properly scared!" he added, fervently. "The darned skunks!"

"I wish we'd had something genuine to scare them with," frowned Miriam. "I wish we'd had time to really notify the police!"

"Well, the police'll have their whack later. After I've got Felice well out of the way. And, don't forget, Charlie had a pistol."

"Edward," said Miriam, suddenly looking at him. "Are you sure of that girl?"

"I'm dead sure," answered Miriam, solemnly, and that's being surer of her than I am of myself. Now I'll ask you one. Are you sure of Charlie Dale?"

"What do you mean?" bridled Miriam.

"Oh, woman!" laughed Edward. "When will you admit, as men do, when you are whacked?"

"Idiot!" retorted Miriam, redder than he had ever seen her. "But I suppose you can't help it. Where is Felice now?"

"In the garage."

"And you're going to her?"

"Don't repeat yourself."

"What will you do then?"

"What will I do then?" said Edward, throwing away his cigarette-end. "Why, take her to London in Charlie's car." She stared at him. "Why this thusness, cousin? Mr. Dale knows all about it—and he has promised to act as proxy, and to see that you and your mother come to no harm."

"And Mr. Dale, of course, can't come to any harm!" flashed Miriam. "Really, Edward, the way you take everybody else's safety for granted is almost genius!"

Edward rose, and turned towards the window.

"Probably Mr. Dale is arriving back here at this moment," he said.

He looked out of the window. For the first time he realised that it faced the side and not the front of the hotel. In the yard below he saw a figure moving. It was not the figure of Mr. Dale.

"Good heavens!" he gasped.

A moment later, Miriam was alone. For the figure Edward had seen was the figure of Smith.

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Felice let herself into the garage. Her mind was in a whirl. She was caught between a wonderful dream and a horrible nightmare, and she could not concentrate on either. Her confusion humiliated her, for in spite of the oppression under which she had lived all her life, initiative was hers, struggling upwards like a seed beneath a brick.

She had climbed up Edward's water-pipe with the apparent intention of assisting in a burglary. Her first burglary! The man waiting outside had no idea that any other intention was in her head. He thought he had brought her, at last, to the pitch. But her actual intention had been to gain admittance to the house, and to throw herself upon the mercy of the household. It was a mad scheme. What they would do to her she had no notion. But they could not do any worse than the man outside. And the man outside, in order to escape capture himself, would have to beat a retreat. A retreat, she hoped, right out of her life.

Yes, at best, a total retreat. At worst, a temporary one. At worst, no more beatings that night, at any rate—no more cruelty for a while. Certainly, a mad scheme, yet understandable when compared with the alternative of continued submission.

Once inside the house, however, panic had set in. The madness of the scheme had swept over her. Here she was, in a position which no explanation could justify, a housebreaker no longer in theory, but in fact! She found herself harping on Harry, partly for the relief, perhaps, of not harping on herself. Suppose this latest scheme failed? Suppose, at this very moment, Harry were in difficulties, and needed help? Harry had helped her out of a scrape! And here she was, waiting passively in a garage!

The minutes ticked slowly by. Very few minutes, but to her they seemed many. At last, unable to restrain herself any longer, she pushed open the door of the garage and ran out into the yard. And from the yard she ran out into the road.

She strained her eyes towards the left. A figure came running towards her. Harry? She started forward. Then, in a flash, she had swung round again, and was racing back to the garage. And Smith raced after her.

He caught her at the entrance. His big hand gripped her arm, and she felt her strength leaving her. It was the first time they had met since she had left him to climb up the water-pipe.

"Got you at last!" muttered Smith.

No words came from her, but she struggled hard.

"Keep still, will you?" he breathed in her ear. "Do you want me to break your arm? I could!"

"Let me go!"

"Not likely!" His mouth was close to her face. He spoke in a fierce, low voice. "I've chased you too far to let you go now I've caught you. A pretty trick, wasn't it? But it's your last."

"If you stop here, the police will get you!" she panted.

"But I'm not going to stop here," he retorted. "No more are you, my beauty! And what do you know about the police, anyhow?" he demanded, roughly.

"I know they're after you!"

"How do you know?"

"He said so."

"Oh, your gentleman friend? Well, we've not seen them yet, and maybe they're on that old boat now looking for us. So we'll get a move on, you and I, before they come off again!" She could not tell whether he believed in the police fable or not. "You fooled me with that coat you've got on once. Now you can fool some more people, see? Yes, and talking of coats," he added, suddenly, "where's mine?"

She paused in her fruitless struggling, and looked at him intently.

"Why are you so anxious about your coat?" she demanded. "It's worn to bits."

"Never you mind why I'm anxious," he retorted, and his grip on her suddenly tightened. "It's mine, and I want it! If you don't tell me this instant, I'll——"

He did not finish the sentence. For the third time in twenty-four hours a fist struck him. He went down with a crash. Edward had performed the hat-trick.

For an instant, Edward held Felice to him. He allowed himself that. Then he spoke rapidly, and despite her emotion she responded to his practical mood. "I'll show him I can keep my head, too!" she thought.

"Did he hurt you?" asked Edward.

"No," she answered.

"Why didn't you cry out?"

"I was afraid he would hurt you."

"Jolly nice of you and jolly silly. That man wasn't born to hurt us. I was born to hurt him. Know anything about motor cars?"

"A little."

"Enough to switch the lights on?"

He was swinging the garage doors wide.

"Yes."

"And to turn on the petrol?"

"Yes."

"Then get busy. Oh, I see you have got busy." Two arcs of light illuminated the back wall. "When you've done all that, get into the back seat, and wait."

"Not by the driver?"

"No, the back seat. If you're too close while I'm driving I may lose my head and do something silly."

She smiled. Her lashes were wet, at the same time.

"Then there's another reason," he said, now rushing to the petrol gauge. "You'll be safer in the back seat if you keep low. We may pass through a bullet zone."

The car backed out into the yard. It was a beautiful car, with a perfect, purring engine. Charlie Dale had taste and the money to indulge it. Out in the yard the gear went into first. Out in the road, the gear went into second. "We're off, Felice!" whispered Edward, over his shoulder. "Good luck to us—and look out for sparks!"

Now, top gear, and scarcely a sound from the perfect mechanism.

"Wonder if that fellow's come round yet?" murmured Edward. "Forgive me for calling him 'that fellow,' but I'm perfectly convinced he's not your father. He hasn't got your chin. I've an instinct for relatives. D'you suppose he's still on the ground?"

He wasn't still on the ground. Miriam knew where he was, because she had been watching from the window. But she hadn't been able to pass her knowledge on—and it had frozen her.

"Tell me, Felice," Edward proceeded, as they sped through the darkness, "how do you know he's your father?"

"He's always said so."

"And, of course, that's proof! What about your mother?"

"She died when I was a baby."

"Then did—your father bring you up?"

"Oh, no!"

"Who did, then?"

"A sort of nurse!"

"How long did she look after you?"

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"Well—till I was about eighteen."

"Good Lord! My nurse got fed up with me before I was six!"

"But mine wasn't only a nurse, you see," explained Felice. "She was a sort of—I don't know how you'd explain her."

"How did your alleged father explain her."

"He said she was his sister."

"That would be your aunt. Why didn't you say so?"

"I don't know."

"Where were you brought up?"

"A tiny place in Yorkshire."

"I'll bet it was! So tiny no one ever heard of it or knew it was there."

"Let me ask one question, please," she begged. "Where are we going?"

"I'll tell you," answered Edward. "I've heard rather a lot about a coat lately. That's where we're going. To the coat!"

"You know where it is, then?"

"Of course I know where it is, then! It's in the shed in the front garden at home, with the motor-bike." Suddenly he whistled. "And, talking of motor-bikes—there is one! Look ahead, Felice! By Jove! Someone's had an accident!"

They had reached a point just outside Mersea, where the road ran clear and straight in front of them. It was the road that formed the narrow neck connecting Mersea with the mainland. The powerful lamps illuminated a considerable length of it, and at the farthest point of the illumination, stretched across the road in the form of a gruesome chain, was the motor-bike and its late rider.

"Chap looks knocked out," muttered Edward. "Afraid we've got to stop for a moment, Felice, even though we're in a hurry."

The car stopped. They jumped out. As they did so the prostrate man leapt to his feet and shouted.

"Hands up!"

Other figures also leapt up from either side of the road. But perhaps the nastiest moment of all was when the final figure leapt out from the back luggage-carrier of their own car.

Edward had conveyed Smith back to his friends as a passenger!

Smith grasped Felice savagely by the arm—the arm he had already bruised—and drew her towards the car.

"Just a change of drivers, my girl, that's all," he said, jeeringly. He thrust her in. The man who had feigned death covered Edward while he did so. Jumping in after Felice, Smith turned for a final sally to the beaten foe. "Say good-bye to her," he suggested.

"I'm never going to say that," answered Edward. "It's a word she and I don't understand. Au revoir, Felice. Keep your chin out. I'll find you."

She managed to smile. It was the tiniest smile, but she contrived it. And it was what he wanted.

The car slid forward. It became smaller and smaller. 'Enery, still covering Edward, prepared to follow on his motor-bike.

"Heavens!" cried Edward suddenly. "She's jumped out!"

'Enery turned his head. It was the last thing he knew for a considerable while. Edward had made no mistake about the efficiency of his fist this time.

Of course, Felice had not jumped out. In due season 'Enery would open his eyes, find himself all alone in the road—without even the companionship of his revolver—and call himself names.

"One point scored!" murmured Edward, and he stooped and possessed the revolver. "I wonder if I'd be hanged if I scored another by putting a bullet into you?"

Two reasons deterred him. Two circumstances saved 'Enery's life. The first was Edward's dislike of killing people. The second was that the revolver was not loaded. If 'Enery had been hoodwinked by a trick, so had Edward.

Anyway, he had the motor-bike, and that was in working condition. He deserted the motor-bike for a brief span, and lugged 'Enery to the roadside.

Having ensured 'Enery's entirety, Edward returned to the motor-bike and jumped upon it. He wondered how far ahead the car was, what pace it was travelling at, and what pace he could travel at.

Then it occurred to him that he had no definite plan. What was he going to do when he did overtake the car? Was it all going to be so straight and simple?

"My hat!" thought Edward. And, almost before he realised what he was doing, he had lurched round to the left, and had formed his scheme.

It included the snaffling of Smith's coat in Edward's own premises.

. . . . .

Edward won the race home. He had scored his second point. But he would lose both points, and more, unless he acted swiftly. After all, though he had taken the shorter route, the longer route had been a better one, and if he had acquired the fastest speed of a life that had known some pace, Smith had probably also been out for beating records, and might turn up at any moment.

Now Edward was across the hall. A minute later he was speaking to a local police inspector.

"Do you remember a house in Old Road that was burgled last night?" he called rapidly. "Well, I'm the house. Or, rather, the owner of the house. Railsford. Can you come round at once and bring half a dozen policemen!"

"What's the trouble?" inquired the inspector at the other end. "Are you being burgled again?"

"I'm going to be," replied Edward. "They're on their way at this moment. Come quick, and you'll make a big haul!"

"Let's get this, sir," said the inspector. "How do you know they are on their way?"

"Oh, Lord! Does that matter?"

"Well, we like a bit of definite information to act upon!"

"I see. Then if I were being murdered, would I have to describe the shape of the knife before you'd come along and save me? One of the men's got a revolver, another's got a crowbar, they're driving a stolen motor-car, and they've kidnapped a girl. Do you call that information, or not?"

"Enough to take a chance on," replied the inspector. "We'll be round right away. Morden House, isn't it?"

He replaced the receiver. Then he ran to the window and peered out. All was silent.

"Good!" he murmured. "And now—the coat!"

Smith's coat was the shabbiest Edward had ever seen off a scarecrow, but it contained a prize. To reach the prize you had to unrip a bit of lining—a bit that had been unripped before, and resewn before, many a time and oft. After you had ripped the worn material, you drew out a long envelope. The envelope was sealed, but that didn't matter. Being thoroughly unscrupulous by now, you opened the envelope, and inside you found . . .

Suddenly Edward jumped up. There were hurried sounds in the front garden. He sped to the window, and peered out, protected by a curtain. Four figures were slipping in through the gate.

Four! Ominous number! But only the number was ominous. You cannot mistake policemen.

Edward flung open the front door and greeted the visitors.

"Are we in time?" asked the foremost, curtly.

"Praise be, you are," replied Edward. "Come in. Or do you stay out? I want a few words with you, inspector, either way."

"And I with you, sir," answered the inspector.

He gave his three companions some instructions, then turned back to Edward and asked what it was all about.

"I mentioned six constables," said Edward.

"And I decided on eight," retorted the inspector. "The rest are watching the road."

"Thank Heaven, you're efficient!" exclaimed Edward, gratefully. "I believe you and I are going to get on."

"I hope so," nodded the inspector. "Let's have the position in the shortest number of words."

"My own idea, entirely. But I can only give you the immediate position. You'll have to hear the rest later. The immediate position is that these four rascals are on their way here at this moment in a stolen car, and——"

The interrogation was swift, profound, but jerky.

"We've been dodging each other all day long on the Essex coast, where he picked up these other fellows——"

"Yes, but why here," repeated the inspector. "Of all places?"

"That's right—keep me to the point," smiled Edward. I'll tell you why here. Because, in the scramble last night, our burglar left his coat here, and he wanted it badly."

"Know the reason?"

"Something in it."

"What?"

"This—in the lining."

Edward handed the inspector the papers he had been reading. The inspector glanced at them for an instant, then eyed Edward again.

"It wasn't there when we looked."

"I had it on."

The inspector's frown grew.

"Is this a joke?" he inquired.

"If it is," answered Edward, "it's a very poor one, inspector, and not one I'm in the habit of playing. Look me in the eye."

"Very well," said the inspector. "But I can't help remembering that once I was sent on a wild-goose chase after a mythical lunatic."

"Oh, we've got a lunatic, too," answered Edward.

But, this time, the inspector wasn't listening. He had already begun to read the papers Edward had handed him.

He read them through quickly. Then he read them through again, more slowly. Edward watched him, through a haze.

"Interesting, aren't they?" said Edward, when he had concluded the second reading. "Mind if I have them back?"

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The inspector handed them back. Then, all at once, he smiled.

The inspector raised his hand. The next instant he had darted out into the garden

EDWARD had spent many crowded minutes during the past twenty-four hours, and had done some pretty rapid thinking, but it is doubtful whether any minutes were more crowded, or any of his thoughts more rapid, than those which immediately followed the sudden exit of the inspector.

The enemy was approaching! If the approach had been delayed awhile, he could have carried matters a little further with the inspector, and could have shared the inspector's plan. He could even have assisted in whatever strategy was decided on, since his knowledge of the enemy was greater than that of the inspector. There had been no time for a conference on the forthcoming battle, however. The inspector, in fact, had shown little disposition for such a conference. "We're in it," he had said—but with himself, representing officialdom, as the responsible head!

Edward was no longer in command of the Allies. To his credit let it be mentioned that he experienced no jealousy. He had had a surfeit of responsibility, and provided Felice came back to him unharmed, that was all he really cared about. He did need a bit of a rest. He needed Felice, also, for the strange consolation of a woman's presence and the comfort she can bring to a man's tired mind. Yes, by Jove—he was tired!

But would the inspector's strategy cover the situation—the situation as Edward saw it? Would it ensure, first and foremost, not the capture of a band of ruffians, but the security of Felice? Indeed, thought Edward in a sudden panic, what had the inspector really meant when he had said, "We're in it!" Had he meant precisely what Edward meant? Or had he been bluffing, or temporising, in order to disarm any possible opposition from Edward himself?

Edward's mind may or may not have worked logically at the moment. That is beside the point. The point is that, in his confusion, following upon a ride through the night that had tested all his endurance and his nerve, he found himself gripped by indecision and uncertainty, and the mere knowledge that Felice was now within a very short distance of him sent his sensations whirling and his mind racing; and as he slipped the papers which the inspector had handed back to him into his pocket and followed the official out, he realised that, in what was to follow, he represented neither the stern officialdom of the police nor the outraged rights of householders. He merely represented Felice.

. . . . . .

Now he was in the garden, and the distant hum of the approaching car fell on his ears. The inspector was at the gate, calling softly, and constables were growing around him like enormous stout mushrooms. "He's getting 'em in from the road," concluded Edward. "I suppose it's wise?"

The inspector turned, and saw Edward. He came running back.

"Coat!" he barked. "Get it quick!"

Edward obeyed, flying back to the house for it and returning in a trice.

"Anything more?" he panted.

"Lights," said the inspector, seizing the coat. "You've left 'em up."

"Ass!" muttered Edward.

He flew back again, and when he next emerged the house was in darkness once more. He looked round for the inspector, but the inspector had gone. He was hurrying the majority of his forces towards the shed.

Edward gathered the plan. The coat was to be put in the shed, and the enemy was to be decoyed there.

"Ass again!" thought Edward, suddenly. "Motor-bike!"

He raced towards the shed, and barged into a policeman. The policeman grabbed him.

"Your mistake," said the captive, wriggling free. "I'm Edward."

The inspector loomed up and saved a scene.

"What are you doing?" he demanded.

"Bike—by tree—one I came on," replied Edward. "They mustn't see it!"

"Stow it away somewhere double-quick, then," whispered the inspector, "and then take cover!"

Edward found the bike and sent it unceremoniously into a clump of bushes. Then he looked round.

"Get down!" came a savage bark.

The approaching car had stopped. All at once, Edward's part became clear. He vanished.

The car had not stopped outside the gate. It had stopped a little way up the road. One could visualise the little procession now advancing on foot.

He had vanished round the side of the house. He reappeared—if it is possible to reappear in total darkness—round the other side of the house. It was the side farthest from the shed, and nearest the spot where the car had stopped. Edward knew of a spot where he could slip through the boundary hedge and emerge in a sort of No Man's Land where, to his recent annoyance, somebody's pills had lately begun shouting to the world from an enormous wooden erection. The erection proved far from annoying just now, however. It served an excellent cover for a portion of his journey; and beyond was a wooden paling, separating a plot for sale from the road.

Beyond the paling, again, was a fence. An open fence, through which the road could be seen. A portion of the road shone now in the light of a lamp-post. And something shone upon the portion . . .

For the something that glowed on the portion of road was a car, and the occupants of the car, who must not yet hear his thudding heart, were a man and a girl.

All at once, Edward saw red. His placidity, his pleasantness, and his polish evaporated in a cloud of lurid color, and he became as nearly murderous as a respectable member of society can become. For "Carnera" had put his great hand upon Felice's arm; she had suddenly struck him; and he had struck her back.

How he got to the spot he never knew. He had a vague memory of a twenty-foot leap, of an oath, and of a little cry. The next instant an unloaded revolver was pressing into the giant's side, and Edward's voice—was it really Edward's voice?—was hissing, with all the venom of a stage villain:

"Get up!"

The giant got up.

"Get out!" proceeded Edward's voice.

The giant got out.

"Lie down, face earthwards, on the ground," continued Edward's voice.

The giant lay down, face earthwards, on the ground.

"And now, Felice," concluded Edward's voice, "take this revolver, and if he moves, shoot him like the blasted rat he is."

Felice took the revolver mechanically. Her hand trembled so violently that she could never have used it. But that didn't matter. The giant remained, face earthwards, on the ground, deciding that even ignominious life was better than none.

A shout came from the road ahead. A man came flying out of the gate. It was Smith.

Red still flowed before Edward's eyes.

Edward leapt into the driving seat. Once more, he had no subsequent recollection of the leap. Meanwhile, Smith was racing towards them.

He started the car. Then Smith paused suddenly, as though confused by new developments, and his hand went to his hip.

"Quick! Cover him!" bawled Edward. "If he moves, shoot!"

Felice again obeyed mechanically. Another figure came hurrying out through the gate. This time, a constable.

The car gathered speed. Almost before either Smith or Edward knew, it had reached the spot where Smith stood hesitating. He gave a wild glance backwards. Then he suddenly sprang. His outstretched hand touched Edward's shoulder, but he got no closer. The shoulder heaved at him, and he fell back. P.C. Robinson made the catch of the season.

But Edward did not see the catch. The car continued to gather speed, and in sixty seconds nothing but a nightmare lay behind them.

Edward drove on steadily for six times sixty seconds. Then he slackened speed, and addressed his passenger over his shoulder.

"Felice," he said, and now he used the Edwardian voice she knew. "Do you think you could manage to climb over to the seat beside me?"

She obeyed. She was still trembling a little, but her eyes were very bright.

"Thanks frightfully," said Edward. "I can drive with one hand, you know."

She did not protest. Perhaps she needed a little warmth just as much as he did. But presently she asked:

"Where are we going?"

"To heaven, eventually," he answered, "but meanwhile to a little place called Newport Pagnell."

. . . . . .

The darkness decreased. Black became grey, and grey gold. The sun rose away to their right, and the shadows of the night became unrealities.

"A new day, Felice," said Edward.

It was the first time either of them had spoken for some while.

Felice opened her eyes. She had been drowsing.

They fell into another silence. Next time, it was she who broke it.

"Why are you driving so slowly?" she asked.

"To strike the balance," he answered. "Most of our journeys have been t'other way about, haven't they? But that's not the real reason, of course. The real reason is that this is the loveliest journey I have ever taken in my life, and I simply hate to hurry it!"

"It is rather lovely," she agreed. "What is at the end of it?"

"Lots of other lovely journeys, Felice."

"But I mean—really?"

"And I meant really! Still, I suppose, in the lesser sense, your mind's on Newport Pagnell?"

"Yes."

"You've never heard of the place?"

"Never."

"Well, it's not quite as big as Manchester. But it's ever so much more interesting. Have you ever heard of——" He

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paused, then added, "Mr. Hesketh Kennedy?"

Then there was another silence, but, much as it goes against us, we are forced to record that it was not a sentimental silence this time. It was filled with thoughts of bacon and eggs. They wound up to the inn twenty minutes later.

"Do you realise," he exclaimed, "that this is our first breakfast together?"

Felice's answer was a slight increase in color. It was the nearest approach she had ever had of a proposal of marriage.

"I hope you smoke?" he asked, as he took out his case. She nodded.

As he lit her cigarette and the little flame illuminated her face for an instant, it was with difficulty that he refrained from approaching, even more nearly, a proposal of marriage. The glow of a match has sealed many a man's fate. Only one thing restrained him. The thought of Mr. Hesketh Kennedy. It seemed better to wait until that thought had materialised into solid fact.

The innkeeper smiled as he watched his early visitors depart.

The happy journey continued. The car hummed down from the Chilterns. At Dunstable Edward stopped and consulted a sign post, while Felice watched him with growing curiosity.

"Who is Mr. Hesketh Kennedy?" she demanded suddenly.

"Let's wait!" pleaded Edward. "It'll be such fun!"

So Felice waited.

While the car drew nearer and nearer, Mr. Kennedy sat in a deck-chair on the lawn of an attractive house two miles from Newport Pagnell. He was an elderly man, with grey at his temples, and if he had lived in England all his life he might have looked seventy. But as he had lived the last part of his life in Australia, he looked fifty. He was sixty.

His skin was tanned with southern sun. His hands were firm and hard. His face was lined, though not with worry. His eyes were clear, and were strangers to horn rims.

A car drew up at the gate. He watched the car from his chair, idly at first, and then with interest. Two people were alighting, and they were coming through the gate.

One was a young man. Nice-looking young man. Seemed dashed happy, too . . . Well, so he ought to be, with such an attractive companion to drive about the country with. The other, of course, was the attractive companion. Mighty attractive companion. Mr. Kennedy felt that he might be dashed happy himself if he had such an attractive companion . . . Though, naturally, at his age . . .

"Excuse me, sir," Edward began, politely, "but are you Mr. Hesketh Kennedy?"

"I am," replied Mr. Kennedy, vaguely surprised. "And you?"

"My name is Railsford. You don't know me, and you've never heard of me, but if you'll be most frightfully kind and let me ask you a few questions, I hope we'll become better acquainted. Forgive my rather queer way of talking, but I am like that."

Mr. Kennedy rose from his chair.

"So far I don't in the least mind your way of talking," he said, bluntly, "and I've heard all sorts in my time. But won't your friend sit down?"

He waved to the chair.

"It would be lovely if we could all sit down," answered Edward. "You see—there are rather a lot of questions."

"I see. Well, certainly. By all means. But please complete the introductions."

"You mean *my* friend? Yes, I want to introduce her, too. But she'll take a little longer, if you don't mind."

Mr. Kennedy looked at his visitors a little more closely. If there was one thing he disliked, it was being made a fool of. But he had to admit they did not seem bent on making a fool of him. The girl, in fact, appeared quite as perplexed as Mr. Kennedy. Anxious, too. Not to say confused and tired . . . More for her sake than for that of her male companion, Mr. Kennedy accepted the situation.

He proposed the summer-house. There were seats for all there. When they had settled themselves, and drinks had been offered and politely refused, Mr. Kennedy observed:

"Well?"

"Well, now, we're off," answered Edward. "Have you ever heard of a lady—a person, rather—called Annie Dowson?"

"Annie Dowson!" cried Mr. Kennedy. "I have!"

"I gather, sir, you don't like her?"

"Don't like her! Don't like her! Believe me—she gathers that, too!"

"Oh!" murmured Edward. "You've told her your opinion?"

"Look here, what's all this about——?"

"Please be kind, and let me go on. Has Annie Dowson been here?"

"Several times! And the last time this very morning! An hour ago! Yes, and it was the last time, too, for if you want to know I sent her about her business, and she'll not dare show her face here again!" He stared at Edward, then stared at Felice. She stared back. They stared at each other so long that Edward had to cough.

"Do you know, Mr. Kennedy," he said, "that I believe we'd save a tremendous amount of time, and get on wonderfully, if you would just let us know—as briefly as you like—what Annie Dowson called about?"

But Mr. Kennedy hardly seemed to hear him.

"Lord!" he murmured.

For a man whose nerve was steady and whose record was sound, Mr. Kennedy was becoming rather emotional. Felice was also becoming emotional. Her face was flushed. Tremendous things were happening, yet she could not—dared not—attempt to put a name to them.

"Who are you?" cried Mr. Kennedy suddenly.

"I—I don't know!" she faltered, and looked at Edward desperately. "He's brought me here! I really don't know anything——"

"But you can tell her something, Mr. Kennedy, can't you?" interposed Edward. "It'd be most frightfully kind—and I think it's her due."

Mr. Kennedy got up. The summer-house seemed too small to hold him. He stepped to the entrance, and looked towards the house. Perhaps he did not like people to watch his face when it was emotional. With his back to them, he said:

"Annie Dowson has been worrying me for some time. She has been telling me a fable, and trying to extract money for it. I told her that she would get nothing from me until she supplied proof of the fable, and since proof would have made her out a vile and wicked woman, who could have been punished for her wickedness, one can understand her hesitation. Still, she kept on promising that the proof would come, and she kept on trying to get money from me in the meanwhile. This morning I packed her off for good, and I told her that if she showed up here again I would *take her straight off* to the police station."

"I wish I could have heard you, sir," replied Edward. "I would have said, 'Hear, hear' to every word you uttered. But—may we hear the—fable, sir?"

Mr. Hesketh Kennedy did not answer immediately. Then, abruptly wheeling round, and now fixing his eyes on Felice, he spoke.

"This was Annie Dowson's story. Shortly before my eldest brother, Tom, died—while he was on his death-bed, in fact—his little girl disappeared. She was, apparently, stolen from her pram, and she was never heard of again. As my brother was too ill to do anything himself, my youngest brother, James, conducted the search, but it was useless—and my eldest brother's death was hastened by his grief. That much, of course, is true. I was in Australia at the time—I'd gone six months earlier—and James wrote me the facts." He paused. "It was the only letter I ever received from James. We had never got on well together. And probably he thought I wouldn't want to hear from him too often as, by Tom's will, James got all that was going—as Janet was dead."

"Dead?" queried Edward.

"So James said. He had found this out just before Tom's death, and Tom," added Mr. Kennedy, rather dryly, "had left his money to James for his humanitarian services. Quite a lot of money. James and I were the church mice of the family."

"And I suppose Annie Dowson's fable was that—Janet wasn't dead?"

Mr. Kennedy nodded.

"Exactly, Mr. Railsford. Her story was that she and her brother had been paid by James to kidnap the child. That James soon ran through his money, and couldn't be bled any longer. That she herself looked after Janet, who became something of a white *elephant*, and who grew up with the idea that Annie Dowson was her aunt." Edward glanced at Felice quickly, but Felice was staring hard at the ground. "That, at last, her brother took the girl away, and that unless I paid over a considerable sum, my own niece would become a professional crook. A pretty fable, wasn't it? Was I to believe it, Mr. Railsford?"

"I should imagine that Annie Dowson was the last kind of person anybody could believe," replied Edward. "But even liars have to tell the truth sometimes—when circumstances press them. As she came to you, Mr. Kennedy, I suppose you returned from Australia rather richer than you went?"

"I returned six months ago, considerably richer."

"And Annie sought you out, and wrote to her brother about you, and begged him to bring Janet along. But he couldn't make up his mind—didn't know on which side his bread was buttered. So he hesitated and delayed, and kept certain correspondence and Janet's birth certificate in the lining of his coat. And some thirty-six hours ago made the *big slip of his life* by leaving his coat in an accessible place during a period of emotion. Well, unfortunately for him and his sister, he's too late now. He is in prison, or soon will be. So I'm acting as his proxy, Mr. Kennedy—and I've brought you the proof. And I've also brought you Janet. But you needn't think, sir, that I'm any less desirable of reward than Annie Dowson was. I'm not going to ask you for money. I'm just going to take a little stroll, and when I come back I shall ask you for Janet."

Whereupon Edward got up from his seat and left the summer-house. It occurred to him that, for at least an hour, he would not

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be wanted. But he poked his head back for a final remark:

"By the way, sir," he said, "as I'm applying to be your nephew-in-law, I think I ought to mention that I've got a lot of money, too, and that, honestly, I'm most frightfully nice."

. . . . . .

Edward, being an unusual individual, attracted unusual incidents, and the house in which he lived had therefore known unusual company, but it is doubtful whether it had ever known a more unusual gathering than assembled there that afternoon.

Before sunrise it had harbored criminals and constables. Now, in the more mellow hour of teatime, it harbored a retired sheep-farmer, a reclaimed niece, an out-of-work seaman, and a largish, roundish, boyish gentleman in spectacles. These, in addition to its usual inmates. The reclaimed niece had been there once before, but not through the front door; she had entered via a water-pipe. But the retired sheep-farmer, the out-of-work seaman and the largish, roundish, boyish gentleman were there for the first time, and all seemed at perfect peace excepting, perhaps, the out-of-work seaman. He appeared somewhat ill-at-ease amid such elegant surroundings, and felt that his knowledge of etiquette was lacking. Did you get up every time anybody came into the room, for instance, or didn't you? Did you say how-do-you-do to the parlor-maid who brought the tea-cakes?

Still even he, in his secret heart, rejoiced, knowing that in the days to come he would recall with pride this uncomfortable tea-party at which he was an honored guest.

And an honored guest 'Arry was. Both Miriam and Charlie Dale had insisted on his presence, and Aunt Julia had been far too bewildered to offer any protest. In the confusion of her mind, due to the vague fragments of an impossible story that had been related to her in bits and pieces during the temporary absence of her nephew, she had accepted Mr. Dale as her protector and adviser, and she had returned from Mersea under his agreeable wing. A certain definiteness on Miriam's part, coupled with a dawning realisation of Mr. Dale's financial position, had materially assisted the process of acceptance.

Still, she promised herself, she would have some very severe things to say to Edward when he returned from his latest disappearing act. She would warn him against unscrupulous girls who got men into difficulties by pretending to be in difficulties themselves, and she would imply that perhaps, after all, a nice girl like Miriam did not depend for her happiness or her bank-balance upon an undependable person like Edward. Yes, Aunt Julia prepared some impressive speeches to deliver to her erring nephew when next they met.

But Edward, as though anticipating this auntly attitude, had returned armed against it. He had brought Mr. Hesketh Kennedy with him, and under Mr. Kennedy's guardianship Felice appeared somewhat less unscrupulous than in the original conception of Aunt Julia's mind. Exactly who Felice was, and exactly how she had happened, remained exceedingly vague, and Aunt Julia thought it wise not to make any definite attempt to dissipate the vagueness. The forces were too great against her, should the attempt prove disastrous. But she was introduced by the respectable name of Janet Kennedy, she was undeniably pretty, and her uncle was undeniably a man worth knowing. So perhaps, after all, one needn't worry?

Instead of worrying, she made herself pleasant to the man worth knowing, who made himself equally pleasant to her; and while these two exchanged views regarding British and Colonial weather, and Miriam and Felice exchanged confidences of a less general character, Edward drew Charlie and 'Arry into a corner and begged for information.

"Why bother?" beamed Mr. Dale. "We are all here!"

"But I'm dying to know how you got here," answered Edward, "and what you found when you did get here?"

"We found an inspector when we got here," replied Mr. Dale. "I think he was looking for you."

"I've no doubt of it! Did he give you any message?"

"Yes. He said that four men were going to be charged, and that you would be required as a witness. And I replied that he'd got his numbers wrong, because there were five men who would be charged, and I'd also be wanted as a witness. You see, we brought No. Five along with us. I think the dear boy's name is Henry. We found him wandering about loose with a bump."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Edward. "Then we've got the lot!" But all at once his face fell. "I say—I don't much like this witness business! Suppose Felice's name is dragged into it?"

"But she ain't done nuffin', sir," 'Arry pointed out, removing his face from a scone for a moment, "and yer carn't do nuffin' ter nuffin' if they done nuffin'."

Having delivered which poetic thought, he put his face back again.

"Perhaps her name won't be dragged in," said Mr. Dale. "But, if it is, I expect she'll have some friends to drag it out again?"

"By Jove, she will! And, I say, will you be one of them?"

"I hardly think I'll be needed to speak for her."

"Possibly not. As you say, nobody may be. After all, if Smith refers to her, it can only be to his own discredit! Just the same—on a point of principle—would you be one of them?"

"Corse 'e would," interposed 'Arry, as his mouth now passed from scone to toast. "'E's a toff orl right, don't I know it?"

"I seem to be answered," smiled Edward. "Can I take that as official?"

"Well, I expect you can, Mr. Railsford," sighed Mr. Dale. "That is the first part I am as firm a believer in law and order as I ever was, but so, we now find, is Miss Kennedy. I would like to congratulate you, if I may so put it, on having—er—spotted a winner."

"Are you sure you haven't spotted one, too?" inquired Edward.

"Do you know, Mr. Railsford," answered Mr. Dale, "I rather believe I have."

A familiar phrase brought 'Arry out of a buttered reverie.

"Winner?" he blinked. "Let's 'ave it!"

"Two winners, 'Arry," responded Edward. "Miriam and Felice."

"Oh!" murmured 'Arry. "Not 'osses."

"But I'm still waiting to hear what happened on the boat, after we left," pressed Edward. "Did they make any trouble? Or did they behave like lambs?"

"They behaved more like greyhounds," said Charlie. "At the first mention of the police, four of them scooted. The fifth—our friend Smith—remained."

"What for?"

"Fer me," answered 'Arry.

"Did he go for you?"

"Didn't git the chance. I went fer 'im fust."

"But you were tied up!"

"Yus, but 'oo was it settled the knots?"

"By Jove!" laughed Edward. "Your trick, 'Arry!"

He glanced round. Miriam was approaching. She had a wonderful knack for selecting moments.

"Do you mind if I talk to Mr. Dale and Harry?" she inquired. "I think Janet wants you to show her the grounds."

Edward rose gratefully.

"Miriam," said Edward, "there are moments when your intelligence amounts to positive genius. The grounds are simply longing to be shown to Janet. Later on, I feel sure, they will be equally anxious to be shown to Mr. Dale. Meanwhile, when you and Mr. Dale think 'Arry ought to go and climb the apple-tree, just let him know. I am certain he will oblige."

"Apples?" murmured 'Arry. "Where?"

Edward did not stop to tell him. A moment he had been aching for was approaching. Crossing to Felice, he led her out into the garden, and rejoiced as the sunlight fell upon their shoulders.

"I have been asked to show you the grounds, Felice," he said. "Observe yon sundial. And yon bird-bath."

She laughed. He decided that he would go on joking all his life, just to hear her laugh.

"And yon vine," he proceeded.

"And yon water-pipe," she added.

Then he laughed. But a moment later he grew serious.

"Yes—yon water-pipe!" he said, regarding it. "'By Jove, Felice—Your ladder! The ladder that brought you to me! Heaven bless yon water-pipe!"

She turned away. He misunderstood the action. It was very unintelligent of him.

"I say!" he exclaimed, penitently. "Shouldn't I have reminded you of it?"

That brought her back to him immediately.

"It wasn't that," she said. "Anyway, I mentioned it first."

"So you did. Then why did you turn away?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you? Well, never mind. What else shall we talk about? The new l.b.w. rule?" She laughed again. "Hooray! That's better. But I know something even more worth talking about than cricket. Namely, our 'Arry. What shall we do about 'Arry? Can't let him go again, can we?"

"It would be an awful pity," she agreed.

"How about making him caretaker of The Mudderels? Caretaker with a hundred a year for keeping the Primus in order. I think that would be a great scheme. You see, then we could go down to The Mudderies whenever we wanted to, and always find it ready."

"We?" she repeated.

"Of course, we," he said. "Oh, by the way, didn't I tell you that we were going to get married?"

She looked at him, her cheeks very red.

"If you don't say 'No' before I count three, you've lost your chance!" he exclaimed. "One, two, three!"

The next moment she found herself in his arms.

"And you can't say you're surprised, Felice!" he whispered, as he held her close.

"Surprised?" she whispered back. "Goodness! I thought you were never going to do it!"

A respectful voice interrupted them.

"I beg your parden," it apologised, "but I bin sent out ter find the apple-tree."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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